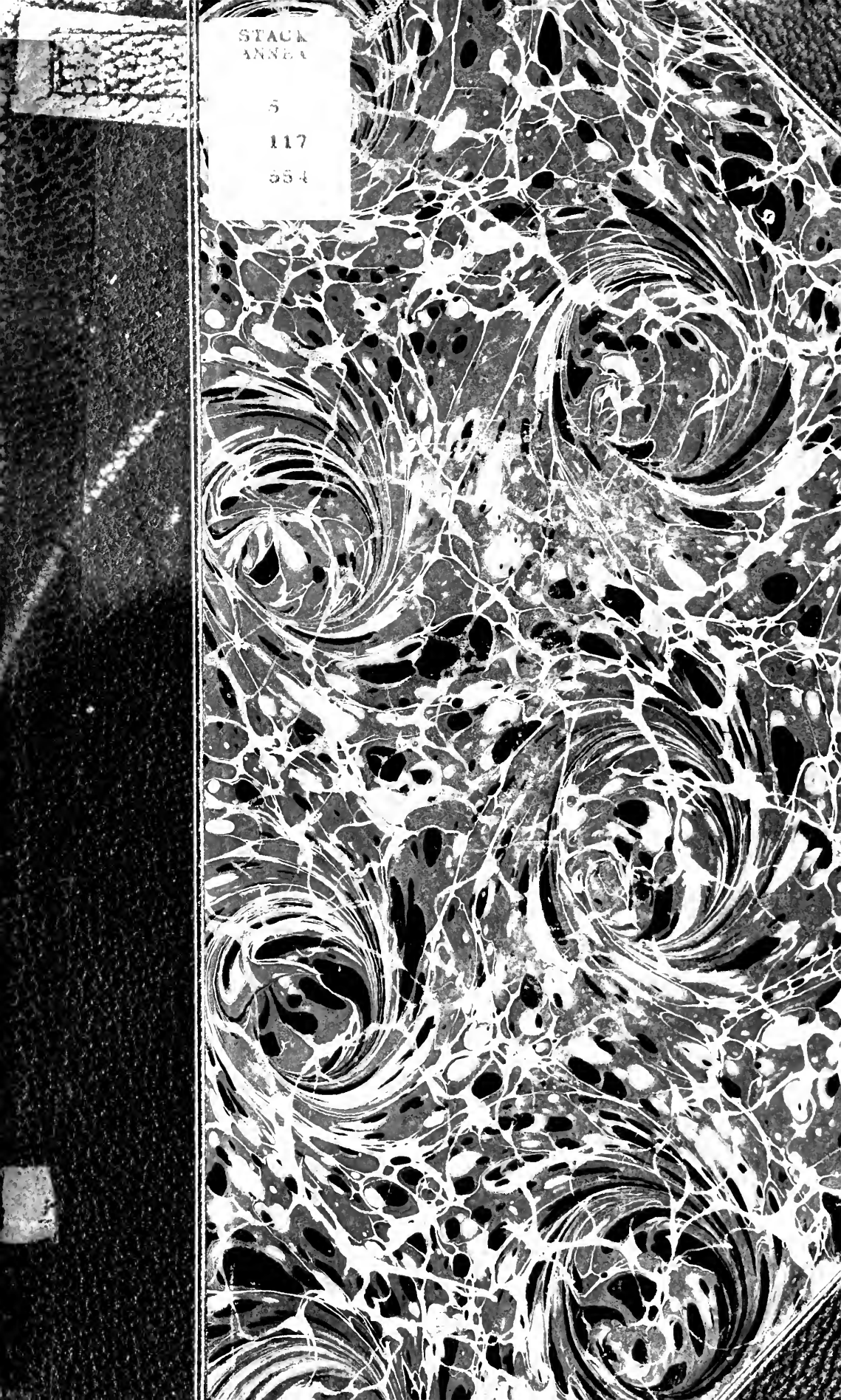


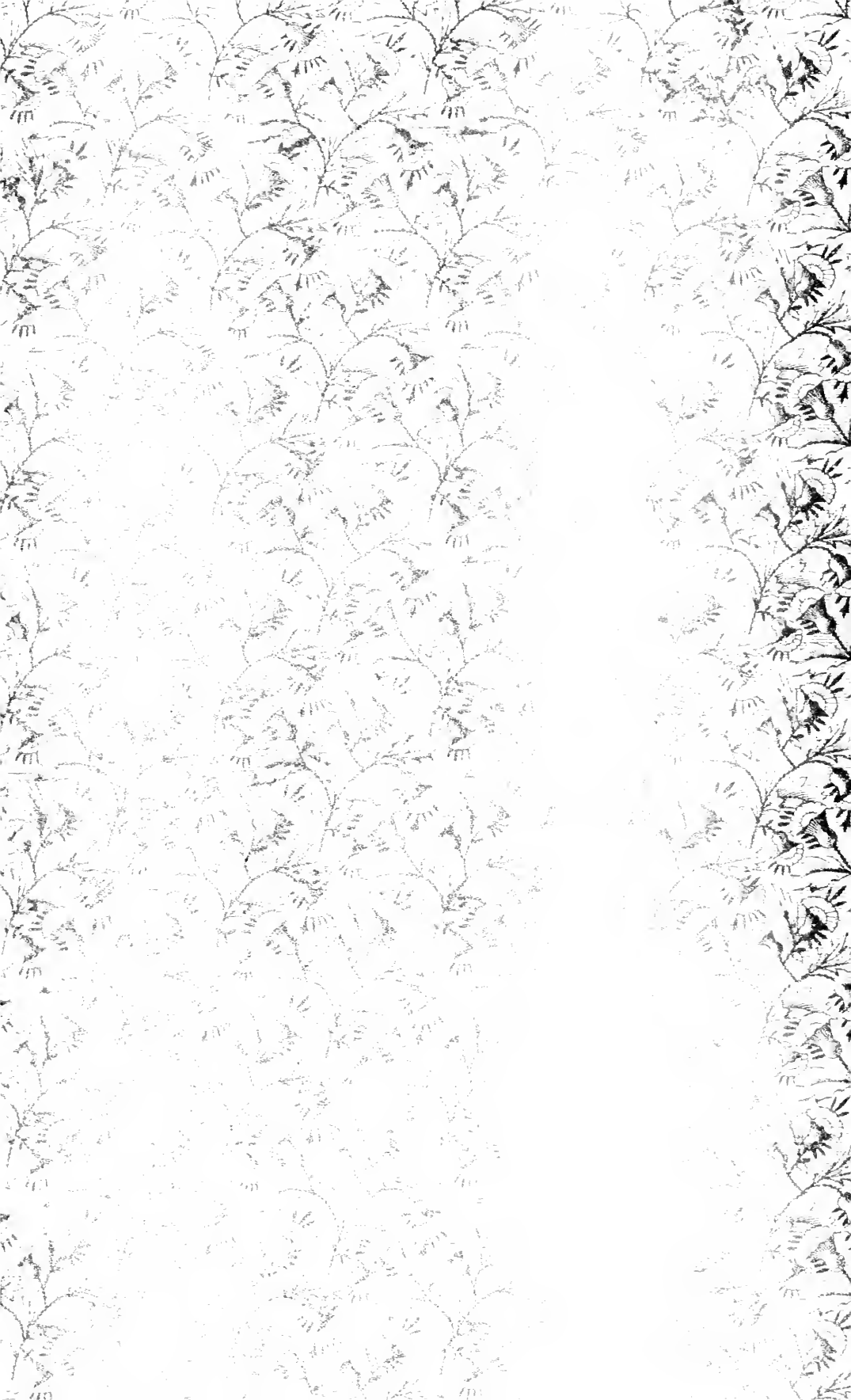
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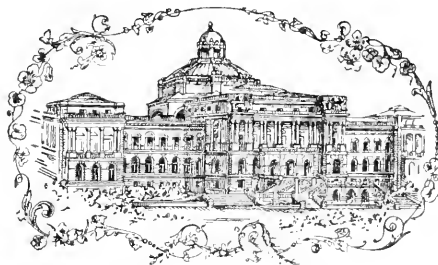
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COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES
VOLUME VI

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1895

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LIST OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VI.

	PAGE
GEORGE WASHINGTON	5
<i>Braddock's Defeat</i>	15
<i>The Battle of Trenton</i>	23
<i>The Battle of Princeton</i>	30
<i>Formation of the Constitution</i>	37
<i>Washington's Resignation as Commander-in-Chief</i>	44
<i>The Duty of the States to the Union</i>	45
<i>The Inauguration of Washington</i>	46
<i>Washington as Commander and as President</i>	49
<i>The Foreign Policy of Washington</i>	55
<i>Jefferson's Estimate of Washington</i>	57
<i>Washington</i>	58
<i>Chantrey's Statue of Washington</i>	59
JOHN DICKINSON	61
<i>Causes for Taking up Arms</i>	65
HORATIO GATES	70
<i>Burgoyne's Surrender at Saratoga</i>	73
LAFAYETTE	83
<i>The Battle of Monmouth</i>	91
<i>The National Guard</i>	100
<i>The Festival of the Constitution</i>	103
BARON STEUBEN	106
<i>Steuben's Tactics</i>	109
PAUL JONES	117
<i>The Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis</i>	120
ROCHAMBEAU	132
<i>Siege and Surrender of Yorktown</i>	136
<i>Yorktown</i>	148

	PAGE
CORNWALLIS	150
<i>Lafayette and Cornwallis in Virginia</i>	153
ALCIBIADES	160
<i>The Mutilation of the Hermæ</i>	164
NICIAS	170
<i>Destruction of the Athenians at Syracuse</i>	172
MARCELLUS	186
<i>The Capture of Syracuse</i>	189
ARCHIMEDES	195
<i>The Death and Tomb of Archimedes</i>	197
AUGUSTUS CÆSAR	200
<i>The First Triumvirate</i>	205
<i>The First Roman Emperor</i>	210
VIRGIL	217
<i>Augustus Deified</i>	220
<i>The Shield of Æneas</i>	222
HORACE	226
<i>On Virgil's Voyage to Athens</i>	228
<i>The Poet's Choice</i>	230
<i>To the Romans</i>	231
<i>The Reconciliation</i>	232
<i>Horace's Story of his Education</i>	233
CLOVIS	235
<i>Clovis Embraces Christianity</i>	237
THE CID	243
<i>Donna Ximena Demands Vengeance</i>	246
<i>Donna Ximena Asks the King for the Cid</i>	247
<i>The Cid's Wedding</i>	248
<i>The Cid's Horse Baviéca</i>	249
ROGER OF SICILY	251
<i>The Norman Conquest of Sicily</i>	256
HENRY III.	261
<i>The Barons' War</i>	264
SIMON DE MONTFORT	267
<i>The Battle of Evesham</i>	270

	PAGE
EDWARD I.	273
<i>The Expulsion of Jews from England</i>	277
<i>The Bard</i>	280
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE	285
<i>The Battles of Stirling and Falkirk</i>	288
ROBERT BRUCE	294
<i>The Battle of Bannockburn</i>	298
ETIENNE MARCEL	305
<i>The Great Ordinance of 1357</i>	308
LORENZO DE' MEDICI	314
<i>The Florentine Despot</i>	316
SAVONAROLA	321
<i>Savonarola and Lorenzo de' Medici</i>	325
<i>The Florentine Prophet</i>	331
PETER THE GREAT	336
<i>The Civilizer of Russia</i>	343
CHARLOTTE CORDAY	350
<i>The Beautiful Assassin</i>	352
MARSHAL NEY	357
<i>The Bravest of the Brave</i>	362
<i>The Last Charge of Ney</i>	364
LORD NELSON	366
<i>The Battle of Trafalgar</i>	371
MADAME DE STAËL	383
<i>St. Peter's Church, Rome</i>	386
<i>Italy Viewed from Cape Misenum</i>	390
MADAME RÉCAMIER	392
<i>The Illustrious Exiles</i>	398



LIST OF PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES.

VOLUME VI.

	ARTIST	PAGE
WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER	<i>J. L. G. Ferris</i> . .	Frontispiece
WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE AND STEUBEN .	<i>A. Tholey</i>	83
SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORK- TOWN	<i>A. Dumaresque</i>	136
ARCHIMEDES	<i>N. Barabino</i>	195
DONNA XIMENA DEMANDS JUSTICE AGAINST THE CID	<i>A. Liziano</i>	243
MARCEL'S GREAT ORDINANCE READ TO THE PEOPLE.	<i>G. L. Poilleux Saint-Ange</i> .	305
PETER THE GREAT FOUNDING ST. PETERS- BURG	<i>A. V. Kotzebue</i>	336
CHARLOTTE CORDAY.	<i>J. F. C. Clere</i>	350
NELSON AT TRAFALGAR	<i>A. Tholey</i>	366
MADAME RÉCAMIER	<i>F. Gerard</i>	392



THE public and personal acts of George Washington are closely allied and form together a great part of the history of the period in which he was the prominent actor. The Washington family is of English origin, and can be traced back through several generations. The first of the Washingtons known in this country are John and his brother Lawrence, who emigrated to Virginia about the year 1657, and settled near Bridge's Creek, on the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, where they bought lands and became settlers. John became known as an extensive planter, and gave his name to the parish in which he resided. His grandson, Augustine, was twice married; first to Jane Butler, two of whose sons, Lawrence and Augustine, grew to manhood. His second wife was Mary Ball, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, daughter of Joseph Ball, Epping Forest, Virginia. George, the eldest of her children, was born at Wakefield, on Pope's Creek, on February 22d (old style, February 11th), 1732. The house in which Washington was born, a plain Virginia farm-house of the period, having been burned in 1735, the family removed to the brow of a steep slope on the left bank of the Rappahannock, and here George passed his boyhood in the usual pursuits of young Virginians in easy circumstances.

The father died suddenly in 1743, leaving to Lawrence the estate on the Potomac, afterwards known as Mount Vernon, and to George the lands and mansion where they were then living, confiding in the prudence of the mother for the proper disposal of the property of her children till they should come of age. George inherited his mother's prudence, dignity and reserve, and he attributed the success of his career to the moral, intellectual and physical training received from her. The rudiments of his education were received in the "old field" school, under Master Hobby. Some of the books containing his school exercises are still preserved, and show the methodical carefulness which characterized him throughout life. When he was about fourteen years of age, his brother Lawrence, who had been an officer in the British army, and had served in the siege of Carthage and in the West Indies under Admiral Vernon, regarding the British navy as a sure road to distinction, had obtained for George a midshipman's warrant, which he would in all probability have accepted, and henceforward have followed a seafaring life, had not the remonstrances of his mother prevailed.

Soon after leaving school, George went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon (named in honor of the admiral), where he devoted himself for a time to the study of mathematics and land-surveying. His first employment in the field was beyond the Blue Ridge, where he was engaged for three years surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, and had for his companion in the first tour, George William Fairfax, who afterwards returned to England. Although Washington was only nineteen years of age when difficulties arose out of the rival claims of the French and English to the Ohio valley, he had already established such a reputation that he was called into the public service. The Virginia frontier was divided into four districts, and each district had an adjutant-general with the rank of major, whose duty it was to assemble and drill the militia, and enforce all the regulations for discipline. Washington was appointed to the command of one of these districts. Scarcely had he entered on his new duties when other responsibilities devolved upon him, on account of the death of his brother Lawrence, who

left large estates needing his immediate care and superintendence. Meantime Governor Dinwiddie, on entering on office, renewed Washington's appointment as adjutant-general, and assigned to him the northern military district of Virginia.

Governor Dinwiddie had obtained, by treaty with the Indians, the right to erect a fort at the place where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio (now the site of Pittsburg). But the French, in 1753, erected a fort at Presque Isle (now Erie) and planned a chain of forts south from this. Dinwiddie sent Washington as his agent to Presque Isle to inquire of the French commander his designs and to remonstrate on his invasion of British territory. The mission was performed during the winter, and on Washington's return the Virginia legislature voted men and money to support their claims to the west. Washington was sent with 400 men to secure the fort commenced at the head of the Ohio. But the French reached the place first, drove out the English, finished the fort and named it after their governor, DuQuesne. Washington, being apprised of their success, stopped and built a fort, which he called Fort Necessity. Here he was besieged by the French and Indians, and compelled to surrender on the 4th of July, 1754. Yet he lost no honor by this unsuccessful termination of his expedition. He still remained "the rising hope of Virginia." In the next year he was aide-de-camp to the unfortunate General Braddock, who, with two regiments of British regulars and the Maryland and Virginia forces, marched against Fort DuQuesne. Washington strongly cautioned that general to provide against an ambuscade, by sending forward some bodies of provincials to scour the country; but Braddock, accustomed to European warfare, held the savage enemy and American provincials in equal contempt. In the disastrous attack made when Braddock was nine miles south of Fort DuQuesne, Washington had two horses shot under him, and his coat penetrated by four rifle-bullets. Braddock was mortally wounded, and every other officer in that engagement was either killed or wounded. On Washington devolved the conduct of the retreat, which he successfully accomplished. Braddock's defeat caused an ominous thrill throughout the whole of the

American colonies. With reference to Washington's escape, the Rev. Samuel Davies, in a sermon after his return, prophetically spoke of "that heroic youth, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

On August 14th, 1755, Washington was appointed by Governor Dinwiddie commander of the Virginia troops, and with 700 men was required to guard a frontier of 350 miles. In 1757 William Pitt entered the British ministry, and infused new energy into the military operations in America. Fort DuQuesne was retaken and named Fort Pitt, and after a series of other successes Quebec was captured by the heroism of Wolfe. Washington's military career had in the meantime closed. He now retired from public service, and in 1759 married Mrs. Martha Custis. Three months later Washington took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, at Williamsburg. Although he was a member of that body for sixteen years, he spoke but seldom; yet Patrick Henry pronounced him the greatest man in the assembly for solid information and sound judgment. When the Stamp Act came on for discussion, he showed himself at once loyal to the English crown and patriotically attached to the rights of the Colonies. He was a delegate to the First Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, September 5th, 1774; and when active measures were taken for the arming and defence of the Colonies, he was unanimously elected by the Congress commander-in-chief of "the American Continental Army," then gathered around Boston. He accepted the onerous position on condition that he should receive no salary but that his expenses in the public service should be paid.

He received his commission from the president of Congress June 12th, 1775. The forces under him numbered only 14,500 men, and were undisciplined, and destitute of everything which renders an army efficient. Never was work more arduous and embarrassing; yet, after a siege of eight months, he drove the British from Boston. On the 2d of January, 1776, the first American flag was raised over his headquarters; it had the Union Jack or crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground, with the addition of thirteen

stripes, alternately red and white. It was saluted with thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. Immediately after the evacuation of Boston, on the 17th of March, 1776, Washington sent five regiments with two companies of artillery for the defence of New York; but he himself continued at Boston nearly a month later, when he brought up the remainder. The British made an unsuccessful expedition to Charleston, and the expected attempt to capture New York did not take place until the end of August. The British General Howe had been reinforced by his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, by General Clinton, and by a large body of hired Hessians. Howe's troops landed on the western end of Long Island, and by their superior numbers soon compelled Washington to withdraw. The conveying of his retreating army to the mainland was a difficult and dangerous feat, but was favored by a fog and successfully accomplished.

Washington was compelled not only to abandon the city of New York, but also to retreat across New Jersey into Pennsylvania. The patriot cause seemed almost to be lost; Congress sought refuge in Baltimore, and many of its early friends returned to their British allegiance. But Washington, learning that the hired Hessians held the most advanced post of the British army at Trenton, seized the boats along the Delaware and crossed it on Christmas night, 1776. Using the bayonet only in assault, he captured the garrison and sent them as prisoners to Philadelphia. Then returning, he re-occupied Trenton on December 31st, but soon found Cornwallis confronting him with more numerous troops. Washington, leaving his camp-fires burning, swept around the British camp, captured at Princeton a large detachment, and threatened the communications with New York. He now fixed his headquarters at Morristown, whence he securely looked down upon the enemy. These exploits of Washington, with a half-starved, half-naked army, won praise from the ablest warrior of the time, Frederic the Great.

Washington had now been invested by Congress with supreme military power. During the summer of 1777, the Northern army, commanded by General Gates, had been able to secure the surrender of General Burgoyne, who invaded

New York from Canada. Washington, meantime, was cheered with the arrival of the gallant young Marquis de Lafayette, and with the aid of various officers of thorough European training in military affairs, such as De Kalb and Charles Lee, was striving to form his poorly-equipped, insufficiently-provisioned troops into soldiers capable of meeting on equal terms the well-drilled regulars of the British army. He persevered with unswerving constancy and ceaseless self-devotion in his arduous task. Yet his defeat at Chadd's Ford, on the Brandywine (September 11, 1777), gave to the British under Sir William Howe the entrance to Philadelphia, and his unsuccessful attack on Germantown (October 4th) secured their occupancy. Washington retired for winter quarters to Valley Forge, on the heights above the Schuylkill. Hence, through the gloomiest period of the struggle, amid the misery of his suffering troops, he not only strove to rouse the spirits of his officers and men, and to secure from Congress and the Legislatures of the Colonies the means of relieving their pressing wants, but he also kept vigilant watch on the movements of the British. Yet at this very time the self-denying patriot leader had to encounter the intrigues of those who sought to supplant him by the appointment of the fortunate General Gates.

The following summer brought news of the French alliance and of the departure of a French fleet and army for America. The British General Clinton, who had succeeded Howe, set out from Philadelphia to unite his troops with those in New York. Washington, hastening from Valley Forge, crossed the Delaware and sought to overtake him on the march. He reached the rear at Monmouth, on June 29th; but his orders for commencing the battle were willfully disobeyed by General Charles Lee, and, though Washington sought to retrieve the loss, the result was indecisive. The British reached New York, and Washington resumed his former position at Morristown, but extended his line around to the north of New York city; thus being able to hamper Clinton's movements by land either north or south.

The sea, however, was open, and Clinton made expeditions to the South, taking Savannah in 1778 and Charleston in

1780. In the North, the malignant treason of Benedict Arnold nearly gave West Point and the control of the Hudson to the British in 1780; but this was happily frustrated. The seat of war had been transferred to the South, where Gates was defeated, and was consequently superseded by General Greene. Even that skillful general had to retreat before Cornwallis, though he practically saved the South. Washington had received a large accession of French troops, and was still engaged in watching Clinton at New York, when he learned that Cornwallis had posted himself at Yorktown, near the Chesapeake, and that De Grasse's French fleet was about to enter that bay. To prevent Clinton from suspecting his real object, and shipping his troops to Virginia, Washington made elaborate preparations for an attack on New York, then moved down the Hudson, still keeping the semblance of attacking Clinton. Then followed a rapid march through New Jersey and Philadelphia to the head of the Chesapeake Bay. Sailing down the Chesapeake, Washington reached Yorktown, where De Grasse had already arrived. Cornwallis was driven within his intrenchments, and, after three weeks' siege, was compelled to surrender his army of 8,000 men on the 19th of October, 1781. Washington's tact and good sense had been shown in securing the utmost harmony between the French and Americans, both generals and soldiers. His military skill had equally been evinced in his keeping Clinton alarmed about New York until it was too late for him to assist Cornwallis at Yorktown. The capture of Yorktown practically ended the war, though the British troops remained in New York till 1783, when many American Tories accompanied them, departing to Nova Scotia and other British possessions.

Washington was at last rewarded for the sacrifices he had made and the toils he had endured during the eight years of war. After the proclamation of the general treaty of peace, he addressed a letter to the several Governors of the States, discussing with eloquence and ability the best measures to be adopted for the well-being and existence of the United States as an independent power. On the 23d of December of the same year he resigned his commission, stating that he was taking leave of all the employments of public life. All his

opinions expressed about this time show how little he was aware of his future career as a statesman.

Edward Everett has well summed up the qualifications of Washington for the position of a political leader, which was now to devolve upon him. Prior to the Revolution he had passed fifteen years as a member of the House of Congress, and thus acquired a familiar knowledge of politics and civil life. A knowledge of the ordinary legislative business of a leading colony like that of Virginia was a good preparation for political duties. Again, the fifteen years he passed in the management of a large landed estate and an ample fortune, furnished material for the formation of the economical side of his character, and gave thoroughness to his administrative habits, and probably furnished that capacity for controlling the most perplexed combinations of affairs, and yet not neglecting the minutest details of minor economies. Besides this, his constant correspondence with governors of States and other prominent men had given him a truly paternal attitude towards government in general, and provided him with a fund of information beyond that of other public men.

The Federal Convention met in Philadelphia May 2, 1787, to reorganize the Union, which had been sinking into abject weakness under the Articles of Confederation, since the pressure of a foreign enemy had been withdrawn. Washington was present as a delegate from Virginia, and was unanimously chosen as presiding officer. He took but little part in the debates, unless when they touched on matters concerning the army. The convention was in session four months, and its deliberations resulted in the present Constitution, the adoption of which Washington incessantly urged by correspondence and by all the means in his power. He said it was the best Constitution that could be obtained at that time, and that "this or a dissolution awaits our choice and is the only alternative." An animated struggle ensued in several States over its ratification; but in 1789 it had been accepted by eleven out of the original thirteen.

In accordance with the provisions of this document Washington was chosen by sixty-nine electoral votes as first President of the United States, with John Adams as Vice-president.

The office of president had been framed expressly to fit George Washington. On receiving notice of his election, he started for New York, then the seat of government, and his journey through the intervening States became a triumphal procession. He took the oath of office on the 30th of April, 1789. The beginning of his term was inauspicious. He could not enter on the duties of his office on account of a sudden attack of sickness, from which he had hardly recovered when news reached him of his mother's death.

Washington on entering on the Presidency was fifty-seven years of age, of dignified appearance, athletic in build, but somewhat impaired in strength from the effects of two wars. He soon found himself beset with serious difficulties. He was to inaugurate a new and untried system of government to which, he knew, a few looked forward with confidence, some with hope, and many with suspicion. Violent political animosities were growing up around him, and such questions as that of a permanent seat for the government were agitated with much bitterness. So that even in his first administration the responsibilities of government weighed heavily upon him.

He did his best to prevent party contest till the new system was fairly established; but his task was difficult, and the object perhaps impossible of attainment. He had called to assist him the foremost leaders of the people. But the chief of them, Hamilton and Jefferson, both men of extraordinary ability, were at variance on the main points of the government, the one advocating a strong central government, the other opposing it as dangerous to the liberties of the people and the rights of the States. There was also much irritation displayed over the matter of the funding system, the assumption of the revolutionary debts of the States, and the establishing of a National Bank. It was with reluctance, therefore, that Washington consented to a nomination for a second term of office. But the people still had full confidence in his virtue and ability, and he was unanimously elected. In his opening address, after his re-election, he used the expression which has often been quoted since, "If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to

secure peace, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

During Washington's second term, even more than in his first, there were violent dissensions in his cabinet; the two leading members were compared to "game-cocks in a pit." Contrary to what might have been expected, bitterly hostile attacks were made on Washington himself by dissatisfied politicians. Even members of his cabinet, as Randolph and Jefferson, vexed his spirit, disparaged his wise measures, and fomented opposition to his policy. Hot-headed sympathizers with the French Revolutionists endeavored to force the nation into fresh war with England. An open outbreak against the government occurred in 1794 in Western Pennsylvania, where the enforcement of a Federal excise law produced the "Whiskey Insurrection," which was happily quelled without the effusion of blood, though the troops were called out from neighboring States. Still the people never wavered in their devotion to their President, and he would have been elected to a third term of office as unanimously as before had he been willing to serve.

Nothing, however, could now turn him from his fixed purpose to retire from public life; and in order to put all doubts to rest on the subject, he determined to make a formal announcement of his intention. During the early part of his last year of office, he prepared, with the assistance of Alexander Hamilton, his memorable Farewell Address. The original manuscript of this address is wholly in his own handwriting, and is in the possession of the Lenox Library, New York. Washington met the two Houses of Congress for the last time December 7, 1796, and congratulated them on the success of the experiment of a republican form of government, as illustrated by the case of the United States.

Immediately on retiring from the presidential office he proceeded to his home at Mount Vernon, where he trusted to spend the remainder of his days in peace; but there appearing danger of a war with France, he was again called to take the field as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Fortunately the difficulties between the two countries were adjusted, and war was averted. For two years after this the

ex-President busied himself with the management of his large estate, formulating a system by which it was to have been carried on for a number of years, personally supervising the farming operations, and superintending other matters of business. During a ride over his farm on December 12, 1799, he exposed himself to cold during a storm of hail and snow; on the morning of the 14th he awoke with a chill and difficulty of breathing. The family physician was sent for, and two other medical men were in attendance. The patient, however, became worse, but continued to give some business directions and to send messages of remembrance to friends. He died that same night of acute laryngitis. His last words were, "It is well." He was buried on his estate at Mount Vernon. The homestead and grounds were eventually purchased by a National association of ladies, whose object was to preserve them as nearly as possible as they were during the owner's life.

The relation of Washington to his country and its government has been briefly indicated in this sketch. In the struggle for independence and in the formation of the government, as well as in its early administration, he was the centre on which all else turned. By his masterly balance of all the qualities necessary for the founder and leader of a genuine republic he was able to secure stability with progress. The reverence of his countrymen for him was well expressed in the resolutions adopted in Congress on the announcement of his death, which declare him "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

The greater part of Gage's command was actually advanced beyond the spot where the main battle was fought, and was just surmounting the second bottom, when one of the engineers who were in front, marking out the road, perceived the Indians bounding forward. Before them, with long leaps, came Beaujeu, the gaily-colored fringes of his hunting-shirt and the silver gorget on his bosom at once bespeaking the chief. Comprehending in a glance the position he had attained, he suddenly halted and waved his hat above his

head. At this preconcerted signal, the savages dispersed to the right and left, throwing themselves flat upon the ground, and gliding behind rocks or trees or into the ravines. Had the earth yawned beneath their feet and reclosed above their heads, they could not have more instantaneously vanished. The French held the centre of the semi-circular disposition so instantly assumed, and a tremendous fire was at once opened on the English.

For a moment, Gage's troops paused aghast at the furious yells and strangeness of the onset. Rallying immediately, he returned their fire, and halted a moment till St. Clair's working-party came up, when he bade his men advance at once upon the centre of the concentric line. As he drew near, he was again greeted with a staggering discharge, and again his ranks were shaken. Then, in return, they opened a fire of grape and musketry so tremendous as to sweep down every unsheltered foe who was upon his feet, and to utterly fright the savages from their propriety. Beaujeu and a dozen more fell dead upon the spot, and the Indians already began to fly, their courage being unable to endure the unwonted tumult of such a portentous detonation. But, reanimated by the clamorous exhortations of Dumas and De Ligneris, and observing that the regulars and militia still preserved a firm front, they returned once more to their posts and resumed the combat. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, and the loud cries of "*Vive le Roi*" of the French were met by the charging cheers of the English. But precision of aim soon began to prevail over mere mechanical discipline. In vain the 44th continued their fire; in vain their officers, with waving swords, led them to the charge: hidden beneath great trees, or concealed below the level of the earth, the muzzles of their pieces resting on the brink of the ravine, and shooting with a secure and steady aim, the majority of the enemy rested secure and invisible to their gallant foemen.

In the meantime, Braddock, whose extreme rear had not yet left the river's bank, hearing the uproar in advance, ordered Burton to press forward with the vanguard, and the rest of the line to halt; thus leaving Halket with four hundred

men to protect the baggage, while eight hundred engaged the enemy. But just as Burton, under a galling fire, was forming his troops upon the ground, Gage's party gave way and precipitately endeavored to fall into his rear, confusing men who were confused before. The manœuvre was unsuccessfully executed, and the two regiments became inextricably commingled. Vainly Braddock strove to separate the soldiers, huddling together like frightened sheep. Vainly the regimental colors were advanced in opposite directions as rallying-points. The officers sought to collect their men together and lead them on in platoons. Nothing could avail. On every hand the officers, distinguished by their horses and their uniforms, were the constant mark of hostile rifles, and it was soon as impossible to find men to give orders as it was to have them obeyed. In a narrow road twelve feet wide, shut up on either side and overpent by the primeval forest, were crowded together the panic-stricken wretches, hastily loading and reloading, and blindly discharging their guns in the air, as though they suspected their mysterious murderers were sheltered in the boughs above their heads; while all around, removed from sight, but making day hideous with their war-whoops and savage cries, lay ensconced a host insatiate for blood.

Foaming with rage and indignation, Braddock flew from rank to rank, with his own hands endeavoring to force his men into position. Four horses were shot under him; but, mounting a fifth, he still strained every nerve to retrieve the ebbing fortunes of the day. His subordinates gallantly seconded his endeavors, throwing themselves from the saddle and advancing by platoons, in the idle hope that their men would follow; but only to rush upon their fate. The regular soldiery, deprived of their immediate commanders, and terrified at the incessant fall of their comrades, could not be brought to the charge; while the provincials, better skilled, sought in vain to cover themselves and to meet the foe upon equal terms; for to the urgent entreaties of Washington and Sir Peter Halket that the men might be permitted to leave the ranks and shelter themselves, the General turned a deaf ear. Wherever he saw a man skulking behind a tree, he flew

at once to the spot, and, with curses on his cowardice and blows with the flat of his sword, drove him back into the open road.

Wherever the distracted artillerymen saw a smoke arise, thither did they direct their aim, and many of the flankers who had succeeded in obtaining the only position where they could be of any service, were thus shot down. Athwart the brow of the hill lay a large log, five feet in diameter, which Captain Waggoner, of the Virginia Levies, resolved to take possession of. With shouldered firelocks he marched a party of eighty men to the spot, losing but three on the way; and at once throwing themselves behind it, the remainder opened a hot fire upon the enemy. But no sooner were the flash and the report of their pieces perceived by the mob behind than a general discharge was poured upon the little band, by which fifty were slain outright and the rest constrained to fly.

By this time, the afternoon was well advanced, and the whole English line surrounded. The ammunition began to fail and the artillery to flag; the baggage was warmly attacked, and a runner was dispatched to the fort with the tidings that by set of sun not an Englishman would be left alive upon the ground. Still, gathering counsel from despair, Braddock disdained to yield; still, strong in this point only of their discipline, his soldiers died by his side, palsied with fear, yet without one thought of craven flight. At last, when every aide but Washington was struck down; when the lives of the vast majority of the officers had been sacrificed with a reckless intrepidity, a sublime self-devotion, that surpasses the power of language to express; when scarce a third part of the whole army remained unscathed, and these incapable of aught save remaining to die or till the word to retire was given; at last, Braddock abandoned all hope of victory, and, with a mien undaunted as in his proudest hour, ordered the drums to sound a retreat. The instant their faces were turned, the poor regulars lost every trace of the sustaining power of custom, and the retreat became a headlong flight. "Despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran," says Washington, "as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

Beneath a large tree standing between the heads of the northernmost ravines, and while in the act of giving an order, Braddock received a mortal wound, the ball passing through his right arm into the lungs. Falling from his horse, he lay helpless on the ground, surrounded by the dead, abandoned by the living. Not one of his transatlantic soldiery, "who had served with Marlborough," could be prevailed upon to stay his headlong flight and aid to bear his General from the field. Disgusted at such pusillanimity and his heart big with despair, Braddock refused to be removed, and bade the faithful friends who lingered by his side to provide for their own safety. He declared his resolution of leaving his own body on the field: the scene that had witnessed his dishonor he desired should bury his shame. With manly affection, Orme disregarded his injunctions; and Captain Stewart, of Virginia (the commander of the light-horse which were attached to the General's person), with another American officer, hastening to Orme's relief, his body was placed first in a tumbrel, and afterwards upon a fresh horse, and thus borne away. Stewart seems to have cherished a sense of duty or of friendship towards his chief that did not permit him to desert him for a moment while life remained.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the English abandoned the field. Pursued to the water's edge by about fifty savages, the regular troops cast from them guns, accoutrements, and even clothing, that they might run the faster. Many were overtaken and tomahawked here; but when they had once crossed the river they were not followed. Soon turning from the chase, the gluttoned warriors made haste to their unhallowed and unparalleled harvest of scalps and plunder. The provincials, better acquainted with Indian warfare, were less disconcerted; and, though their loss was as heavy, their behavior was more composed.

In full possession of his courage and military instincts, Braddock still essayed to procure an orderly and soldierlike retreat; but the demoralization of the army now rendered this impossible. With infinite difficulty, a hundred men, after running about half a mile, were persuaded to stop at a favorable spot where Braddock proposed to remain until Dun-

bar should arrive, to whose camp Washington was sent with suitable orders. It will thus be seen how far was his indomitable soul from succumbing, in the discharge of his duties, beneath the unexpected burthen that had been laid upon him. By his directions, Burton posted sentries here, and endeavored to form a nucleus around which to gather the shattered remains of the troops, and where the wounded might be provided for. But all was idle. In an hour's time, almost every soldier had stolen away, leaving their officers deserted. These, making the best of their way off, were joined beyond the other ford by Gage, who had rallied some eighty men ; and this was all that remained of that gallant army which, scarce six hours before, was by friend and foe alike deemed invincible.

With little interruption, the march was continued through that night and the ensuing day, till, at 10 P.M. on the 10th of July, they came to Gist's plantation, where, early on the 11th, some wagons and hospital stores arrived from Dunbar for their relief. Despite the intensity of his agonies, Braddock still persisted in the exercise of his authority and the fulfillment of his duties. From Gist's he detailed a party to return towards the Monongahela, with a supply of provisions to be left on the road for the benefit of stragglers yet behind, and Dunbar was commanded to send to him the only two remaining old companies of the 44th and 48th, with more wagons to bring off the wounded, and on Friday, the 11th of July, he arrived at Dunbar's camp. Through this and all the preceding day, men half-famished, without arms, and bewildered with terror, had been joining Dunbar ; his camp was in the utmost confusion, and his soldiers were deserting without ceremony.

Braddock's strength was now fast ebbing away. Informed of the disorganized condition of the remaining troops, he abandoned all hope of a prosperous termination to the expedition. He saw that not only death, but utter defeat, was inevitable. But, conscious of the odium the latter event would excite, he nobly resolved that the sole responsibility of the measure should rest with himself, and consulted with no one upon the steps he pursued. He merely issued his orders and insisted that they were obeyed. Thus, after de-

stroying the stores to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy (of whose pursuit he did not doubt), the march was to be resumed on Saturday, the 12th of July, towards Will's Creek. Ill-judged as these orders were, they met with but too ready acquiescence at the hands of Dunbar, whose advice was neither asked nor tendered on the occasion.

It was not until Sunday, July 13th, that all this was finished, and the army with its dying General proceeded to the Great Meadows, where the close was to transpire :

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history.

Ever since the retreat commenced, Braddock had preserved a steadfast silence, unbroken save when he issued the necessary commands. That his wound was mortal he knew ; but he also knew that his fame had received a not less fatal stab ; that his military reputation, dearer than his own life to a veteran, or those of a thousand others, was gone forever. These reflections embittered his dying hours ; nor were there any means at hand of diverting the current of his thoughts, or ministering to the comfort of his body : even the chaplain of the army was among the wounded. He pronounced the warmest eulogiums upon the conduct of his officers (who indeed had merited all he could say of them), and seems to have entertained some compunctions at not having more scrupulously followed the advice of Washington, or perhaps at the loss of power to provide for that young soldier's interests as thoroughly as he would have done had he returned victorious. At all events, we find him bequeathing to his Virginia aide his favorite charger and his body-servant Bishop, so well known in after years as the faithful attendant of the patriot chief.

The only allusion he made to the fate of the battle was to softly repeat once or twice to himself : "Who would have thought it?" Turning to Orme—"We shall better know how to deal with them another time"—were his parting words. A few moments later and he breathed his last. Thus, on the night of Sunday, the 13th of July, honorably died a brave old soldier, who, if wanting in temper and discretion,

was certainly, according to the standard of the school in which he had been educated, an accomplished officer, and whose courage and honesty are not to be discussed. The uttermost penalty that humanity could exact, he paid for his errors : and if his misfortune brought death and woe upon his country, it was through no shrinking on his part from what he conceived to be his duty. He shared the lot of the humblest man who fell by his side.

So terminated the bloody battle of the Monongahela—a scene of carnage which has been truly described as unexampled in the annals of modern warfare. Whether we regard the cause, the conduct, or the consequences of this battle, the reflections it gives rise to are alike valuable and impressive. It brought together practically, for the first time in our history, the disciplined regular of Europe and the rifleman of America ; and it taught the lesson to the latter that in his own forests he was the superior man. It was the beginning of a contest in whose revolving years the Colonies became a school of arms, and a martial spirit of the people was fostered and trained till they had attained that confidence which naught but custom can afford. Had Braddock been successful, the great province of Pennsylvania, and probably those of New Jersey, Maryland and New York, freed from danger, would have continued in their original ignorance and aversion of military science. His failure left their frontiers open to the enemy, and the spirit of self-preservation soon compelled them to welcome the weapons from which they had once recoiled with loathing. It was there and then that Morgan and Mercer, Gates and Washington, first stood side by side in marshalled array ; and in that day's dark torrent of blood was tempered the steel which was to sever the Colonies from the parent stem.

Of the many melancholy passages of this most melancholy day, some not uninteresting incidents are still recollected. The preservation of Washington is an anecdote of popular currency. With two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, and a special mark for the enemy's rifles, not a single stroke told upon his person. In 1770, on the banks of the Great Kanhawa, an aged chief journeyed from

his distant lodge to see once more the favorite of the Great Spirit, against whom his own gun and those of his young men were fifteen years before so often turned in vain. Well might the eloquent Davies express at the time the public conviction that the signal manner in which Providence had hitherto watched over the heroic youth clearly presaged his future importance to his country.—W. SARGENT.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

“Bad as our prospects are,” Washington wrote to Robert Morris, on Christmas day, 1776, “I should not have the least doubt of success in the end, did not the late treachery and defection of those who stood foremost in the opposition, while fortune smiled upon us, make me fearful that many more would follow their example; who, by using their influence with some, and working upon the fears of others, may extend the circle so as to take in whole towns, counties, nay provinces. Of this we have a recent instance in New Jersey; and I wish many parts of Pennsylvania may not be ready to receive the yoke.”

No wonder, then, as his contemporaries affirm, that Washington was never seen to smile at that time. Crushing cares and responsibilities were pressing upon him with fearful weight. “I saw him at that gloomy period,” says Wilkinson, “dined with him, and attentively marked his aspect; always grave and thoughtful, he appeared, at that time, pensive and solemn in the extreme.” Yet that pensiveness and solemnity were no indications of a desponding soul. They were the insignia that marked a mighty and hopeful spirit struggling with great difficulties, and considering great purposes. The chief knew that whatever was to be done to raise the spirits of the troops and revive the hopes of the people, must be done quickly; and, at that time, his plan for attacking the British cantonments on the Delaware was matured and on the eve of execution.

Washington resolved to attack the several posts of the British on the Delaware at the same instant, and Christmas night was chosen as the most favorable time to cross the river and fall upon the Hessians; because the Germans, on that

festival, would be off their guard, and more liable to surprise. Washington's effective force, at that time, was less than six thousand men. His headquarters, on the 24th, were at Newtown, a little northeast from Bristol, where lay the main body of his army, with Greene and other general officers in command. Cadwalader was at Bristol with one division of the Pennsylvania recruits, and General Irvine was stationed with the other division at Trenton Falls, a little below (opposite) the village of Trenton.

The projected attack was as follows: Washington, with a considerable force, was to cross the Delaware at McConkey's ferry (now Taylorsville), eight or nine miles above Trenton, march down, and before daylight attack Colonel Ralle, who lay there with fifteen hundred Hessians, a troop of light-horse, and some chasseurs. At the same time General Irvine was to cross at the ferry, a mile below Trenton, and secure the bridge over the Assumpink, on the south side of the village, to cut off Ralle's retreat; and General Putnam, with some of his troops in Philadelphia, and General Cadwalader at Bristol, were to cross at the same time, and attack the cantonment of Donop at Bordentown and the posts below Burlington. Dispatches were accordingly sent to these several commanders, to cross the Delaware in time, on Christmas night, to be ready for a simultaneous attack on the following morning at five o'clock. The tories in Philadelphia, elated with the prospect of a speedy entrance of the British troops into their city, showed such evident signs of insurrection, that Putnam could not fully co-operate in the plan, but sent Colonel Griffin, his adjutant-general, into New Jersey, with five or six hundred Pennsylvania militia, to act in concert with Cadwalader.

These preparations were made with great secrecy, and the active Colonel Reed was Washington's chief instrument in arranging the details of the plan of operations below Trenton. Reed received a hurried letter, which betrayed the writer's anxiety. "The bearer is sent down," he said, "to know whether your plan was attempted last night, and, if not, to inform you that Christmas day, at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed upon for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven's sake, keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal

to us; our numbers, sorry I am to say, being less than I had any conception of; but necessity, dire necessity, will, nay, must, justify an attack. Prepare, and in concert with Griffin, attack as many of their posts as you possibly can with a prospect of success; the more we can attack at the same instant, the more confusion we shall spread, and the greater good will result from it." In a postscript, he added: "I have ordered our men to be provided with three days' provisions ready cooked, with which, and their blankets, they are to march; for, if we are successful, which Heaven grant, and the circumstances favor, we may push on. I shall direct every ferry and ford to be well guarded, and not a soul suffered to pass without an officer's going down with a permit. Do the same with you."

A cold storm was gathering in the heavens toward the evening of the twenty-fifth, while Washington's troops, chiefly New England battalions, 2,400 strong, with twenty pieces of artillery, were slowly marching toward McConkey's Ferry, led by General St. Clair, and followed by the chief, and Generals Greene, Sullivan, Stirling, Mercer and Stephen. Toward sunset they paraded near the banks of the Delaware, at the chosen crossing-place, with the expectation of reaching the opposite shore by midnight. But there were serious obstacles in the way. The mild weather that had prevailed for nearly a fortnight, providentially delaying the preparation of the ice-bridge for which the British were waiting, had suddenly terminated, and the severe frosts of twenty-four hours had so filled the stream with floating ice that at first a passage seemed impossible. But all misgivings were laid aside, and at sunset the embarkation in boats and batteaux commenced, under the direction of Colonel Glover and his fishermen-soldiers of Marblehead—those noble patriots who so efficiently assisted in the retreat of the Americans from Long Island, nearly four months before. The wind was high and the current strong; and, as the night closed in, a storm of sleet and snow commenced, and the darkness became intense.

Nearly all night long did Glover's men battle with the ice, the current, and the tempest, in ferrying over the troops. Washington and his staff crossed before midnight, and on the

dreary eastern shore of the Delaware, with a black forest in the background, he stood for a long time watching, with intense anxiety, the perilous movement, especially of the artillery, for on that strong arm of the service he much depended in the enterprise before him. These, under the direction of Colonel Knox (whose powerful voice could be distinctly heard on both shores above the tumult of armed men, the clashing of vessels in the gloom, the grinding of the ice, and the howling of the tempest), were safely landed by three o'clock, and at four the whole army were ready for marching. Trenton, where the enemy lay, was almost nine miles distant. Daylight would come too soon for a surprise, and it would also too soon discover a retreat, that could not be made without the greatest danger. So Washington resolved to push on to the attack, and risk an open battle rather than such a retreat.

Washington separated his troops into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, that entered Trenton on the west, and the other by the upper or Pennington road, that entered on the north, the distance by each being about the same. It was designed to have the two divisions fall upon the enemy simultaneously at these points. To insure this result, as far as note of time could do it, Washington gave orders that every officer's watch should be set by his, and the moment of attack was fixed. Greene led the column that took the upper road, and was accompanied by the commander-in-chief and Generals Stirling, Mercer and Stephen. Sullivan led the other division along the river road, with Stark's New Hampshire regiment in advance.

Some traitorous republican had revealed Washington's secret to the enemy the day before, and General Grant, at Princeton, gave Colonel Ralle timely warning of the intended attack. The exact time was mentioned, but it was understood that the assault was to be made by a detachment under Lord Stirling. Ralle was accordingly on the alert. At dusk, the very time when the Americans were battling with storm and flood, a small company of republicans (an advance party returning from the Jerseys to Pennsylvania) emerged from the woods near Trenton, attacked a Hessian picket, and immedi-

ately retired. This firing aroused the garrison, and all flew to arms. Ralle visited the outpost that had been attacked, and found alarm and confusion prevailing, and six men wounded. With two field-pieces he traversed the woods in the vicinity, and made the rounds of the outposts ; but, seeing and hearing nothing, and finding all quiet, he returned. Believing this to have been the meditated attack, and regarding the whole affair with contempt, Ralle ordered his troops back to their quarters, with assurances of safety, and all slept carelessly, without their arms, in fancied security.

Washington gave orders that the two divisions, on arriving at Trenton, should simultaneously force the outer guards and rush into the town, before the enemy could have time to form. The march was so well conducted that the advance of both divisions encountered the enemy's pickets at the same time. That of Greene was led by Captain William Washington, who afterward greatly distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the South, seconded by Lieutenant Monroe, who, forty years later, was President of the United States. That of Sullivan was led by Colonel Stark, the gallant hero of Bennington eight months afterward.

Although it was eight o'clock in the morning, the attack was a complete surprise, for the falling snow had so deadened the noise of tramping feet and the rumbling of cannon-carriage wheels that the enemy had no warning of their approach. The storm was so severe that no one was abroad to observe or give intelligence, and the garrison were first certified of their peril by the fugitive pickets, who, closely pursued by the Americans, fled into the town, firing from behind houses, trees and fences on the way. The Hessian drums beat to arms, and the trumpets of the light-horsemen brayed out the alarm ; but before Colonel Ralle, who had been supping and wine-drinking and card-playing, at the house of a tory, all night, could fly to his quarters, mount his horse and proceed to form his scattered soldiery in efficient order for battle, the Americans were driving his troops before them like chaff before the wind.

Part of Greene's division had pushed down King (now Warren) Street, and part down Queen (now Greene) Street.

while Sullivan's came in by Front and Second streets. The enemy were thus hemmed in by the Assumpink and their assailants. At the head of King Street, Captain Forest opened a six-gun battery of field-pieces, which commanded that avenue, and Washington advanced with it on the left, directing its fire. In this position he was very much exposed, but no entreaties could make him fall back. With eager eye and anxious mind he was watching and directing momentous events, and he had no thoughts of personal peril.

Very soon the enemy were seen preparing a two-gun battery in the same street, when Captain Washington and Lieutenant Monroe dashed forward with a small party, drove the artillerymen from their guns just as they were about to fire, and captured their pieces. Both officers were slightly wounded, but not disabled.

While these movements were in progress on the left, Stark was pressing on upon the right. The British light-horse and about five hundred Hessians, quartered in that section of the town, dashed across the Assumpink bridge and fled to the camp of Donop, at Bordentown. General Irvine, who was to have crossed the river below Trenton and secured this avenue of escape, was prevented by ice, or these would, doubtless, have been captured. Meanwhile, Colonel Ralle, at the head of his grenadiers, was bravely endeavoring to resist the storm that was upon him, when a musket-ball wounded him mortally, and he fell from his horse, pale and bleeding. His aids and servant bore him away to his quarters, in the house of a Quaker, and Scheffer, his next in command, took his place at the head of the troops. But all order was at an end. On seeing their commander fall, the Hessians fled in dismay, the main body attempting to escape by the road to Princeton. Perceiving this, Washington sent Colonel Hand and his riflemen to intercept them, while a Virginia corps, under Colonels Scott and Lawson, gained their left.

Ignorant of the smallness of the force that stood in their way, and panic-stricken and bewildered, the fugitive mercenaries threw down their arms and implored mercy. For a moment, Washington, who saw them from a distance, thought they were forming for battle, and ordered a discharge of can-

ister shot upon them ; but when he observed their flag trailing, he spurred to the spot, followed by Captain Forest and his whole command. Colonel Ralle was there, in the arms of his attendants, and, with feeble hand, delivered his sword to the victor. Wilkinson, who had been dispatched to Washington for orders, rode up at that moment, when the commander-in-chief took him by the hand, and, with countenance beaming with complacency, said : " Major Wilkinson, this is a glorious day for our country." Skirmishing had now ceased ; the battle was over, and victory was with the Americans.

Although the admirable plans of Washington were not more than half carried out, owing to the state of the weather and condition of the river, yet the results of the triumph at Trenton were glorious. Cadwalader's attempt to cross the river at Bristol, like that of Irvine at Trenton Ferry, was a failure. He got over with a part of his troops, but the ice prevented the embarkation of his artillery, and he returned. Could he and Irvine have crossed in time, Donop's force at Bordentown must have been dispersed or captured, and the victory would have been more brilliant, extensive and enduring. As it was, the Americans at Trenton were in a critical situation, for Donop was only a few miles distant, with a greatly superior force, and there was a strong body of British infantry at Princeton.

Nothing but the fearful panic which the fugitive light-horsemen and Hessians caused in their flight, by the tale that the assailants were 15,000 strong, saved Washington and his army. He clearly perceived his peril and the impossibility of maintaining his position at Trenton with all his captives ; so, without giving his wearied soldiers time for rest, he recrossed the Delaware that evening, with his whole force, almost a thousand prisoners, and the spoils of victory. During thirty hours that his army had been exposed to a heavy storm, fatiguing march, and a battle, he lost only seven men. Four of these were wounded, two were killed, and one frozen to death. The trophies of victory were four stand of colors, twelve drums, six brass field-pieces, and a thousand stand of arms and accoutrements. Of the enemy, six officers, besides Colonel Ralle, and about forty men, were killed.—B. J. LOSSING.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

The situation of Washington at Trenton was growing critical. He chose a position for his main body on the east side of the Assunpink. There was a narrow stone bridge across it, where the water was very deep; the same bridge over which part of Rahl's brigade had escaped in the recent affair. He planted his artillery so as to command the bridge and the fords. His advance guard was stationed about three miles off in a wood, having in front a stream called Shabbakong Creek.

Early on the 2d of January, 1777, came certain word that Cornwallis was approaching with all his force. Strong parties were sent out under General Greene, who skirmished with the enemy and harassed them in their advance. By twelve o'clock they reached the Shabbakong, and halted for a time on its northern bank. Then crossing it, and moving forward with rapidity, they drove the advance guard out of the woods, and pushed on until they reached a high ground near the town. Here Hand's corps of several battalions was drawn up, and held them for a time in check. All the parties in advance ultimately retreated to the main body, on the east side of the Assunpink, and found some difficulty in crowding across the narrow bridge.

From all these checks and delays, it was nearly sunset before Cornwallis with the head of his army entered Trenton. His rear-guard under General Leslie rested at Maiden Head, about six miles distant, and nearly half way between Trenton and Princeton. Forming his troops into columns, he now made repeated attempts to cross the Assunpink at the bridge and the fords, but was as often repulsed by the artillery. For a part of the time Washington, mounted on a white horse, stationed himself at the south end of the bridge, issuing his orders. Each time the enemy was repulsed there was a shout along the American lines. At length they drew off, came to a halt, and lighted their camp fires. The Americans did the same, using the neighboring fences for the purpose. Sir William Erskine, who was with Cornwallis, urged him, it is said, to attack Washington that evening in his camp; but his

lordship declined; he felt sure of the game which had so often escaped him; he had at length, he thought, got Washington into a situation from which he could not escape, but where he might make a desperate stand, and he was willing to give his wearied troops a night's repose to prepare them for the closing struggle. He would be sure, he said, to "bag the fox in the morning."

A cannonade was kept up on both sides until dark; but with little damage to the Americans. When night closed in, the two camps lay in sight of each other's fires, ruminating the bloody action of the following day. It was the most gloomy and anxious night that had yet closed in on the American army, throughout its series of perils and disasters; for there was no concealing the impending danger. But what must have been the feelings of the commander-in-chief, as he anxiously patrolled his camp, and considered his desperate position? A small stream, fordable in several places, was all that separated his raw, inexperienced army, from an enemy vastly superior in numbers and discipline, and stung to action by the mortification of a late defeat. A general action with them must be ruinous; but how was he to retreat? Behind him was the Delaware, impassable from floating ice. Granting even (a thing not to be hoped) that a retreat across it could be effected, the consequences would be equally fatal. The Jerseys would be left in possession of the enemy, endangering the immediate capture of Philadelphia, and sinking the public mind into despondency.

In this darkest of moments a gleam of hope flashed upon Washington's mind; a bold expedient suggested itself. Almost the whole of the enemy's force was drawn out of Princeton, and advancing by detachments toward Trenton, while their baggage and principal stores must remain weakly guarded at Brunswick. Was it not possible by a rapid night-march along the Quaker road to get past undiscovered, come by surprise upon those left at Princeton, capture or destroy what stores were left there, and then push on to Brunswick? This would save the army from being cut off; would avoid the appearance of a defeat; and might draw the enemy away from Trenton.

Such was the plan which Washington revolved in his

mind on the gloomy banks of the Assunpink, and which he laid before his officers in a council of war, held after night-fall, at the quarters of General Mercer. It met with instant concurrence, being of that hardy, adventurous kind, which seems congenial with the American character. One formidable difficulty presented itself. The weather was unusually mild; there was a thaw, by which the roads might be rendered deep and miry, and almost impassable. Fortunately, or rather providentially, as Washington was prone to consider it, the wind veered to the north in the course of the evening; the weather became intensely cold, and in two hours the roads were once more hard and frost-bound. In the meantime, the baggage of the army was silently removed to Burlington, and every other preparation was made for a rapid march. To deceive the enemy, men were employed to dig trenches near the bridge within hearing of the British sentries, with orders to continue noisily at work until daybreak; others were to go the rounds; relieve guards at the bridge and fords; keep up the camp-fires, and maintain all the appearance of a regular encampment. At daybreak they were to hasten after the army. In the dead of the night, the army drew quietly out of the encampment and began its march. General Mercer, mounted on a favorite gray horse, was in the advance with the remnant of his flying camp, now but about three hundred and fifty men, principally relics of the brave Delaware and Maryland regiments, with some of the Pennsylvania militia. Among the latter were youths belonging to the best families in Philadelphia. The main body followed, under Washington's immediate command.

The Quaker road was a complete roundabout, joining the main road about two miles from Princeton, where Washington expected to arrive before daybreak. The road, however, was new and rugged; cut through woods, where the stumps of trees broke the wheels of some of the baggage trains, and retarded the march of the troops; so that it was near sunrise of a bright, frosty morning, when Washington reached the bridge over Stony Brook, about three miles from Princeton. After crossing the bridge, he led his troops along the bank of the brook to the edge of a wood, where a by-road led off on

the right through low grounds, and was said by the guides to be a short cut to Princeton, and less exposed to view. By this road Washington defiled with the main body, ordering Mercer to continue along the brook with his brigade, until he should arrive at the main road, where he was to secure, and, if possible, destroy a bridge over which it passes ; so as to intercept any fugitives from Princeton, and check any retrograde movements of the British troops which might have advanced toward Trenton.

Hitherto the movements of the Americans had been undiscovered by the enemy. Three regiments of the latter, the 17th, 40th and 55th, with three troops of dragoons, had been quartered all night in Princeton, under marching orders to join Lord Cornwallis in the morning. The 17th regiment, under Colonel Mawhood, was already on the march ; the 55th regiment was preparing to follow. Mawhood had crossed the bridge by which the old or main road to Trenton passes over Stony Brook, and was proceeding through a wood beyond, when, as he attained the summit of a hill about sunrise, the glittering of arms betrayed to him the movement of Mercer's troops to the left, who were filing along the Quaker road to secure the bridge, as they had been ordered.

The woods prevented him from seeing their number. He supposed them to be some broken portion of the American army flying before Lord Cornwallis. With this idea, he faced about and made a retrograde movement, to intercept them or hold them in check ; while messengers spurred off at all speed, to hasten forward the regiments still lingering at Princeton, so as completely to surround them.

The woods concealed him until he had recrossed the bridge of Stony Brook, when he came in full sight of the van of Mercer's brigade. Both parties pushed to get possession of a rising ground on the right near the house of a Mr. Clark, of the peaceful Society of Friends. The Americans being nearest, reached it first, and formed behind a hedge fence which extended along a slope in front of the house ; whence, being chiefly armed with rifles, they opened a destructive fire. It was returned with great spirit by the enemy. At the first discharge Mercer was dismounted, "his gallant grey" being

crippled by a musket ball in the leg. One of his colonels, also, was mortally wounded and carried to the rear. Availing themselves of the confusion thus occasioned, the British charged with the bayonet; the American riflemen having no weapon of the kind, were thrown into disorder and retreated. Mercer, who was on foot, endeavored to rally them, when a blow from the butt end of a musket felled him to the ground. He rose and defended himself with his sword, but was surrounded, bayoneted repeatedly, and left for dead.

Mawhood pursued the broken and retreating troops to the brow of the rising ground, on which Clark's house was situated, when he beheld a large force emerging from a wood and advancing to the rescue. It was a body of Pennsylvania militia, which Washington, on hearing the firing, had detached to the support of Mercer. Mawhood instantly ceased pursuit, drew up his artillery, and by a heavy discharge brought the militia to a stand.

At this moment Washington himself arrived at the scene of action, having galloped from the by-road in advance of his troops. From a rising ground he beheld Mercer's troops retreating in confusion, and the detachment of militia checked by Mawhood's artillery. Everything was at peril. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed past the hesitating militia, waving his hat and cheering them on. His commanding figure and white horse made him a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen; but he heeded it not. Galloping forward under the fire of Mawhood's battery, he called upon Mercer's broken brigade. The Pennsylvanians rallied at the sound of his voice, and caught fire from his example. At the same time the 7th Virginia regiment emerged from the wood, and moved forward with loud cheers, while a fire of grapeshot was opened by Captain Moulder, of the American artillery, from the brow of a ridge to the south.

Colonel Mawhood, who a moment before had thought his triumph secure, found himself assailed on every side, and separated from the other British regiments. He fought, however, with great bravery, and for a short time the action was desperate. Washington was in the midst of it; equally endangered by the random fire of his own men, and the artil-

lery and musketry of the enemy. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Fitzgerald, a young and ardent Irishman, losing sight of him in the heat of the fight when enveloped in dust and smoke, dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse and drew his hat over his eyes; giving him up for lost. When he saw him, however, emerge from the cloud, waving his hat, and beheld the enemy giving way, he spurred up to his side. "Thank God," cried he, "your excellency is safe!" "Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops," was the reply; "the day is our own!" It was one of those occasions in which the latent fire of Washington's character blazed forth. Mawhood, by this time, had forced his way, at the point of the bayonet, through gathering foes, though with heavy loss, back to the main road, and was in full retreat toward Trenton to join Cornwallis. Washington detached Major Kelly, with a party of Pennsylvania troops, to destroy the bridge at Stony Brook, over which Mawhood had retreated, so as to impede the advance of General Leslie from Maiden Head.

In the meantime the 55th regiment, which had been on the left and nearer Princeton, had been encountered by the American advance-guard under General St. Clair, and after some sharp fighting in a ravine had given way, and was retreating across fields and along a by-road to Brunswick. The remaining regiment, the 40th, had not been able to come up in time for the action; a part of it fled toward Brunswick; the residue took refuge in the college at Princeton, recently occupied by them as barracks. Artillery was now brought to bear on the college, and a few shot compelled those within to surrender.

In this brief but brilliant action, about one hundred of the British were left dead on the field, and nearly three hundred taken prisoners, fourteen of whom were officers. Among the slain was Captain Leslie, son of the Earl of Leven. His death was greatly lamented by his captured companions.

The loss of the Americans was about twenty-five or thirty men and several officers. Among the latter was Colonel Haslet, who had distinguished himself throughout the campaign, by being among the foremost in services of danger.

He was indeed a gallant officer, and gallantly seconded by his Delaware troops.

A greater loss was that of General Mercer. He was said to be either dead or dying, in the house of Mr. Clark, whither he had been conveyed by his aide-de-camp, Major Armstrong, who found him, after the retreat of Mawhood's troops, lying on the field gashed with several wounds, and insensible from cold and loss of blood. Washington felt compelled to leave his old companion in arms to his fate. Indeed, he was called away by the exigencies of his command, having to pursue the routed regiments which were making a headlong retreat to Brunswick. In this pursuit he took the lead at the head of a detachment of cavalry. At Kingston, however, three miles to the northeast of Princeton, he pulled up, restrained his ardor, and held a council of war on horseback. Should he keep on to Brunswick or not? The capture of the British stores and baggage would make his triumph complete; but, on the other hand, his troops were excessively fatigued by their rapid march all night and hard fight in the morning. All of them had been one night without sleep, and some of them two, and many were half-starved. They were without blankets, thinly clad, some of them barefooted, and this in freezing weather. Cornwallis would be upon them before they could reach Brunswick. His rear-guard, under General Leslie, had been quartered about six miles from Princeton, and the retreating troops must have roused them. Under these considerations, it was determined to discontinue the pursuit and push for Morristown. There they would be in a mountainous country, heavily wooded, in an abundant neighborhood, and on the flank of the enemy, with various defiles by which they might change their position according to his movements.

Meantime Lord Cornwallis had retired to rest at Trenton with the sportman's vaunt that he would "bag the fox in the morning." Nothing could surpass his surprise and chagrin, when at day-break the expiring watch-fires and deserted camp of the Americans told him that the prize had once more evaded his grasp; that the general whose military skill he had decried had outgeneraled him.—W. IRVING.

FORMATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In January, 1786, the Assembly of Virginia appointed commissioners, who were instructed to meet such as should be appointed by the other States, "to take into consideration the trade of the United States, to examine the relative situation and trade of the said States, to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial relations may be necessary to their common interest and their permanent harmony, and to report to the several States such an act relative to this great object, as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States in Congress assembled effectually to provide for the same." The commissioners met at Annapolis, in September, 1786. Five States only sent deputies, and some of these came with such limited powers, that it was soon ascertained that nothing could be done towards effecting the object for which they had come together. Their deliberations ended in a report to their respective States, in which they represented the defects of the federal system, and the necessity of a revision. They likewise recommended another convention of deputies from all the States, furnished with requisite powers, who should meet at Philadelphia on the second day of May. At the same time they sent a letter to Congress, accompanied with a copy of their report to the States.

When the legislature of Virginia assembled, the report of the deputies was taken into consideration, and it was resolved to appoint seven delegates to meet those from the other States in a general convention. Washington's name was put at the head of the list, and he was chosen by a unanimous vote of the representatives. The intelligence was first communicated to him by Mr. Madison, then a member of the Assembly, and afterwards officially by the governor.

He was not a little embarrassed with this choice, for, although he heartily approved the measure, yet he thought there were reasons of a personal nature, which made it inexpedient, if not improper, for him to take any part in it. He did not absolutely decline, but suggested his difficulties, and expressed a hope, that some other person would be appointed

in his place. As the weight of his name and the wisdom of his counsels were felt to be extremely important, in giving dignity and success to the proceedings of the convention, and as several months would intervene before the meeting, neither the governor nor his other friends pressed him to a hasty decision, trusting that time and reflection would remove his doubts.

His objections were frankly stated, and they are among the many evidences of his scrupulous regard to directness and consistency in every act of his life. "It is not only inconvenient for me to leave home," said he to the governor, "but there will be, I apprehend, too much cause to charge my conduct with inconsistency in again appearing on a public theatre, after a public declaration to the contrary; and it will, I fear, have a tendency to sweep me back into the tide of public affairs, when retirement and ease are so much desired by me, and so essentially necessary." There can be no doubt, that, when he resigned his commission in the army, he firmly believed nothing could again occur to draw him from the retirement, to which he returned with such unfeigned satisfaction, and which no other consideration than the superior claims of his country could induce him to forego. On the present occasion he was not convinced that his services would be more valuable than those of other citizens, whose ability and knowledge of public affairs, as his modesty would persuade him, better qualified them for the task of devising and maturing a system of civil government.

There was another objection, also, which seemed to bear with considerable weight on his mind. At the close of the war, some of the officers had formed themselves into an association, called the *Society of the Cincinnati*, the object of which was to establish a bond of union and fellowship between the officers, who had served together during the war, and were then about to be separated, and particularly to raise a permanent fund for the relief of unfortunate members, their widows, and orphans. Although Washington was not concerned in forming this society, yet he was well pleased with its benevolent design, and consented to be its president. Unexpectedly to him, however, and to all others connected with it, a very

general dissatisfaction arose throughout the country, in regard to some of the principles upon which the society was founded.

It was to be hereditary in the families of the members ; it had a badge, or order, offensive in republican eyes, as imitating the European orders of knighthood ; it admitted foreign officers, who had served in America, and their descendants ; it provided for an indefinite accumulation of funds, which were to be disposed of at the discretion of the members. Discontents grew into clamorous censures. Pamphlets were written against the society, and it was denounced as anti-republican, and a dangerous political engine. At the first general meeting, which was held at Philadelphia in May, 1784, Washington exerted himself successfully to have the most objectionable features altered, and the articles of association were new-modelled conformably to his suggestions. After these changes the alarmists were less vehement in their attacks ; but they were not silenced, and the society continued to be looked upon with jealousy and disapprobation.

A second general meeting was to take place in Philadelphia at the time appointed for the assembling of the convention. Before receiving notice that he was chosen a delegate, Washington had written a circular letter to the branches of the society in the different States, declaring his intention to resign the presidency, and giving reasons why it would be inconvenient for him to attend the general meeting. He thought himself thus placed in a delicate situation. Were he to be present at the convention, the members of the Cincinnati Society might suppose they had just grounds for suspecting his sincerity, or even of charging him with having deserted the officers, who had so nobly supported him during the war, and always manifested towards him uncommon respect and attachment. Having a grateful sense of their affection, and reciprocating in reality all their kind feelings, he was reluctant to put himself in a condition, by which their favorable sentiments would be altered, or their sensibility in any degree wounded.

Again, some of his friends in various parts of the country expressed themselves doubtingly in their letters, as to the propriety of his going to the convention, and some advised

against it. Many thought the scheme illegal, since there was no provision in the Articles of the Confederation for such a mode of revision, and it had not been proposed by Congress. It was feared, therefore, that the doings of the convention would end in a failure, and perhaps in the disgrace of the delegates. They, who were perplexed with apprehensions of this sort, were unwilling that the brilliant reputation of Washington should be put to the hazard of being tarnished by an abortive experiment, and believed the interests of the country required it to be held in reserve for a more fitting opportunity.

These obstacles, formidable for a time, were at last removed. Congress took the subject into consideration, and recommended to the States to send delegates to the convention for the purposes mentioned in the Annapolis report. Thus the measure was sanctioned by law. Congress likewise appointed the second Monday in May, as the day for the delegates to assemble at Philadelphia. The time was fixed with reference to the meeting of the Cincinnati, which was to be a week earlier, whereby General Washington would be enabled to join his brethren of that fraternity, should he think proper, and explain his motives for declining to be again elected president.

After these proceedings, and after it was found that the more enlightened part of the community very generally approved the scheme of the convention, his friends everywhere urged him to accept the appointment as one of the delegates from Virginia, and he acceded to their wishes. Another circumstance had much influence in bringing him to this decision. It began to be whispered that the persons opposed to the convention were at heart monarchists, and that they were glad to see the distractions of the country increasing, till the people should be weary of them, and discover their only hope of security to consist in a strong government as it was generally called, or, in other words, a constitutional monarchy; for no one was ever supposed to dream of a despotic power in America. It has been said and believed, that a small party, in despair of better things, actually meditated such a project, and turned their eyes to some of the royal

families in Europe for a sovereign suited to control the jarring elements of republicanism in the United States. However this may be, it is certain that no imagined remedy could have been more severely reprobated by Washington. We have seen with what a stern rebuke the proposal to be a king was met by him, even when he literally had the power of the nation in his hands. From the beginning of the Revolution to the end of his life, he was an uncompromising advocate for a republican system. In the abstract he regarded it as the best; and he had faith enough in the virtue of the people, and in the efficacy of their former habits, to convince him that it might be successfully established. At all events he was for having the experiment thoroughly tried; and his whole conduct proves, that, in regard to himself, he was ready to risk his reputation, his property, and his life, if necessary, in a cause so momentous to the welfare of his country and to the social progress of mankind.

He did not go to the convention unprepared for the great work there to be undertaken. His knowledge of the institutions of his own country and of its political forms, both in their general character and minute and affiliated relations, gained by inquiry and long experience, was probably as complete as that of any other man. But he was not satisfied with this alone. He read the history and examined the principles of the ancient and modern confederacies. There is a paper in his handwriting, which contains an abstract of each, and in which are noted in a methodical order, their chief characteristics, the kinds of authority they possessed, their modes of operation, and their defects. The confederacies analyzed in this paper are the Lycian, Amphictyonic, Achæan, Helvetic, Belgic, and Germanic. He also read the standard works on general politics and the science of government, abridging parts of them, according to his usual practice, that he might impress the essential points more deeply on his mind. He was apprehensive that the delegates might come together fettered with instructions, which would embarrass and retard, if not defeat, the salutary end proposed. "My wish is," said he, "that the convention may adopt no temporizing expedients, but probe the defects of the constitution to the bottom,

and provide a radical cure, whether they are agreed to or not. A conduct of this kind will stamp wisdom and dignity on their proceedings, and hold up a light, which sooner or later will have its influence." Such were the preparations, and such the sentiments, with which he went to the convention.

His arrival at Philadelphia was attended with public honors. At Chester he was met by General Mifflin, Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and several officers and gentlemen of distinction, who proceeded with him from that place. At Gray's Ferry a company of light-horse took charge of him and escorted him into the city. His first visit was to Dr. Franklin, at that time President of Pennsylvania. All the States were represented in the convention, except Rhode Island ; and, when the body was organized for business, General Washington was elected by a unanimous vote to the president's chair. The convention was in session four months, and the diligence of the members is proved by the fact, that they sat from five to seven hours a day. The result was the Constitution of the United States, which was proposed to be substituted for the Articles of Confederation. On the 17th of September, 1787, the Constitution was signed by all the members present, except three, and forwarded with a letter to Congress. By that assembly it was sent to the State legislatures, for the purpose of being submitted in each State to a convention of delegates chosen by the people, in conformity with a resolve of the general convention.

The Constitution, as it came from the hands of its framers, was regarded by no one as theoretically perfect. To form a compact, which should unite thirteen independent republics into a consolidated government possessing a control over the whole, was not a work of easy attainment, even if there had been a uniformity in the previously established systems of the several States. The difficulty was increased by the wide differences in their situation, extent, habits, wealth, and particular interests. Rights and privileges were to be surrendered, not always in proportion to the advantages which seemed to be promised as an equivalent. In short, the Constitution was an amicable compromise, the result of mutual deference

and concession. Dr. Franklin said, in a short speech near the close of the convention: "I consent to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good." And Washington wrote not long afterwards: "There are some things in the new form, I will readily acknowledge, which never did, and I am persuaded never will, obtain my cordial approbation; but I did then conceive, and do now most firmly believe, that in the aggregate it is the best Constitution that can be obtained at this epoch, and that this, or a dissolution, awaits our choice, and is the only alternative." Again: "It appears to me little short of a miracle, that the delegates from so many States, different from each other in their manners, circumstances, and prejudices, should unite in forming a system of national government, so little liable to well-founded objections. Nor am I yet such an enthusiastic, partial, or indiscriminating admirer of it, as not to perceive it is tinged with some real though not radical defects."

Similar sentiments were doubtless entertained by all the prominent friends to the Constitution. Faulty as it was, they looked upon it as the best that could be made, in the existing state of things, and as such they wished it to be fairly tried. It was moreover remarkable, that what one called a defect, another thought its most valuable part, so that in detail it was almost wholly condemned and approved. This was a proof that there was nothing in it essentially bad, and that it approached very nearly to a just medium. If we judge from the tenor of Washington's letters, after it was sent out to the world, he watched its fate with anxious solicitude, and was animated with joy at the favor it gradually gained with the public and its ultimate triumph. It was universally agreed, that his name affixed to the Constitution carried with it a most effective influence on the minds of the people.

The legislatures of all the States, which had been represented in the general convention, directed State conventions to be assembled, consisting of delegates chosen by the people for the express purpose of deciding on the adoption of the Constitution. The ratification of nine States was necessary

to give it validity and effect. The conventions in the several States met at different times, and it was nearly a year before the requisite number had passed a decision. In the meantime, both the friends and opponents of the Constitution were extremely active. The weight of opinion, however, was found everywhere to preponderate on the side of the Constitution. In some of the States it was adopted unanimously, and in nearly all of them the majority was much larger than its most zealous advocates had ventured to hope. Amendments were recommended in some instances, but in none was the ratification clogged by positive conditions of this sort. The same spirit of compromise and mutual concession seemed to prevail, that had been manifested in the general convention. In fine, though the opposition was strong, and upheld by a few of the ablest and best men in the country, yet the popular voice was so decidedly expressed on the other side, as to afford the most encouraging presages of the successful operation of the new form of government.—J. SPARKS.

WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

(Delivered to Congress at Annapolis, December 23, 1783.)

Mr. President :

The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence ; a diffidence in my ability to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations, and my gratitude for the inter-

position of Providence and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increase with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war.

It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it as my indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to His holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

THE DUTY OF THE STATES TO THE UNION.

(From Washington's Letter to the Governors, 1783).

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independence and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis—and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, on whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, merits the bitterest execration and the severest punishment which can be inflicted by his injured country.

It will be a part of my duty, and that of every true patriot, to assert, without reserve, and to insist upon the following positions:—That, unless the States will suffer Congress to exercise those prerogatives they are undoubtedly invested with by the Constitution, everything must very rapidly tend to anarchy and confusion: That it is indispensable to the happiness of the individual States, that there should be lodged,

somewhere, a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the confederated republic, without which the Union cannot be of long duration. That there must be a faithful and pointed compliance on the part of every State with the late proposals and demands of Congress, or the most fatal consequences will ensue: That whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the Union, or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly. And, lastly, that, unless we can be enabled by the concurrence of the States to participate in the fruits of the Revolution, and enjoy the essential benefits of civil society, under a form of government so free and uncorrupted, so happily guarded against the danger of oppression, as has been devised and adopted by the Articles of Confederation, it will be a subject of regret that so much blood and treasure have been lavished for no purpose; that so many sufferings have been encountered without compensation, and that so many sacrifices have been made in vain.

Many other considerations might here be adduced to prove, that, without an entire conformity to the spirit of the Union, we cannot exist as an independent power. It will be sufficient for my purpose to mention but one or two, which seem to me of the greatest importance. It is only in our united character as an empire that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported among foreign nations. The treaties of the European powers with the United States of America will have no validity on a dissolution of the Union. We shall be left nearly in a state of nature; or we may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny; and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty, abused to licentiousness.—G. WASHINGTON.

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

Washington was never dramatic; but on great occasions he not only rose to the full ideal of the event, he became himself the event. One hundred years ago to-day, the pro-

cession of foreign ambassadors, of statesmen and generals, of civic societies and military companies, which escorted him, marched from Franklin Square to Pearl Street, through Pearl to Broad, and up Broad to this spot, but the people saw only Washington. As he stood upon the steps of the old Government Building here, the thought must have occurred to him that it was a cradle of liberty, and as such giving a bright omen for the future. In these halls, in 1735, in the trial of John Zenger, had been established, for the first time in its history, the liberty of the press. Here the New York Assembly, in 1764, made the protest against the Stamp Act, and proposed the General Conference, which was the beginning of United Colonial action. In this old State House, in 1765, the Stamp Act Congress, the first and the father of American Congresses, assembled and presented to the English Government that vigorous protest which caused the repeal of the act, and checked the first step toward the usurpation which lost the American Colonies to the British empire. Within these walls the Congress of the Confederation had commissioned its ambassadors abroad, and, in ineffectual efforts at government, had created the necessity for the concentration of Federal authority, now to be consummated.

The first Congress of the United States gathered in this ancient temple of Liberty, greeted Washington and accompanied him to the balcony. The famous men visible about him were Chancellor Livingston, Vice-President John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Governor Clinton, Roger Sherman, Richard Henry Lee, General Knox and Baron Steuben. But we believe that among the invisible host above him, at this supreme moment of the culmination in permanent triumph of the thousands of years of struggle for self-government, were the spirits of the soldiers of the Revolution, who had died that their countrymen might enjoy this blessed day, and with them were the Barons of Runnymede and William the Silent, and Sidney and Russell, and Cromwell and Hampden, and the heroes and martyrs of Liberty of every race and age.

As he came forward, the multitude in the streets, in the windows and on the roofs sent up such a rapturous shout that

Washington sat down overcome with emotion. As he slowly rose and his tall and majestic form again appeared, the people, deeply affected, in awed silence viewed the scene. The Chancellor solemnly read to him the oath of office, and Washington, repeating, said: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Then he reverently bent low and kissed the Bible, uttering with profound emotion, "So help me God." The Chancellor waved his robes and shouted: "It is done; long live George Washington, President of the United States!" "Long live George Washington, our first President!" was the answering cheer of the people, and from the belfries rang the bells, and from forts and ships thundered the cannon, echoing and repeating the cry, with responding acclaim all over the land: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The simple and imposing ceremony over, the Inaugural read, the blessing of God prayerfully petitioned in old St. Paul's, the festivities passed, and Washington stood alone. No one else could take the helm of State, and enthusiast and doubter alike trusted only him. The teachings and habits of the past had educated the people to faith in the independence of the States, and for the supreme authority of the new government, there stood, against the precedents of a century and the passions of the hour, little besides the arguments of Hamilton, Madison and Jay in the *Federalist* and the judgment of Washington. With the first attempt to exercise national power began the duel to the death between State sovereignty, claiming the right to nullify Federal laws or secede from the Union, and the power of the Republic to command the resources of the country, to enforce its authority and protect its life. It was the beginning of the sixty years' war for the Constitution and the nation. It seared consciences, degraded politics, destroyed parties, ruined statesmen, and retarded the advance and development of the country; it sacrificed hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and squandered thousands of millions of money; it desolated the

fairest portion of the country and carried mourning into every home North and South ; but it ended at Appomattox in the absolute triumph of the Republic.

Posterity owes to Washington's administration the policy and measures, the force and direction which made possible this glorious result. In giving the organization of the Department of State and foreign relations to Jefferson, the Treasury to Hamilton and the Supreme Court to Jay, he selected for his Cabinet and called to his assistance the ablest and most eminent men of his time. Hamilton's marvellous versatility and genius designed the armory and the weapons for the promotion of national power and greatness ; but Washington's steady support carried them through. Parties crystallized and party passions were intense ; debates were intemperate and the Union openly threatened and secretly plotted against, as the firm pressure of this mighty personality funded the debt and established credit, assumed the State debts incurred in the war of the Revolution and superseded the local by the national obligation, imposed duties upon imports and excise upon spirits and created revenue and resources, organized a national banking system for public needs and private business, and called out an army to put down by force of arms resistance to the Federal laws imposing unpopular taxes.

Upon the plan marked out by the Constitution, this great architect, with unflinching faith and unfaltering courage, builded the Republic. He gave to the government the principles of action and sources of power which carried it successfully through the wars with Great Britain in 1812 and Mexico in 1848, which enabled Jackson to defeat nullification, and recruited and equipped millions of men for Lincoln, and justified and sustained his Proclamation of Emancipation.—C. M. DEPEW.

WASHINGTON AS COMMANDER AND AS PRESIDENT.

In the year 1790, Washington, the first President of the United States, had just been unanimously elected to guide and work the new Federal Constitution. That Constitution

had been carefully framed by a convention comprising all the wisest and purest patriots of the country, and had, in the judgment of every one, been rendered necessary by the confusion and almost anarchy into which the liberated provinces had fallen, for the want of some strong government and some adequate bond of union, very shortly after the acknowledgment of their independence in 1783. At this period the confederated States were *thirteen* in number; their aggregate population was, as nearly as possible, *four millions*, and of this amount 700,000 were African slaves. All the States held slaves, with the single exception of Massachusetts; but all regarded slavery as an institution full of danger and discredit, sincerely to be deprecated and quietly to be got rid of as soon as circumstances should permit.

The Constitution was, to all appearance, as sagacious a one as could have been devised. Its framers foresaw most of the political dangers to which the State would be exposed, and guarded against them with great anxiety and apparently with great skill. They endeavored to secure the supremacy of law and purity in the administration of justice by the extraordinary and paramount powers conferred on the Supreme Court, and by ordaining the irremovability of the judges both in that and in all inferior tribunals. They hoped to provide against the consequence of too sudden and simultaneous a change in the governing body by appointing the election of the chief of the executive and the members of the legislative assemblies for different terms and at different epochs. They provided a legitimate time and means for the introduction of such changes as experience might show to be desirable in the Constitution, or as altered circumstances might necessitate, by enacting the assembling of a convention for the purpose of revision, at certain distant intervals and under certain specified formalities. They fancied they had secured the choice of the President by the wisest heads of the nation and in the most dispassionate manner, by arranging a system of double election, in virtue of which the nation's decision as to its ruling head was vested in a small body of men chosen *ad hoc* by the whole mass of the enfranchised people. They endeavored to give as much strength to the Federal executive as the jealous

susceptibilities of democratic temper in the several States would permit, by making the President supreme over all appointments, and able to select and to retain his ministers in defiance of hostile majorities in Congress.

In Washington's hands the new political organization worked well, and the Executive seemed almost strong enough. Such difficulties as arose even at that early stage of the experiment were easily surmounted by his promptitude, resolution, and prestige. But Washington was a man in a million. He achieved success in the two most arduous enterprises which can try the faculties of statesmen: he conducted a revolutionary war to a triumphant issue, with the smallest conceivable means and against the most powerful nation in the world; and he inaugurated and administered for eight years a Constitution peculiar, unprecedented, and in some points unavoidably and incurably defective from its origin. His embarrassments and the scantiness of his resources as a revolutionary chief have seldom been done justice to. Wellington's difficulties in the early days of his Peninsular campaigns, though analogous in some respects and formidable enough, were trivial in comparison.

The American Revolution presented many features which distinguished it from most other movements of a similar nature, and added enormously to the obstacles and complications with which its leaders had to contend. In the first place, during all its earlier stages, it was not a revolution at all, or even a rebellion. It was merely a resistance in the name of law and constitutional right to an illegal exercise of power. For many years the colonists had no idea of assailing, much less of overthrowing, the king's authority: they merely aimed at confining it within legitimate bounds. There was in consequence every degree of difference of opinion as to the extent to which resistance should be pushed, and the means by which it was to be carried on. The great majority of the colonists were sincerely attached to the mother country, were even ardent in their loyalty, and were shocked at the bare notion of rebellion or separation; and these sentiments continued to animate them up to a very late period of the contest. Thus the chiefs of the movement had to guide and to act for a people

who were anything but united in their sentiments and purposes, and whose views, moreover, were in a constant state of fluctuation and of progressive development.

Then, again, when resistance had become general and resolute, when all word of compromise or submission was over, and when ulterior plans and hopes began to present themselves to a few of the more advanced and excited spirits, the very simplicity and purity of the motives which led to the rebellion placed serious barriers in the way of its success. It was resistance in the name of a sacred principle, not revolt against cruel and unendurable oppression. It was carried on to assert a constitutional right, not to escape from or resent a hideous wrong. The tax to which the colonists refused to submit was a mere trifle: no one would have felt its pressure; no one would have refused or grudged its payment, had it but been legitimately levied. The colonists had no atrocious tyranny to escape from; justice was purely administered; their property was secure; their personal liberty was never menaced; their religion and their claims of conscience never came in question. They had everything they could wish for, as far as practical freedom and the daily enjoyments of life were concerned; but they would not be taxed without their own consent, even to the extent of a few shillings per head; and for this they went to war. Now, it is evident that a motive of this sort, honorable and defensible as it may be, is very inferior in stimulating and sustaining power to those barbarous and unjust tyrannies, and that burning passion for emancipation and revenge, which have usually caused nations to rise in armed rebellion against their rulers. It may suffice to make men vote, harangue, combine, go to prison for a while perhaps; seldom to make them—seldom still to make them cheerfully—endure severe privations, or encounter with unflinching spirit the sacrifices and hardships inseparable from a prolonged and dubious strife. The origin of the rebellion thus goes far to explain the general backwardness and lukewarmness of which Washington had so frequently occasion to complain. Had the colonists suffered more, and had more reason for resistance, their emancipation would have been incomparably easier.

But, besides all this, Washington, properly speaking, had no army, no authority, no means, no government. He had literally to make bricks without straw. The Colonies hitherto had been entirely distinct and unconnected with each other ; they were unaccustomed to combined action ; and the assembly of delegates improvised for the occasion was without constituted authority, and therefore without power. They could appoint Washington their commander-in-chief, but that was about all. They could not compel his officers to obey him ; they could not compel soldiers to flock to his standard ; they could not compel citizens to administer to the necessities of his army. They could authorize him to make requisitions, but they could not empower him to enforce them, nor oblige the several States to recognize them. They could not legally contract loans nor levy taxes. They could only decide what contributions should be called for, and *recommend* and urge the people of each State to give their quota cheerfully. Persuasion, both at the seat of government and at the headquarters of the army, had to do the work of authority. Washington himself, as well as the civil leaders, had to raise the sinews of war by argument, by entreaty, by remonstrance, by personal influence, in short. Merchants, planters, magistrates, officers, sent in loans and contributions as they could or as they felt moved to do. The contest was, in fact, very much carried on *by subscription*, and this had to be done for years.

In the army itself nearly the same state of affairs prevailed. The soldiers were in a manner volunteers. They enlisted only for a time ; desertion seemed almost legal, since it was only desertion from a rebel force ; they felt themselves in a manner at liberty to disband when they were weary, or had fought through one campaign, or when domestic or agricultural concerns wanted their presence at home ; and thus they sometimes dispersed just when a victory had to be turned to account, or a defeat to be repaired, or a promising enterprise to be undertaken. Then the soldiers often chose their own officers, and would obey no others. All orders and plans were freely discussed ; the commander-in-chief had to *persuade* his regimental colonels rather than to direct them ; his army was more of a voluntary association than an organized body of

troops. *Power* there was almost none ; authority could do little ; personal influence, moral and intellectual qualities, had to do the work of both. And all this time—while Washington had to control his men, to exhort his officers, to beg sometimes almost piteously for supplies—he had to fight more numerous and powerful antagonists, whom nothing but the imbecility of their commanders could have enabled him to overcome ; and to contend against the mean jealousies, the ill-timed parsimony, and the ungenerous exigencies and suspicions of his fellow-citizens. Nay, more ; he had to keep together, and to inspire with zeal and submission to needful discipline, an army often without food, usually without pay, always unsupported by magazines and stores, yet sternly forbidden to supply their wants by plunder or exactions.

Truly here was a field, such as few men have, for the exercise of that hopeful and untiring patience which is perhaps the sublimest and most difficult of virtues ; and never was there a more magnificent example of this attribute than Washington. His military genius was no doubt great ; but it was as nothing compared with the moral qualities which were required to bear up against those difficulties which deprived military genius of its fairest opportunities. His reputation was founded, not on splendid days, but on painful years ; not on a series of those brilliant and startling achievements in which, if there is much of inspiration, there is often yet more of accident ; but on a whole life of toil, sacrifice, self-control, and self-abnegation, such as no man can lead whose principles and whose virtues are not rooted in the very deepest recesses of his nature.

His sagacity in governing the State was as eminent as his ability in creating it. For eight years he ruled the young commonwealth with rare prudence and firmness, showing the same resolute front to domestic insubordination as to foreign encroachment ; and when he retired in 1797 to the private happiness he had so long sighed for, he left behind him that Farewell Address which is perhaps the most touching legacy of wisdom and affection ever bequeathed by a ruler to his native land. The exhortation shows with how true a foresight he laid his finger on each one of the dangers and weak-

nesses of the Republic. He warns his countrymen against "geographical divisions,"—against the bad habit, even as a phrase, of speaking of *the North* and *the South*. He tells them that to be a NATION, they must have a central government, which should be the chief object of their loyalty, and which no local or democratic jealousies should be allowed to weaken; but he does this in language which proves how doubtful he felt in his heart whether the Union could permanently be preserved. "Let experience solve the question," he says; "to listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal." He exhorts them earnestly to uphold public credit and the strictest national integrity at any cost, by careful economy and cheerful acquiescence in necessary taxes. Finally, he recommends a policy of rigid neutrality towards foreign countries, peace, forbearance, but above all the most magnanimous and scrupulous justice and good faith; and, knowing his countrymen, he assures them that in the long-run this policy, and this alone, will *pay*.

By the universal consent of mankind, Washington stands out among statesmen as the wisest, best, and purest ruler who ever governed a free nation. He was pre-eminent, no doubt, among his colleagues and countrymen both in wisdom and in virtue, but he had many wise and virtuous men to assist him in his work. Jefferson, Hamilton, Randolph, Jay, Madison, and Adams, though holding very different opinions, were all earnest and high-minded patriots. The first among them did ultimately much harm by the uncompromising democracy of his principles; but they were all worthy coadjutors of their noble chief. There were giants in those days; there are only dwarfs now. What are the advantages, and what should be the future of a nation which started on its career with such a man as Washington for its representative and guide!

—W. R. GREG.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WASHINGTON.

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man!—deriving honor less from the splendor of his

situation, than from the dignity of his mind! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet, could at all put him out of his way or bend him from his purpose.

It must indeed create astonishment that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the the character of Washington should never once have been called in question; that he should in no one instance have been accused of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man.

How did he act when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult by causing Genet to be recalled, and thus at once consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baleful effects by your own virtues and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effects of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly condemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom. Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance by rapid strides to opulence and distinction; and if by any accident you should

be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest—if you should find it necessary to avenge insult or repel injury—the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views ; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause.—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

JEFFERSON'S ESTIMATE OF WASHINGTON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order ; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke ; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best ; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York.

He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed, refraining, if he saw a doubt ; but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure ; his justice the most inflexible ; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned ; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke forth, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact ; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding in all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections ;

but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it.

His person was fine ; his stature exactly what one could wish ; his deportment easy, erect and noble—the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called upon for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure within doors.

On the whole, his character was in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent, and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence ; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train ; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.—
T. JEFFERSON.

WASHINGTON.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds,
Of those who framed in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,
 When as the auspicious task was done,
 In solemn trust, the sword of power
 Was given to Glory's Unspoiled Son.

That noble race has gone; the suns
 Of fifty years have risen and set;
 But the bright links those chosen ones
 So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
 Wide shall extend the elastic chain
 And bind, in everlasting peace,
 State after State, a mighty train.

—W. C. BRYANT.

CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Father and Chief, how calm thou stand'st once more
 Upon thine own free land, thou wonn'st with toil!
 Seest thou upon thy country's robe a soil,
 As she comes down to greet thee on the shore?

For thought in that fine brow is living still,—
 Such thought, as, looking far off into time,
 Casting by fear, stood up in strength sublime,
 When odds in war shook vale and shore and hill;—

Such thought as then possessed thee, when was laid
 Our deep foundation,—when the fabric shook
 With the wrathful surge which high against it broke,
 When at thy voice the blind, wild sea was stayed.

Hast heard our strivings, that thou look'st away
 Into the future, pondering still our fate
 With thoughtful mind? Thou readest, sure, the date
 To strifes,—thou seest a glorious coming day.

For round those lips dwells sweetness, breathing good
 To sad men's souls, and bidding them take heart,
 Nor live the shame of those who bore their part
 When round the towering chief they banded stood.

No swelling pride in that firm, ample chest !
The full rich robe falls round thee, fold on fold,
With easy grace, in thy scarce conscious hold.
How simple in thy grandeur,—strong in rest !

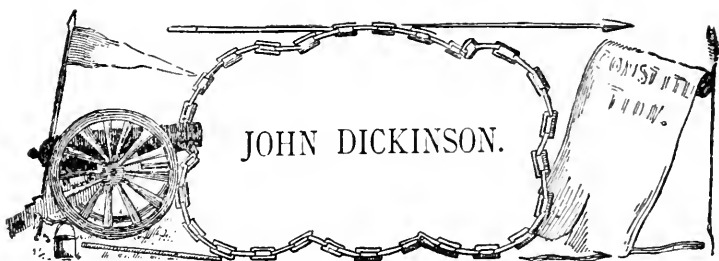
'Tis like thee : Such repose thy living form
Wrapped round. Though some chained passion, break-
ing forth,
At times swept o'er thee like the fierce, dread north,
Yet calmer, nobler, cam'st thou from the storm.

O mystery past thought ! that the cold stone
Should live to us, take shape, and to us speak,—
That he, in mind, in grandeur, like the Greek,
And he, our pride, stand here, the two in one !

There's awe in thy still form. Come hither, then,
Ye that o'erthrong the land, and ye shall know
What greatness is, nor please ye in its show,—
Come, look on him, would ye indeed be men !

—R. H. DANA.





JOHN DICKINSON, "the Pennsylvania Farmer," was the finest example of those Americans who, in the critical period before the Revolution, claimed and sought to prove their rights to the full privileges of native-born Englishmen. He hesitated to sign the Declaration of Independence; yet when that act was accomplished he was one of the first to take the field, and long continued to give wise counsel for the preservation of

liberty, with all its blessings, in the new nation.

John Dickinson was born at Crosia-Doré, Talbot County, Maryland, on the 8th of November, 1732. His father, in 1740, removed to Kent County, Delaware, where he became county judge. The son received his education at the hands of a tutor who afterwards became Chancellor Killen. For a time he studied law in the office of John Moland, of Philadelphia, and, according to a custom then common, he completed his legal education by a course of three years' study in the Middle Temple, in London, England. On returning to this country he soon established a lucrative practice in the city of Philadelphia. He was elected to the legislature at an early age, and became a prominent member, an eloquent speaker, and ready writer. It is remarkable that at the outset of his political career he was an opponent of Benjamin Franklin, Dickinson defending the proprietary government of Pennsyl-

vania, for which Franklin sought to have a royal charter substituted; and still further remarkable, that throughout their lives, when they encountered in public debate, these statesmen took opposite sides.

The question of British aggression was already discussed in the various State legislatures, and Dickinson had a leading part in the debates on this important subject. In September, 1765, he was a member of the "Stamp Act" Congress, which met at New York, and he keenly exposed the unwarranted conduct of crown officers, urged on by corrupt ministers. He drafted the resolutions, passed by that body, remonstrating against the oppressive measures of the mother country. In 1767 he published, under the name of the "Pennsylvania Farmer," a series of letters discussing the unconstitutional features of sundry acts of Parliament. These celebrated "Farmer's Letters" were addressed to the inhabitants of the British Colonies, and contributed in a great measure towards preparing the people for that resistance which resulted in freedom. For this effort he received flattering testimonials from all parts of the country. They were republished in Virginia, and also in London and Paris. In 1770 Dickinson married Mary, the daughter of "Speaker" Isaac Norris, whose estate of Fairhill overlooked the city of Philadelphia, and is now included within its enlarged limits.

When the First Continental Congress was convened in Philadelphia, in September, 1774, the "Pennsylvania Farmer" was naturally one of its members, and his pen was promptly engaged in the elaborate, lucid and elegant addresses which do so much credit to that body. Among these were "An Appeal to the Inhabitants of Quebec," and the "Petition to the King." Dickinson was also the author of the Declaration published by Congress in 1775, which ably set forth the causes that impelled the colonists to take up arms in defence of their rights against the acts of the British Parliament. The second "Petition to the King," adopted by Congress in July, 1775, was also from his facile pen. It was characterized by the omission of some clauses to which the British ministry had taken exception in the former petition. Its chief effect, however, was to prove no petition would recall

the king and Parliament from the course they had chosen. All Dickinson's writings were well suited to the occasions that induced them, and were eminently calculated to advance the cause of the patriots. The aim of all his efforts was that England should be made to grant her colonists their just rights as English subjects.

Dickinson, greatly as he desired the liberty and welfare of his country, yet with many other true patriots, doubted the expediency of declaring independence, until assurance should be obtained of foreign recognition and assistance. Consequently his name is not attached to the glorious "Declaration of Independence." His consistency in withholding his vote from this popular measure has been pronounced by the historian Hildreth "the noblest proof of moral courage ever shown by a public man in the history of the country." His opposition to the adoption of the Declaration at the time it was made caused his constituents to give him leave of absence. But no sooner was it made known to the world than he gave himself, heart and hand, to the maintenance and defence of its principles. In the very next week he took the field as colonel of a volunteer brigade which had been formed for some months. Dickinson and McKean were the only members of Congress who took up arms in its behalf. Another officer being promoted over him, Dickinson resigned and went to his early home in Delaware.

In 1779 Dickinson again was elected to Congress from Delaware, and became a zealous, active, useful member. On the 26th of May, 1779, a memorable address, penned by him, was adopted by Congress. It was addressed to the States, and was intended to rouse them to their duty to support Congress in its labors for the common welfare. In 1781 he was elected to the Assembly of Delaware, and in the same year was chosen, by both branches of the legislature, President of that State. In 1782 he returned to Philadelphia and was elected President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, which office he held until 1785, when he again withdrew to Delaware. During his Presidency he had assisted in founding Dickinson College, at Carlisle, which received his name in remembrance of his services and gifts. Dickinson was a

member of that august body which met in convention to draft the Federal Constitution, where his rich experience and rare political knowledge enabled him greatly to aid in the deliberations and result of the convention. Representing a small State, yet having close relations with the great State of Pennsylvania, he was peculiarly fitted to adjust the compromises necessary to secure harmony between the large and small States. He secured the equal representation of every State in the Senate. The early ratification of the Constitution by both Delaware and Pennsylvania was, in great measure, due to the able letters in which Dickinson, under the name "Fabius," explained the merits of the new bond of union.

In 1792 Dickinson was the most active and prominent member of the convention which formed the Constitution of Delaware. Thus this gifted writer was concerned in the public affairs of two States in the formative period, as well as in the framing of the Constitution of the Federal Union. In 1797 Dickinson, roused by the strong resentment felt in the United States, especially by the commercial classes, at the injuries inflicted by the French Republic on American vessels and trade, wrote a second series of "Fabius" letters, counselling moderation and forbearance towards a people struggling for liberty. Dickinson lived to enjoy the fruits of his labors, and to see his country enjoying the blessings of constitutional freedom. He was a friend and correspondent of Jefferson, and was especially pleased with his election to the Presidency. He died at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 15th of February, 1808, at the age of seventy-five.

John Dickinson was an estimable member of the Society of Friends, although he held and acted on the principle of the justice of defensive war. He was an accomplished scholar and learned in the law. John Adams, in 1774, thus described Dickinson's personal appearance: "Just recovered from sickness, he is a shadow; tall, but slender as a reed; pale as ashes; one would think at first sight he could not live a month; yet upon a more attentive inspection, he looks as if the springs of life were strong enough to last many years." But few men of the Revolutionary and Constitution-making period did as much with their pen for freedom's cause as this

pure patriot. The vigor of his mind was remarkable, and he had courage to set forth his views on all public questions that came before him, even at the expense of his own popularity. Though his fame has been obscured by that of more active participants in the stirring events of his times, there are, however, signs of renewed appreciation of the merits of the "Pennsylvania Farmer," who sought to obtain the great ends of liberty by appeal to reason rather than by force.

CAUSES FOR TAKING UP ARMS.

The DECLARATION by the Representatives of the United Colonies of North America; now met in Congress at Philadelphia, setting forth the causes and necessity of their taking up arms, July 4th, 1775.

If it was possible for men who exercise their reason, to believe that the Divine Author of our existence intended a part of the human race to hold an absolute property in, and an unbounded power over others, marked out by His infinite goodness and wisdom, as the objects of a legal domination never rightfully resistible, however severe and oppressive, the inhabitants of these Colonies might at least require from the Parliament of Great Britain some evidence, that this dreadful authority over them has been granted to this body. But a reverence for our great Creator, principles of humanity, and the dictates of common sense must convince those who reflect upon the subject, that government was instituted to promote the welfare of mankind, and ought to be administered for the attainment of that end.

The Legislature of Great Britain, however, stimulated by an inordinate passion for a power not only unjustifiable, but which they know to be peculiarly reprobated by the very constitution of that kingdom, and desperate of success in any mode of contest where regard should be had to truth, law, or right, have at length, deserting those, attempted to effect their cruel and impolitic purpose of enslaving these colonies by violence, and have thereby rendered it necessary for us to close with their last appeal from reason to arms. Yet, however blinded that assembly may be, by their intemperate rage for unlimited domination, so to slight justice and the opinion

of mankind, we esteem ourselves bound by the obligations of respect to the rest of the world, to make known the justice of our cause.

Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of Great Britain, left their native land, to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, by unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit, they effected settlements in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America, then filled with numerous and warlike nations of barbarians. Societies or governments, vested with perfect legislatures, were formed under charters from the crown, and a harmonious intercourse was established between the colonies and the kingdom from which they derived their origin. The mutual benefits of this union became in a short time so extraordinary as to excite astonishment. It is universally confessed, that the amazing increase of wealth, strength, and navigation of the realm, arose from this source; and the minister, who so wisely and successfully directed the measures of Great Britain in the late war, publicly declared, that these Colonies enabled her to triumph over her enemies.

Towards the conclusion of the war, it pleased our sovereign to make a change in his counsels. From that fatal moment, the affairs of the British empire began to fall into confusion, and gradually sliding from the summit of glorious prosperity to which they had been advanced by the virtues and abilities of one man, are at length distracted by the conclusions, that now shake it to its deepest foundations. The new ministry finding the brave foes of Britain, though frequently defeated, yet still contending, took up the unfortunate idea of granting them a hasty peace, and of then subduing her faithful friends. These devoted Colonies were judged to be in such a state as to present victories without bloodshed and all the easy emoluments of statutable plunder. The uninterrupted tenor of their peaceable and respectful behavior from the beginning of colonization, their dutiful, zealous, and useful services during the war, though so recently and amply acknowledged in the most honorable manner by his majesty,

by the late king, and by parliament, could not save them from the meditated innovations. Parliament was influenced to adopt the pernicious project, and assuming a new power over them, has, in the course of eleven years, given such decisive specimens of the spirit and consequences attending this power, as to leave no doubt concerning the effects of acquiescence under it. They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, though we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property ; statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty and vice-admiralty beyond their ancient limits ; for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury in cases affecting both life and property ; for suspending the legislature of one of the Colonies ; for interdicting all commerce to the capital of another ; and for altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature solemnly confirmed by the crown ; for exempting the "murderers" of colonists from legal trial, and, in effect, from punishment ; for erecting in a neighboring province, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence ; and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace. It has also been resolved in parliament, that colonists charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to England to be tried.

But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail ? By one statute it is declared that Parliament can "of right make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever." What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power ? Not a single man of those who assume it is chosen by us, or is subject to our control or influence ; but, on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws, and an American revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purposes for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burdens in proportion as they increase ours. We saw the misery to which despotism would reduce us. We, for ten years, incessantly and ineffectually besieged the throne as supplicants ; we reasoned, we remonstrated with Parliament in the most mild and decent language.

The Administration, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them.

The indignation of the Americans was roused, it is true ; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal and affectionate people. A Congress of delegates from the united Colonies was assembled at Philadelphia, on the fifth day of last September. We resolved again to offer an humble and dutiful petition to the king, and also addressed our fellow-subjects of Great Britain. We have pursued every temperate, every respectful measure ; we have even proceeded to break off our commercial intercourse with our fellow-subjects, as the last peaceable admonition that our attachment to no nation on earth should supplant our attachment to liberty. This, we flattered ourselves, was the ultimate step of the controversy ; but subsequent events have shown how vain was this hope of finding moderation in our enemies.

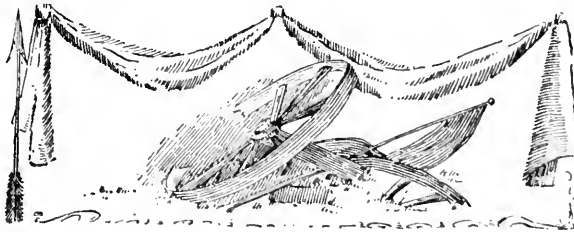
We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an unconditional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. *We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery.* Honor, justice and humanity forbid us to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors and which our innocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We cannot endure the infamy and guilt of consigning succeeding generations to that wretchedness which inevitably awaits them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them. Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favor towards us, that His providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy until we were grown up to our present strength—had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, declare that, exerting the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our

enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties, being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves.

Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow-subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure, or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without any imputation or even suspicion of offence. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.

In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it ; for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

With humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore His divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict ; to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.—[J. DICKINSON.]





HORATIO GATES, who won the memorable victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, unfortunately was induced to aspire to be a rival of Washington, and thereby blemished his reputation, and has, perhaps, in the estimation of posterity, fallen below his true deserts.

Horatio Gates was born in England in the year 1728. Little is known of his boyhood; but at an early age he entered the British army, and soon evinced a decided liking for military pursuits. His application to the duties of his profession attracted the attention of his superior officers, by whose recommendation he received from King George II. his commission as major. After the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, the army was disbanded, and many of the discharged soldiers emigrated to Nova Scotia, where they built the city of Halifax. Gates was among the first troops which landed here under General Cornwallis.

When Major-General Braddock made his disastrous march on Fort Du Quesne, in 1755, Gates was one of the sixty-four officers who were severely wounded. He, however, recovered; and at the capture of Martinico, in January, 1762, he filled the position of an aide-de-camp to General Monckton. Peace was concluded in 1763, and Gates soon afterwards purchased an estate in Virginia, to which he retired. There he lived for several years, engaged in agricultural pursuits and watching the flow of events which ultimately led to the independence

of his adopted country. At the outbreak of the American war, in 1775, Gates, on account of his valuable experience and on the recommendation of Washington, was appointed by Congress adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier-general, in the Continental army. When Washington went to Cambridge to take command of the army before Boston, he was accompanied by Gates. The latter soon desired a separate command, but Washington thought it best to refuse his request.

In June, 1776, Gates, who had many friends in Congress, was given the important command of the Northern army, which was intended to operate in Canada. He concentrated the troops at Ticonderoga, but thus left Lake Champlain open to the enemy. In the following May he was superseded by General Philip Schuyler, who made preparations to resist the dreaded invasion of Burgoyne's army; but the hasty evacuation of Ticonderoga by St. Clair caused such an outcry against Schuyler, who was held responsible, that Gates was again called to the command of the Northern department. The prudent measures which Schuyler had put in execution prepared the way for the success which attended Gates from his arrival on the 21st of August. Burgoyne's progress was seriously checked; part of his forces was defeated at Bennington; and finally, after the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, he was obliged to surrender all his army on the 17th of October. This splendid triumph filled America with joy. A special vote of thanks was given to Gates by Congress, who also ordered that he be presented with a gold medal. The victory of Saratoga, however, had in reality been made easy for him by the exertions of General Schuyler. Under this latter officer's skillful management the condition of the army was in every way so far improved, and the troops raised to such a state of efficiency, that Gates had only to step in and "gather the laurels." Whatever may have been the bravery or the military skill of the conqueror of Saratoga, history awards the real honor of that victory to Schuyler. Gates' conduct toward his conquered foe was marked by a fineness of feeling which reflects on him the highest credit. He did not permit his own troops to witness the mortification of

the British, but withdrew them, leaving a small guard of officers to receive the sword of Burgoyne and the arms of his soldiers.

General Gates now, unfortunately, acquiesced to some extent in the "Conway cabal," which endeavored to have the chief command transferred from Washington to himself. It failed; but, as a consequence, he was for a time left unemployed.

On June 13, 1780, when General Lincoln was taken prisoner, at Charleston, Gates was appointed to the command of the Southern army for operation in the Carolinas. Two months later he was badly defeated by Lord Cornwallis at Camden, and, in consequence, was superseded, December 3d, by General Nathaniel Greene. Washington wrote to Gates a kind letter expressing his sympathy and confidence. An investigation into the conduct of Gates terminated in his honorable acquittal, and laid the blame of the defeat on the disorganized state of the troops. Gates was restored to command, but the war was already at an end.

General Gates then retired to his estate in Berkeley County, Virginia, where he remained until 1790, when he removed to New York. Before doing this he freed all his slaves, making provision for those who were unable to provide for themselves. Many, however, begged to be retained in his service, and continued with the family at New York. On his arriving in that city, he was at once presented with its freedom. In 1800, he was elected to the Legislature; but kept his seat only as long as he deemed his services useful to the cause of liberty. He retained as his friends many who differed very widely from him in politics. In the close of a letter, addressed to his friend, Dr. Mitchill, he wrote on February 27, 1806: "I am very weak and have evident signs of an approaching dissolution. But I have lived long enough, since I have lived to see a mighty people animated with a spirit to be free, and governed by transcendent abilities and honor." Two months after writing this, on the 10th of April, 1806, he breathed his last, at the age of seventy-seven. His clearness of faculty remained to the last. In his will he directed that his body should be buried privately.

Horatio Gates in politics had been a Whig in England—in America he was a Republican. He was a ripe scholar, especially versed in history and Latin classics. His military training gave him somewhat of a brusque and stern manner; yet he was generous, kindly, and a sincere Christian. His ambition had led him into one great fault, which he dearly atoned for and afterwards sincerely repented.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER AT SARATOGA.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on July 30, 1777. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. Burke, in the "Annual Register" for 1777, says: "Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the Northern army in its onset. It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger."

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters, none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, then a favorite leader of the Americans, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with reinforcements of troops and guns from the main American army.

Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not

prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage. Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. "The inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defense of those connections which are dearer than life itself. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force."

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skillful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for reinforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about 3,000 of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained on the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal; and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive,

and added, that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually reinforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And finding the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than 6,000 men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the centre, and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still. The right of the American position, nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of 1,500 regular troops, with some artillery. He headed this in person, having Generals Phillips, Riedesel, and Frazer under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack. The right of the camp was commanded by Generals Hamilton and Spaight; the left part of it was committed to the charge of Brigadier-General Goll.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson.

He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now 156 miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of 1,700 men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements. All depended on the fortune of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. It comprised one of the best bodies of grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the attention of the Americans, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates' camp, and then deployed his men into line. The grenadiers under Major Acland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the centre, and the English light infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American general, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The grenadiers under Acland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the centre, so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The light infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line which enabled them to baffle this manœuvre, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the gallant grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and centre were in complete disorder; but the light

infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to camp, leaving six of their guns in possession of the Americans, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillerymen, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the light infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance, and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments.

But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defence of his post; but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of

position. He removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from re-crossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night toward Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.

Toward midnight the body of General Frazer was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly round while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within range of the enemy's batteries, and while the service was proceeding a cannon ball struck the ground close to the coffin, and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain.

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. Botta says: "It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from 10,000 combatants to less

than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than 3,000 were English.

"In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers, whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a convention. General Gates, in the first instance, demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, "This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter." After various messages, a convention for the surrender of the army was settled, which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The Articles of Capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within

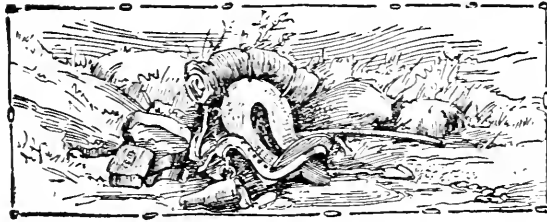
fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the convention was executed, General Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly and liberally supplied. Discussions and disputes afterward arose as to some of the terms of the convention, and the American Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return of Burgoyne's men to Europe; but no blame was imputable to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.

Gates, after the victory, immediately dispatched Colonel Wilkinson to carry the happy tidings to Congress. On being introduced into the hall, he said: "The whole British army has laid down its arms at Saratoga; our own, full of vigor and courage, expect your orders. It is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need for their service." Honors and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; and it would be difficult to describe the transports of joy which the news of this

event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves.

—SIR E. S. CREASY.

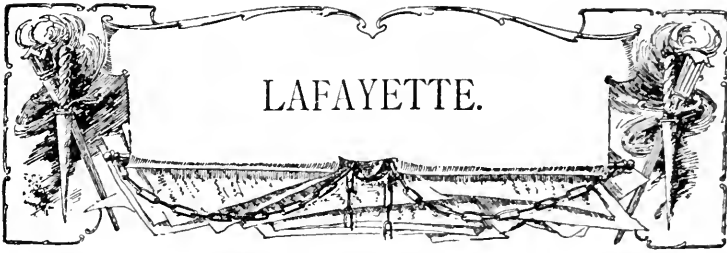




A. T. T. 1868

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 10, 1868

1868



LAFAYETTE was the most precious gift of France to the cause of American liberty. He was the connecting link between the most ancient kingdom of Europe and the new-born republic of the New World. Marie Jean Paul Joseph Roch Yves Gilbert Motier de La Fayette was born on the 6th of September, 1757, in the Château de Chavagnac, in the province of Auvergne, France, about four hundred miles from Paris. He sprang from an ancient and noble family. His father, a chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and a colonel in the French grenadiers, having fallen in the battle of Minden a few months before his birth, his training fell entirely to the care of his mother, a woman of excellent qualities and rare attainments. Entering the College of Louis le Grand, in Paris, at the age of twelve, he showed assiduity in his studies. His mother died in 1770, and by the death of his grandfather, shortly after, he became the possessor of an immense fortune. At the age of fifteen he became a page to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. He was then enrolled in the king's musketeers.

Precocious in everything, at the age of seventeen he married the Comtesse de Noailles, daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, a lady of virtue and courage. In 1776, while he was stationed on military duty in the citadel of Metz, he heard the first news of America's struggle for independence. It was at an entertainment given by the Marshal de Broglie to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King of England. There was even a suggestion of the possibility of the duke's becoming the ruler of America. But the report of the bold American

effort for liberty struck the keynote to Lafayette's fiery ardor. He disclosed his determination of going to America to his colonel, the Comte de Broglie, but received from him the strongest opposition. His family and his wife's family also resisted the movement. Lafayette, not for a moment disheartened, laid open his plans to the veteran Baron de Kalb, who had some years before been sent as a secret agent of the French Minister Choiseul to ascertain the feelings of the American colonists to the mother country. De Kalb introduced him to Silas Deane, the agent sent out by the American Congress to negotiate with the French government. A mutual agreement was made, and Lafayette left him with the promise of a commission as major-general in the forces of the United States. Lafayette then bought a ship at Bordeaux to carry him to America. Finding it impossible to sail from a French port, as he had not obtained the king's permission to leave the French service, he sent his ship to Pasajes, in Spain, intending there to embark. On arriving at that town, his firmness was put to the severest test. Letters from his family implored him to remain. He was reproached for his want of parental care, and taunted for faithlessness to his young wife. King Louis XVI. signified his highest displeasure at these rash movements. By his orders Lafayette was brought back to Bordeaux, but the young nobleman's soul was inflamed with an unquenchable ardor for fame and liberty, and he again crossed the Spanish frontier in the disguise of a postboy.

Lafayette and the Baron de Kalb set sail on the "Victory," on April 20th, 1777. The voyage was long and tedious. After two months they sighted the American shores, and landed at Winyaw Bay, sixty miles northeast of Charleston, on the 14th of June, 1777. It so chanced that they had reached a Huguenot settlement, and thus were able at once to communicate freely their remarkable errand. At Charleston the Marquis met General Moultrie, and was so delighted with that soldier's gallant defence of the fort on Sullivan's Island, that he gave him arms and accoutrements for one hundred men. Lafayette spent a month in his journey by land to Philadelphia, and presented himself before Congress, then in session. To his surprise that body refused to carry out his contract with Deane.

Seizing a pen he at once wrote to Congress the following note: "After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors—one is, to serve at my own expense; the other is, to serve as a volunteer." This epistle had its effect; on the 31st of July, 1777, Congress appointed him major-general in the army of the United States. On the first of August the Marquis was presented to Washington, who at once received him with great kindness. The commander-in-chief bade him consider the headquarters as his home, and complimented him on the noble spirit he had shown, and the sacrifices he had made in favor of the American cause. Lafayette fondly attached himself to Washington, and became in truth his adopted son. Their mutual respect and confidence were never marred by jealousy or disagreement.

On the 11th of September, 1777, the American forces in the battle of Brandywine had to give way before the British army marching to occupy Philadelphia. Lafayette proved his courage in this disastrous fight and kept his place in the front of the battle, until near its close a ball from the enemy wounded him in the leg, and he fainted from loss of blood. He was conveyed by water the next day to Philadelphia, while the army moved forward by land. From thence he was taken to Bethlehem, where his wound was attended to by the Moravian sisters. He was nursed by them for six weeks; but before his wound was sufficiently healed to permit him to wear a boot, he joined an expedition fitting out under General Greene to operate in New Jersey. Lafayette successfully routed a band of Hessians near Gloucester. After the engagement he was highly complimented by General Greene for the skill and bravery he displayed.

In December, 1777, Lafayette was appointed to the command of a division in the Continental army. He was at once placed over the division of Virginian troops, lately led by General Stevens. The American forces were encamped north of Philadelphia at Whitemarsh, now known as Fort Washington, awaiting the assault of Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis. But Howe, after some skirmishing, marched back to Philadelphia without having effected a battle. Soon after, Washington broke up his encampment, and the Marquis

went with him into winter quarters at Valley Forge. Lafayette adopted in every respect the American dress, habits and food. He wished even to be more simple, frugal, and austere than the Americans themselves. Indeed, by word and example he sympathized with the soldiers, and cheered the officers in the terrible suffering of that winter.

On the 6th of February, 1778, the French ministry formally acknowledged the independence of the United States. In the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778, Lafayette again displayed his valor and military skill. On the 7th of July the French force, which Lafayette had so anxiously solicited, arrived off the capes of Delaware. Count D'Estaing commanded the French, and a combined enterprise against the enemy at Rhode Island was next planned. D'Estaing sailed for Newport. On the 21st of July Lafayette, with two brigades, was ordered to join General Sullivan at Providence. The British, with a force of 6,000 men under General Pigot, occupied Newport, and the English fleet was dispatched from New York for his succor. D'Estaing sailed to meet them; but a terrific storm arising, both fleets were obliged to seek repairs; the English returned to New York, and D'Estaing proceeded to Boston. Sullivan was now thrown on his own resources. Lafayette heard that Sir Henry Clinton had arrived at Newport and that the Americans were flying before the enemy. He started for the scene of action, and by his skill got the army over the ferry without loss. Lafayette used all his tact and persuasion to remove the prejudice against the French alliance, caused by the withdrawal of D'Estaing. His popularity gave him favor everywhere, and words of conciliation were received from him with deference. The faction opposed to Washington sought to separate Lafayette from him, and had him appointed to lead an expedition to Canada. This he at first declined, but afterwards accepted with Washington's consent and the approval of Congress. But when he reached Albany he found neither troops nor munitions of war, and was obliged to abandon the attempt.

The Marquis obtained from Congress leave of absence to visit France, as it had become necessary for him to reinstate himself in the good graces of his sovereign. A letter was

sent to Louis XVI. by the president of Congress testifying to the zeal, courage, and devotion of Lafayette. He set sail from Boston for his beloved France on the 11th of January, 1779. He landed at Brest, not yet twenty-two years of age; but his gallant career had already given him an enviable reputation. Orders, however, came from the court that he should consider himself under arrest for a week, and receive visits only from his relatives. On the 12th of February he met his wife and family at Versailles. He remained in France for more than a year, and was appointed to command the king's regiment of dragoons. He also exerted himself to forward in every way the interests of the American cause in France. In August the sword which had been voted him by Congress, was presented to him by a grandson of Dr. Franklin, and on it was inscribed: "1. The Battle of Gloucester; 2. Retreat of Baren Hill; 3. Battle of Monmouth; 4. Retreat of Rhode Island," and again, "From the American Congress to the Marquis De Lafayette."

On the 19th of March, 1780, he sailed once more for America, on the French frigate *Hermine*, arriving at Boston on the 27th of April. On the 13th of May he again offered his services in the army to Congress, which were accepted. Lafayette had also brought from the French king a commission for Washington as lieutenant-general in the French army. This was intended to prevent difficulties with the French officers who were now sent with 6,000 troops to aid the Americans. This valuable reinforcement was the direct result of Lafayette's zealous and untiring labors at the French court in the previous year. Lafayette was assigned to the command of a corps of light infantry, two thousand strong, watching the British in New York; and in September he sat on the court-martial of Major André for his connection with the traitor Arnold, and joined in his condemnation as a spy.

When Arnold invaded Virginia, in the summer of 1781, Washington dispatched Lafayette to oppose him. His presence revived the spirits of the militia, and his purse supplied their needed arms and clothing. Lord Cornwallis took command of the British in May, and entered on a vigorous campaign. Sure of success he wrote, "The boy

cannot escape me." But Lafayette made first a masterly retreat, and then, being reinforced by Wayne, returned to attack Cornwallis, who finally took post at Yorktown. Lafayette then cut off the retreat southward, while Washington hastened from the north, and Rochambeau entered the Chesapeake. At the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette made so impetuous an attack, sword in hand, that the redoubt was carried. On the 17th of October, Cornwallis beat a parley, and offered to capitulate. As a result of this capitulation 8,000 prisoners, 214 cannon, and 22 pairs of colors passed into the hands of the allies. The names of Washington, Lafayette, and Rochambeau resounded everywhere. The Marquis again sailed for France on the 22d of December, 1781, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. New supplies of money were granted by France, and fresh troops were raised for an expedition; but before they sailed the final treaty of peace was signed, on the 20th of January, 1783.

The independence of the United States being established, Lafayette applied himself to promote the commercial relations of France and America with great success. In 1784 he received a most pressing invitation to visit the noble Washington, who was then enjoying the quiet of domestic life at Mount Vernon. The Marquis arrived at New York on the 4th of August, and was received with enthusiastic welcome. He proceeded to Philadelphia amid demonstrations of joy; all classes engaged in a generous rivalry to do him honor. He arrived on the 19th of August beneath the roof hallowed by the presence and virtues of Washington. Twelve happy, peaceful days did these two great men spend together, at the close of which Lafayette returned to the north. The scenes through which he now passed were a continual triumph. He journeyed to Boston, which gave him a magnificent reception; and visited Salem and other towns as far as Portsmouth, N. H. Then going to Rhode Island, he embarked for Yorktown. With no ordinary emotion did he set foot upon shore and look over the scenes consecrated by the triumphant issue of the struggle for American freedom. In his farewell to Congress, his heart still beating with affection for the new-born republic, he thus concludes his address: "May this immense

temple of freedom ever stand, a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind." On the 23d of December, 1784, he sailed for France, and a month later arrived in Paris.

The corruption of the French court had no evil effect on Lafayette. In the strange turmoil of affairs, when the people began to demand their rights, he became the commander, as indeed he was the creator, of the National Guard; and, with all his energies, sought to repress the horrors of excesses which sullied from its very commencement the awful Revolution that desolated the nation. For a time his wise counsels seemed to have effect, and he was able to save the king from violence. Circumstances seemed to make him the foremost man in France, and to render him an effectual mediator between the old and the new régime—between monarchy and democracy. On the 14th of July, 1790, the first anniversary of the memorable taking of the Bastille, Lafayette, as general of France, led the way in solemnly taking the oath "To the King, the Law, and the Nation." But after he had assisted by a series of liberal measures to ameliorate the condition of the people, the tide of revolution rose yet higher and swept away the moderate leader and his well-meant plans. His purity and consistency led to his proscription by the fierce leaders of the radical democracy. After the 10th of August, 1792, having no alternative, he went into voluntary exile; but hardly had he crossed the French border when, in violation of the law of nations, the enemies of his country seized him on neutral ground.

Lafayette and his friends had crossed into Belgium, and at Rochefort came upon the outposts of the Austrian army. Lafayette was hateful as being the incarnation of republican ideas. When he protested against his arrest, he was offered liberty on condition of his joining with the enemies of France. He spurned the proposal with indignation, and preferred imprisonment and indignity to treachery or hostility to his own country. For several months he was confined at Wesel, in Prussia, in a cold, damp cell, with insufficient food. His health entirely broke down, and he was conveyed to the fortress of Magdeburg, in March, 1793. His cell here was

only eight feet by four. A small hole in the door admitted the only light, and the walls were covered with mould. For five months he was kept here without exercise. At last, when Frederic William of Prussia made a treaty with republican France, Lafayette was secretly transferred to the fortress of Olmütz, in Austria. Washington repeatedly solicited his release, on the ground of his being an American citizen, but in vain. As the last resource, the president wrote directly to the German Emperor Francis on the subject, but in vain.

Francis Huger, an American, and Henry Bollman, a young German physician, determined to attempt the rescue of the illustrious prisoner, and were to some extent successful; but they were all retaken, and placed in close confinement again at Olmütz. Meanwhile, Madame Lafayette and her two daughters had been cast into prison in France. On her release she went to Vienna, and was admitted to an audience with the emperor. He consented that she might visit her husband, and she at once repaired to Olmütz to minister, as an angel of light, to his comfort. She and her daughters shared with him the confinement of a dreary prison for nearly two years. It was the evident determination of the Austrian government to detain Lafayette for life. But the firm demand of General Bonaparte, after his victories in northern Italy, brought the Austrian emperor to reason and compelled him to release his illustrious prisoner.

Lafayette was truly grateful for this generous intervention; but he would make no sacrifice of principle in favor of Napoleon's ambition. When he returned to France, he found his countrymen, who had been unable to rule themselves, fascinated by the glory of this soldier, who had established a despotism on the ruins of liberty. To such an iron usurpation Lafayette refused his countenance, and led a life of obscurity at La Grange, a fine chateau, forty miles from Paris. On the abdication of Napoleon, he hastened to the tribune to defend public liberty against old prejudices and the encroachments of a power re-established by force. But the Bourbons and aristocrats, restored to their ancient privileges, gave as little heed to this prophet of moderation and good will as did the leaders of the fierce democracy.

In 1824, on the invitation of President Monroe, Lafayette again paid a visit to America, arriving in the harbor of New York on the 15th of August. His old companions, with their sons, welcomed him with triumphal processions throughout the country. When he returned to France, a new revolution was about to avenge the violation of the charter, by the overthrow of those who had conspired against it. Here again, faithful to his principles, he devoted his efforts to the establishment of what he considered essential to a solid basis of liberty and national happiness. The National Guard was restored, and the veteran was again appointed to the chief command. To the hour of his death, in Paris, on the 20th of May, 1834, he strove after constitutional liberty.

Marquis de Lafayette was a mature man in thought and feeling, while others of his age were only children. Generosity and nobility of soul, the love of liberty and enthusiastic hatred of oppression, the self-sacrificing spirit and warm-hearted devotion to whatever he espoused, rendered his life illustrious. When he spoke of liberty, or listened to a tale of oppression, the glow of his countenance disclosed the pure and intense flame on freedom's hidden altar. The whole American people indiscriminately loved Lafayette; who as warmly returned their affection; but Washington, especially, bestowed on him his fondest regard and received from him profound veneration. In his own country he was equally admired while reason held its sway; but when passion mastered the minds of men, his moderation was lost in the tempest and his influence was almost annihilated.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

In June, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton, who by the resignation and departure for England of General Howe, was left Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, received dispatches, ordering him to evacuate Philadelphia. The assistance which France had decided to render America, and the naval force which was fitting out at Toulon for this object, made Philadelphia a dangerous post, and induced the Ministry to withdraw the army from the Delaware. Washington was early apprised of these movements, and when on the morning of

the 18th of June, the British defiled out of the city, he was prepared to act accordingly. Judging that General Clinton was expecting to reach New York by land, across the Jerseys, Washington had previously endeavored to impede his way by breaking down the principal bridges, and placing obstructions in the roads through which he would have to pass.

At this crisis a council of war was held at Valley Forge, upon the propriety of hazarding a general engagement. A wide diversity of opinion prevailed. General Charles Lee, whose opinion carried great weight, was vehement against risking either a general or partial battle. General Du Portail, a French officer of distinction, the Baron de Steuben and most of the foreign officers took the same ground, and maintained that an action ought to be carefully avoided. A majority of the American generals were influenced by their counsels; and of seventeen, in all, only Wayne and Cadwallader were decidedly in favor of attacking the enemy. Lafayette, however, was inclined to this latter opinion, but without openly avowing it; and General Greene was also disposed to venture more than the views of the greater number would sanction. Washington for weighty reasons desired an action; but the voice of the majority prevailed, though not without evident dissatisfaction to him.

Determining to follow the foe on their march, he left Valley Forge the same day that they deserted Philadelphia, and crossing the river at Coryell's Ferry, made a stand at Hopewell. On the 24th of the month, another council of war was held at this place, in which, after stating the relative strength and position of the two armies, the commander-in-chief proposed the following questions: "Will it be advisable for us, of choice, to hazard a general action? If it is, should we do it by immediately making a general attack upon the enemy, by attempting a partial one, or by taking such a position, if it can be done, as may oblige them to attack us? If it is not, what measures can be taken, with safety to this army, to annoy the enemy in their march? In fine, what precise line of conduct will it be advisable for us to pursue?"

In this consultation, as in the first, Lee made a strenuous opposition to a general encounter. Being next to Washington

in rank, and moreover a general of great experience, his arguments and opinions had much influence over the younger officers present. It was finally decided that an attack was not advisable; but that "a detachment of 1,500 men be immediately sent to act, as occasion may serve, on the enemy's left flank and rear, in conjunction with the other Continental infantry and militia, who are already hanging about them, and that the main body preserve a relative position, so as to be able to act as circumstances may require."

This decision was little to the taste of Washington. Lafayette had expressed his opinion precisely, when in the latter council he contended "that it would be disgraceful to the officers and humiliating for the troops, to allow the enemy to traverse the Jerseys unmolested; that without running an imprudent risk, the rear guard at least of the British might be attacked; that it was best to follow the enemy, manœuvre with prudence, and take advantage of circumstances, even to the hazard of a general battle." After the decision, Lafayette and Wayne strongly represented to Washington the inefficiency of the designated force, and urged the appointment of additional men. As this coincided with the commander's view, he promptly resolved to act in conformity therewith, and even to risk a conflict if unforeseen circumstances should not prevent.

Washington accordingly entered upon prompt measures. General Dickinson with the Jersey militia, consisting of about one thousand men, and Maxwell with his brigade already hung on the enemy's left flank towards their rear. General Cadwallader with Jackson's regiment were behind, while Colonel Morgan, with his six hundred tried soldiers, was ready to harass them on their right. Fifteen hundred men ordered by the last council of war, had also been marched forward to the lines under command of Brigadier-General Scott. Firmly fixed in his purpose, to bring on an engagement if possible, Washington now sent Wayne with a further division of one thousand select troops to reinforce General Cadwallader. This swelled the Continental battalions in front of the enemy to between four and five thousand; and as the simultaneous action of these was of the highest importance, Washington deemed it proper that a major-general should be entrusted

with their supreme command. This duty would naturally have fallen to Lee; but as he was totally opposed to the course taken, Lafayette went to Washington and offered himself to lead the attacking division. Washington referred him to Lee, who very readily assented to the offer of the Marquis, saying that he disapproved of the plans of the commander-in-chief, that he was sure they would fail, and that he was willing to be relieved from any responsibility in carrying them into execution. Upon this, Washington had no hesitation in conferring the command upon Lafayette.

It was an important post; but the keen insight of Washington had not mistaken his man. Young as he was, the Marquis had already inspired a confidence in his bravery, prudence, and skill, which was both flattering and merited. He was ordered to proceed immediately with the detachment under General Poor and form a junction speedily as possible with the one which had just been sent forward under Scott. "You are to use," says Washington in his instructions, "the most effectual means for gaining the enemy's left flank and rear, and giving them every means of annoyance. All Continental parties, that are already on the lines, will be under your command, and you will take such measures, in concert with General Dickinson, as will cause the enemy the greatest impediment and loss in their march. For these purposes you will attack them as occasion may require by detachment, and, if a proper opening should be given, by operating against them with the whole force of your command. You will naturally take such precautions as will secure you against surprise, and maintain your communication with this army."

But no sooner had Lafayette left than Lee began to repent of having declined the commission. He wrote to Washington setting forth his changed views, and soliciting in the most urgent manner that he might yet be entrusted with the appointment. Here was a new difficulty. Washington had already given it to Lafayette, and he could not recall it without danger of offending him; and he could not refuse the present entreaty of Lee without giving umbrage to that general. There was, however, an obvious impropriety in withdrawing the command so soon, and this was accordingly rep-

resented to Lee. He then appealed to Lafayette. He told him of the position in which he was placed, and of the partial glance which he had bestowed on the subject, when he declined. Lee evidently saw that his reputation might be impaired when his opposition to the action would be connected with the fact that he afterwards refused to take the command of a strong division which, it was expected, would meet and engage the rear of the enemy. "My fortune and honor," he wrote to Lafayette, "are placed in your hand;—you are too generous to cause the loss of both." Lafayette was pleased with the post, and was at first unwilling to relinquish it. But the repeated entreaties of Lee, and his appeals to his generosity and magnanimity, at length gained the point, and he wrote to Washington, assuring him that if it was believed necessary or useful to the good of the service and the honor of General Lee, to send him down with a couple of thousand men, or any greater force, he would cheerfully obey and serve him, not only out of duty, but out of the respect he owed to that officer's character.

Upon the receipt of this letter Washington wrote to Lee offering an expedient which he deemed would be satisfactory to both. He proposed that General Lee should march at the head of two brigades to support the Marquis at Englishtown, where, as senior officer, he would have the direction of the whole front section, which, after he had joined it, would amount to over five thousand men. It was, however, expressly stipulated, that if any enterprise had been already formed by Lafayette, it should go forward the same as if no change were made. To this condition Lee readily acceded, and Washington thereupon wrote to Lafayette as follows: "General Lee's uneasiness on account of yesterday's transaction rather increasing than abating, and your politeness in wishing to ease him of it, have induced me to detach him from this army with a part of it, to reinforce, or at least cover the several detachments at present under your command. At the same time that I felt for General Lee's distress of mind, I have had an eye to your wishes, and the delicacy of your situation; and have therefore obtained a promise from him, that, when he gives you notice of his approach and command, he will request

you to prosecute any plan you may have already concerted for the purpose of attacking or otherwise annoying the enemy. This is the only expedient I could think of to answer the views of both. General Lee seems satisfied with the measure, and I wish it may prove agreeable to you, as I am, with the warmest wishes for your honor and glory, and with the sincerest esteem and affection, yours, etc."

Sir Henry Clinton, who was not unapprised of these designs against him, had taken a strong post on the heights of Freehold, near Monmouth. Washington saw that this was unassailable, and, aware that if the British were allowed to proceed twelve miles, till they should gain the heights of Middletown, they would be perfectly secure, he gave orders to General Lee to attack the British rear as soon as it should move from its present ground.

Morning broke of the 28th of June, 1778. Washington was in his saddle at five in the morning, listening to the intelligence just received from General Dickinson, that the front of the enemy was in motion. "To arms!" was sounded along the American ranks; and the order was instantly dispatched to General Lee to advance upon the enemy, "unless there should be powerful reasons to the contrary." He was at the same time informed that Washington, with the rear division of the American force, would be on the way to support him. Washington, with his usual decision, had thus prepared for combat, contrary to the opinion of Lee and that of the officers generally. The orders sent to Lee were prompt and urgent; and though his judgment demurred, now that they were given, it only remained for him to execute them. His first movements were those of ready obedience. Appearing upon the heights of Freehold soon after Lord Cornwallis had left them, he followed the enemy into the plain and made immediate disposition for the onset.

Hitherto his tactics had been marked with skill and caution; but here he seemed to lose all prudence. He ordered Lafayette to a station where he was subjected to the galling fire of the English artillery without any prospect of good, while he himself stood, apparently uncertain what course to pursue. The Marquis was soon forced to retire; but nothing

daunted, he waited a more favorable field for heroism. A fair opportunity seemed to offer itself, and, full of energy and enthusiasm, he rode up to Lee and solicited permission to avail himself of it. "Sir," said Lee, "you do not know British soldiers;—we cannot stand against them;—we shall certainly be driven back at first, and we must be cautious." This was far from suiting the fiery nature of the Marquis, and he answered with as much spirit as was becoming, that British soldiers had been beaten, and, it was to be presumed, they might be beaten again.

At this crisis began the strangest act in that day's drama. Lee was supported by five thousand men, all panting for the conflict, and though he knew he could trust in their bravery to an unlimited extent;—that Washington, who earnestly desired battle, was already bringing forward the whole army to his support, yet after the slightest skirmishing, before any advantage had been gained on either side, he *ordered a retreat*. Lafayette was enraged, but could not disobey. He instantly dispatched a messenger to Washington, informing him of the state of affairs, and earnestly beseeching him to hasten to the scene of retreat; who saw the condition of things at a glance, and instantly rode forward. He was not, however, prepared for the whole scene. Everywhere there was the appearance of disorder and confusion. General Dickinson, with his division of militia on the left flank of the British, had been utterly routed, and was flying over the plain in dismay, with no effort from Lee to check the retreat. Lafayette seemed everywhere present among the troops, and as he could not prevent flight, he struggled nobly to save the army from a total rout.

Lee had ordered back the whole force under his command, and Washington gave utterance to a storm of indignation, when he met them fleeing before the enemy, without having made an endeavor to maintain their ground. Riding up to General Lee, he accosted that officer in tones of cutting severity and disapprobation; and then set himself with a superhuman activity at work, to retrieve the disasters of the morning. A look at his calm, majestic figure, at this moment, sitting upon his white horse, covered with dust and foam, and

casting his eagle eye over the field where almost beneath the banners of the exulting foe, the regiments were retreating, sent a thrill of returning hope, like an electric current, along the broken ranks. A new courage rose throughout the smitten host when they found the commander-in-chief was present to guide the terrible strife, the rest of that fatal day. "Never," said Lafayette to Marshall—"never was General Washington greater in war than in this action. His presence stopped the retreat. His dispositions fixed the victory. His fine appearance on horseback, his calm courage roused by the animation produced by the vexation of the morning, gave him the air best calculated to excite enthusiasm."

The day was oppressively sultry, and the heat was at 96 deg., Fahrenheit. Not a breath of air lifted the drooping colors, or stirred the plumes around the throbbing temples of the soldiers, while the charge was sounded, and the flying companies wheeled to face the deadly sweep of their pursuers. Order began to smile upon the chaos of the Continental brigades, and "*Long live Washington!*" was heard above the thunder of artillery, repeated by unnumbered lips parched with thirst, and pallid with weariness. That single man, by the quiet might of his splendid genius, turned back the tide of war upon the enemy with astonishing haste, and under a wasting fire. His white charger, amid the deepening smoke of battle, was like the shining cross to the crusaders, when Jerusalem lay at their feet, and they were sinking beneath the fierce and vastly outnumbering foe. The columns pressed steadily up to the blaze of cannon; and many a brave fellow fell unpierced by the hail of death, gasping for water, and yet struggling to follow his leader back to the scene of carnage.

The entire aspect of that field was now changed. Colonel Stewart and Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay were sent with their regiment to an important point on the left, to sustain the shock of the advancing enemy there. Lee, with the remainder of the force, was directed to command the front, arrayed again for the furious onset, while Washington galloped away to bring his own division up to the desperate encounter. Lee, stung with the reproaches of his general, naturally extremely sensitive in regard to his honor, was fully aroused to wipe off

the morning's disgrace. He could fight with unrivaled courage, if he willed, and was indeed a brave officer. He dashed into the contest with bitter determination, and though compelled to yield, he retired in fine order and with courageous resistance to the last. Washington soon appeared, and then followed the wild uproar and falling ranks of wide and sanguinary battle. Each army poured into the bosom of the other a tempest of bullets, while the batteries grew hot from rapid discharges, which opened a momentary gap through living men; and upon all beat the scorching sun of that Sabbath day.

General Greene commanded the right wing of the first line, Lord Stirling the left, and Lafayette led on the second line. The impetuous charge forced the British back in front, and, attempting to turn on the left, were here also repulsed. Wheeling to the right, Sir Henry Clinton now bore down upon General Greene, who met the attack as a rock flings back the wave. He had sent a body of troops with artillery to a commanding elevation, which now operated with so much effect, that he not only foiled the present attempt of Clinton, but completely enfiladed the division which yet remained in front of the left wing. Sir Henry had, therefore, no resource but to withdraw behind a marshy ravine, on the ground which he had occupied before the commencement of the battle.

Arrangements were immediately made for attacking him there; but the excessive heat, the fatigue of the soldiers, and the approach of night, dissuaded Washington, and he accordingly issued his orders to desist. Lafayette had been in his saddle and incessantly active since four in the morning, displaying the utmost coolness, and sharing everywhere in the toils and dangers of the day. Nothing could intimidate him, nothing appeared to weary him; but with a bearing ever high and heroic, he passed unscathed amid the rage of that battle-storm. "I have been charmed," said an officer under his immediate command, "with the blooming gallantry and sagacity of the Marquis de Lafayette, who appears to be possessed of every requisite to constitute a great general." This praise of his prudence, and skill, and courage was universal in the army.

Washington and Lafayette passed the night upon the field

of strife, in the folds of the same mantle, worn by the former. In the morning when they arose, the enemy had departed. At midnight they had left their camp and fled with such secrecy that no knowledge of the fact was communicated to the Americans till day-break, by which time they were beyond the reach of their disappointed enemy. Washington, though he had hoped for a renewal of the engagement, saw the folly of pursuit, and quietly allowed his army to rest upon the field.

—J. T. HEADLEY.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Before the National Guard was organized, Lafayette filled the place of commander of the City Guard of Paris, and was the great bulwark of the public peace at the critical period of the destruction of the Bastile. From his position at the head of the embodied militia of the capital and its environs, he was clothed in substance with the concentrated powers of the State. These, it is unnecessary to say, were exercised by him for the preservation of order and the repression of violence. Hundreds of those threatened, at this unsettled period, as victims of popular violence, were saved by his intervention. But when, at length, he found himself unable to rescue the unfortunate Foulon and Berthier from the hands of the infuriated populace, he refused to retain a power which he could not make effective, and resigned his post. The earnest entreaties of the friends of order, assuring him that they deemed the public peace to be safe in no hands but his, persuaded him to resume it; but not till the electoral districts of Paris had confirmed the appointment, and promised to support him in the discharge of his duty.

It was a short period after this event that Lafayette proposed the organization of the National Guard of France. The ancient colors of the city of Paris were blue and red. To indicate the union which he wished to promote between a king governing by a constitution and a people protected by laws, he proposed to add the white—the royal color of France, and to form of the three the new ensign of the nation. “I bring you, gentlemen,” said he, “a badge, which will go round the world—an institution at once civil and military,—

which will change the system of European tactics, and reduce the absolute governments to the alternative of being conquered, if they do not imitate it, and overturned if they do." The example of Paris was followed in the provinces, and the National Guard, 3,700,000 strong, was organized throughout France, with Lafayette at its head.

Lafayette endeavored, from the first moment of the Revolution, to make it produce the fruits of practical reform in the institutions of the country. Under his influence, and against strong opposition, a deputation was sent by the city of Paris to the National Assembly, demanding an immediate reform in criminal jurisprudence; the publicity of trials; the confrontation of witnesses; the privilege of counsel for the accused, and free intercourse between the prisoner and his family. These privileges were enjoyed by the accused in the only three State trials which took place while Lafayette retained his popularity, and the credit of having obtained them was justly ascribed to him by the counsel of one of the individuals by whom they were enjoyed.

Paris, during the whole of this memorable season, was in a state of the greatest excitement. All the elements of confusion were in the highest action. A great political revolution in progress; the king feeble and irresolute, but already subdued by the magnitude of the events; his family and court divided, corrupt, and laboring, by intrigue and treachery, to arrest the progress of the Revolution; the Duke of Orleans lavishing immense sums to sow dissension and urge the Revolution to a point at which, as he hoped, it would transfer the crown from the head of his unhappy kinsman to his own; the fiercest conflicts among the different orders of the State, and a wild consciousness of power in the mass of the people, late awakened for the recovery of long-lost rights and the revenge of centuries of oppression—these were some of the elements of disorder. The match was laid to the train at a festival in the palace at Versailles, at which the national cockade was trampled under foot by the body-guard, in presence of the queen and her infant son, and the Revolution denounced in terms of menace and contumely.

The news spread to Paris, already convulsed by the

intrigues of the Duke of Orleans, and exasperated by a want of bread. The hungry populace were told that the famine which they suffered was intentionally produced by the king and his ministry, for the purpose of starving them back to slavery. Riots broke out at an early hour on the 5th of October, around the City Hall. For eight hours, Lafayette exerted himself, and not without success, to restrain the frantic crowds which constantly re-assembled, as soon as dispersed, with cries, "To Versailles for bread!" Hearing, at length, that from other points of the capital infuriated mobs were moving toward Versailles, with muskets and cannons, he asked the orders of the municipality to hasten himself, with a detachment of the National Guard, to the defence of the royal family.

On his arrival at Versailles, he administered to the troops the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the king. He entered the court of the palace, accompanied only by two commissioners of the city. It was filled with Swiss guards and the terrified inmates of the palace; and, as he advanced, the gloomy silence was broken by the exclamation of some person present: "Here comes Cromwell!" "Cromwell," replied Lafayette, "would not have come here alone." Admitted to the presence of the king, whom he treated with the deference due to his rank, Lafayette asked that the posts in and about the palace might be confided to him. This request was refused, as contrary to etiquette. In consequence, the palace itself, the interior court, and the approach by the garden remained, as usual, protected only by the body-guard and the Swiss. At two o'clock in the morning, Lafayette made the rounds of the posts under his command, and asked another interview with the king; but was told that he was asleep. After five o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet, exhausted by nearly twenty-four hours of unremitted and anxious labor, he repaired to his quarters, in the immediate vicinity of the palace, to receive the reports of his aids; to prepare dispatches for Paris, and to take food and repose. Scarcely had he reached his quarters for these purposes, when an officer ran to apprise him that a band of ruffians, concealed in the shrubbery of the garden, had burst into the palace, and

forced their way over two of the body-guards, to the chamber of the queen, who was barely enabled, by the brave resistance of the guards at the door, to escape with her life.

Lafayette rushed to the scene of action, with the detachment of his force nearest at hand, and took the proper steps to arrest the progress of the disorder. The royal family were protected and several of the body-guards rescued from the mob. Happening to be left alone, at one moment, in the midst of the lawless crowd, an individual among them raised a cry for the head of Lafayette. The danger in which he stood was averted by the coolness with which he ordered the madman to be seized by his fellows. The king deemed it necessary to yield to the clamors of the populace and return with them to Paris. Lafayette was alarmed at the symptoms of disaffection toward the queen, which still prevailed in the throng.

At once to make trial of the popular feeling, and to extend to her the protection of his unbounded popularity, he had the courage to propose to her to appear with him alone on the balcony of the castle, with her son, the dauphin, on her arm. Leading her forward towards the people, it was his purpose to make an appeal to them on her behalf. The confused acclamations of the vast throng prevented his being heard, and unable, in any other manner, to convey to the immense and agitated assemblage in motion beneath them the sentiments which he wished to inspire in their bosoms towards the defenceless person of the queen and the innocent child whom she held in her arms, he stooped and kissed her hand. A cry of "Long live the queen! Long live Lafayette!" responded to the action. Returning to the royal cabinet, he was embraced by its inmates as the saviour of the king and his family, and till the last hour of their unfortunate existence, the king and the queen never failed to do him the justice to acknowledge that on this terrific day he had saved their lives.

—E. EVERETT.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

On the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, 1790, the labors of the Assembly in the formation of the Constitution were so far

advanced that it was deemed expedient, by a solemn act of popular ratification, to give the sanction of France to the principles on which it was founded. The place assigned for the ceremony was the Champ de Mars, and the act itself was regarded as a grand act of federation, by which the entire population of France, through an immense representation, engaged themselves to each other by oaths and imposing rites, to preserve the Constitution, the monarchy, and the law.

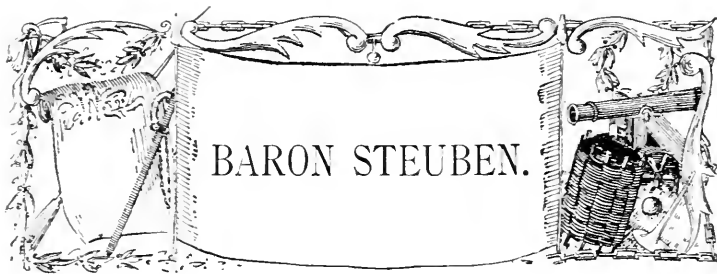
In front of the military school at Paris, and near the river Seine, a vast plain is marked out for the imposing pageant. Innumerable laborers are employed, and still greater multitudes of volunteers co-operate with them, in preparing a vast embankment disposed on terraces and covered with turf. The entire population of the capital and its environs, from the highest to the lowest condition of life, of both sexes and of every profession, is engaged from day to day and from week to week in carrying on the excavation. The academies and schools; the official bodies of every description; the trades and the professions, and every class and division of the people, repair, from morning to night, to take a part in the work, cheered by the instruments of a hundred full orchestras, and animated with every sport and game in which an excited and cheerful populace gives vent to its delight. It was the perfect saturnalia of liberty; the meridian of the Revolution, when its great and unquestioned benefits seemed established on a secure basis, with as little violence and bloodshed as could be reasonably expected in the tumultuous action of a needy, exasperated, and triumphant populace.

The work at length is completed; the terraces are raised; and three hundred thousand spectators are seated in the vast amphitheatre. A gallery is elevated in front of the military school, and in its centre a pavilion above the throne. In the rear of the pavilion is prepared a stage, on which the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family are seated. The deputed members of the federation, eleven thousand for the army and navy and eighteen thousand for the National Guard of France, are arranged in front, within a circle formed by eighty-three lances planted in the earth, adorned with the standards of the eighty-three departments. In the midst of the Champ de

Mars, the centre of all eyes, with nothing above it but the canopy of heaven, arose a magnificent altar, the loftiest ever raised on earth. Two hundred priests in white surplices, with the tri-color as a girdle, are disposed on the steps of the altar, on whose spacious summit mass is performed by Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun.

On the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the members of the federation and the deputies of the Assembly advance to the altar and take the oath of fidelity to the Nation, the Constitution and the King. The king himself assumes the name and rank of chief of the federation, and bestows the title of its major-general on Lafayette. The king took the oath on his throne, but Lafayette, as the first citizen of France, advancing to the altar, at the head of thirty thousand deputies, and in the name of the mighty mass of the National Guard, amidst the plaudits of near half a million of his fellow-citizens, in the presence of all that was most illustrious and excellent in the kingdom, whose organized military power he represented as their chief, took the oath of fidelity to the Nation, the Constitution, and the King. Of all the oaths that day taken, by the master spirits of the time, his was, perhaps, the only one kept inviolate. It sealed his fidelity to the doubtful fortunes of the monarch, and in the onward march of the Revolution—destined to wade through seas of blood—it raised an inseparable barrier between Lafayette and the remorseless innovators who soon appeared on the scene. It decided his own fortunes, and in no inconsiderable degree the fortunes of the Revolution.—E. EVERETT.





AT the commencement of the American Revolution, peace prevailed in Europe, and the consequent want of employment and adventure induced many French and German military men to look to this country as a proper field for the display of military talent. Many of them were also filled with enthusiasm for the idea of liberty always associated with America. Among them was the drill-master of the Revolutionary Army, Baron von Steuben.

Frederic William Augustus, Baron von Steuben, was born at Magdeburg, Prussia, on the 15th of November, 1730. At the age of fourteen, he entered on military life, serving as a volunteer, under his father, at Prague. In the service of Frederic the Great, he rose to be an aide-de-camp; but in 1763 he withdrew from the Prussian service. Steuben did not forfeit the favor of the king, who accepted his resignation with kindness, and presented him a canonry in the Cathedral of Havelburg, with a salary of 1,200 florins.

While spending a winter in Paris, Baron Steuben was induced, by Count de St. Germain and Silas Deane, to take part in the conflict then raging in America. The Baron embarked September 26, 1777, on the ship "Le Flamand," a vessel of 28 guns. He assumed the name of Monsieur de Franck, and, after a rough and stormy passage, the ship arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on December 1st. The first news he received, on landing, was of the capture of

Burgoyne, a happy omen to Steuben, as it showed to him that the cause on which he had embarked was not hopeless. The veteran Prussian at once offered his services to General Washington, by whom he was referred to Congress. The President of Congress received him with every mark of distinction, and appointed a committee of five members to confer with him. The committee reported that they were perfectly satisfied, and Congress voted thanks to him for devoting his military skill to the cause of American freedom, and ordered him to immediately join the army at Valley Forge.

The condition of the Continental troops, during the gloomy winter, at this place, needs no detailed description. It was wretched in the extreme. Half-clothed, starving, and ill-sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, they owed their preservation to the supineness or ignorance of the enemy. To reduce the raw recruits to a homogeneous mass with the old troops, trained in a variety of military systems; to accustom the whole to the utmost precision of movement and management of arms, and to yield prompt obedience to orders, was the hard task assigned to Baron Steuben. His difficulty was increased by his ignorance of the English language. Beginning at the beginning, practicing the soldiers himself frequently, being perfectly indefatigable in this driest, hardest, least popular kind of work, he reformed the army entirely. The bayonet he brought into use and made it effective. He drew up the system of military tactics which remained in use until that of General Winfield Scott. It was, in the main, the system which prevailed in the Prussian army under Frederick the Great. As recruiting officer in Virginia for General Greene, Steuben did everything man could do to spur the slothful, encourage the timid and revive the despairing. On the 5th of May, 1778, Steuben was appointed Inspector-General of the Army, with the rank of Major-General, his pay to commence at the time of his joining the army.

Late in June of this year, the British troops evacuated Philadelphia, and a council of war was held to decide upon the propriety of attacking them in their retreat. Steuben was in favor of this, and his views coincided with the judgment of General Washington. The battle of Monmouth

followed on the 28th of June. As Steuben had no command in the army, he was employed during the action in forming the troops and reconnoitring the enemy. To the valuable improvements which had been introduced by him into all the ranks of the army, the successful issue of this action was undoubtedly due. In July Steuben desired to resign his office of Inspector-General, and to have an active command in the regular line. When the main army marched from Brunswick, the Baron was appointed to conduct one wing to the North River. Great jealousy was stirred up on account of this. Congress confirmed Steuben's absolute authority in the Department of Inspection, but passed silently over his request to be transferred to the line. He allowed the matter to rest for the time.

On August 15, 1779, Steuben left the main army on a visit to Providence, in order to introduce among the troops under General Gates his new rules of tactics, which had been adopted. The month of February, 1780, was spent by the Baron at Philadelphia, in concerting measures with the Board of Trade to place the army on a proper footing for the campaign of the ensuing summer. The measures he proposed were fully approved by Washington. Steuben now went to West Point, and, though not in actual command, he gave his advice and assistance when an attack from the British was expected. The Baron and Lafayette were members of the court-martial appointed for the trial of Major André, for the part he took in negotiating with the traitor Arnold. Steuben never failed to manifest the utmost abhorrence of this traitor. It is related that as he was reviewing a regiment, on the roll-call being made, a soldier answered to the name of Benedict Arnold. He was at once called to the front, looking, as he stepped forward, every inch a soldier. "Change your name, brother soldier," said the Baron; "you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, General?" "Take any other; mine is at your service." The soldier accepted the offer, and thenceforth he called himself Baron Steuben.

In the siege of Yorktown, the Baron commanded in the trenches and displayed his ability as an able captain and

thorough soldier. On the 19th of April, 1783, the cessation of hostilities was proclaimed to the army. Steuben had no home whither to retire ; he had sacrificed an independent income in Europe, and this country offered but a slender chance, when he was no longer needed as an officer, of securing even the means of subsistence. On the 4th of June, 1790, Congress passed an act granting to the veteran a life-annuity of \$2,500 and a township of land near Utica, New York. He built himself a log hut, and divided the land among his servants. His farm and garden afforded him some amusement, but reading was his great delight. Baron Steuben died of paralysis on the 28th of November, 1794. He directed that he should be buried in the neighboring forest, his body being wrapped in his military cloak, and wearing on his breast the star of the Order of Fidelity, which had been granted to him by the Margrave of Baden. A tablet was erected to his memory by Colonel North, in the Lutheran Church on Nassau Street, New York.

Baron Steuben was rather haughty in his bearing, yet frank and cordial in social intercourse. He would readily grant an interview ; was benevolent and full of a high sense of justice. In his habits, Steuben was popular and plain ; he liked agricultural labor, horses and sporting ; especially was he fond of books and the pleasures of social company. He never appreciated the value of money. While he had plenty of it, he gave it away with open hands, regardless of the consequences to himself. In knowledge of military science he ranked high among the Revolutionary generals. Warm-hearted to the extreme, the soldiers loved him, and many of his officers regarded him with romantic attachment.

STEUBEN'S TACTICS.

“I directed my attention to the organization and discipline of the army. To establish the inspection on the same footing as in France and Prussia would not have answered the purpose. In these services the inspector-general reviews the troops at the beginning and end of a campaign ; he examines the state of the men, their arms and accoutrements ; exercises and manœuvres them ; sees that they adhere to the pre-

scribed regulations; that they follow the system laid down by the minister at war, to whom he makes his reports, and recommends for promotion, pardon and reward.

"I found here neither rules, nor regulations, nor system, nor minister at war, nor pardon, nor reward. The inspector-general in Prussia and France has nothing whatever to do with the money department; here it was necessary that he or some one else should take charge of it. This mysterious department was a mere farce. The war commissary in France examines the books and accounts of the different regiments and companies; here, there were no books and no accounts, and consequently no one to examine them.

"All this required an immediate remedy. But how to commence, was the question.

"General Conway followed the routine of the inspectors in France; but that did not answer the purpose. It was, therefore, essential to create a department, under some name or other, to organize it so as to rectify the abuses, found some simple but firm system, and put it into execution at once. I found a committee of Congress in camp concerting with the commander-in-chief for regulating several matters connected with the army, such as fixing the number of regiments and companies, which was one of the most essential things to be determined. Congress approved of their resolution on that head; but the means for putting it into execution were yet wanting. There was no established system of manœuvres, no settled regulations for discipline and good order, and no uniformity in the service. General Washington proposed to me to sketch out a plan for establishing an inspection in order to introduce system and uniformity into all these matters. I sketched a variety of different plans; but it was exceedingly difficult to find an arrangement likely to succeed so as not to disgust the officers belonging to so many different States, and to form a plan in conformity with the spirit of the nation, and with the prejudices, however well or ill founded they might be, against foreigners. I was often obliged to abandon ideas I had formed.

"I was in want of information and advice, and I was fortunate enough to find a few officers of merit, who gave

me every satisfaction; they were General Greene, Colonel Laurens, and Colonel Hamilton. Having drawn out my last plan, I communicated it to these three officers, and made the alterations they deemed advisable, before I presented it to the commander-in-chief. Time was precious, and I worked day and night. I finally proposed that an inspector-general ought to be appointed at once, who should establish a uniform system for forming the troops; for exercising and manœuvring them; for their duties in camp and on the march; and for the duties of guards, pickets and sentries. He should also define and point out the duties of every officer, from the colonel to the corporal; the manner in which returns or lists of the men, arms, accoutrements, clothing, and camp equipage, should be made, and appoint a uniform method of book-keeping, according to which the books of the regiments, of companies, as well as those of the adjutant, paymaster, quartermaster, and clothing-master of each regiment, should be kept; that this inspector should review the troops every month, exercise and manœuvre them, examine the returns and books, and make his written return to the commander-in-chief and to the board of war, etc., etc.; that a colonel from each division should be chosen by the inspector-general, whose duty it should be to see that the ordinances and arrangements which the inspector might think proper to establish, with the consent of the commander-in-chief, be duly executed and obeyed.

“That a major from each brigade be chosen by the inspector-general to exercise the same functions in the brigade, in addition to those of a brigade-major in the French service. He should also receive all the returns of every description, and examine them accurately before transmitting them to the adjutant-general or chief of the department to which they are addressed, whether that of the quartermaster, clothing-master, paymaster, or commissary. All orders for the brigade should be addressed to that officer to communicate them to the brigade.

“That the colonels shall be called inspectors of divisions, and the majors, inspectors of brigades. That the former brigade-majors, who, in imitation of the English army, were merely aides-de-camp to the brigadier-general, and who, for the

most part, are young men who never saw a guard mounted, should be abolished, and that the brigadier-general be at liberty to take a subaltern officer as aide-de-camp. That the inspectors of divisions be allowed additional pay of thirty dollars, and the inspectors of brigades twenty dollars a month, and some additional rations more than other officers of the same rank.

"I added to the above that the inspector-general be obliged to draw up a sort of military code which, when approved by the commander-in-chief and authorized by Congress, shall take effect as an ordinance for the army.

"This plan was approved by General Washington and communicated to Congress. Some days after I had delivered it the general asked me if I was willing to undertake its execution myself? I replied that I would do so on condition that the general should give me the support and assistance necessary for so important a task.

"Among the many obligations which I owe to General Washington, I shall always esteem it among the greatest, the selection which he made among the officers to aid me in this work. It is with peculiar satisfaction that I again mention the names of my first inspectors of divisions, Colonels Williams, Brooks, Fleury, Sprout, Barber, Harmer, Davies, Scammel and Ternant, and of brigade-majors Fish, English and many others, who would be considered excellent officers in any service in Europe.

"I commenced operations by drafting one hundred and twenty men from the line, whom I formed into a guard for the general-in-chief. I made this guard my military school. I drilled them myself twice a day; and to remove that English prejudice which some officers entertained, namely, that to drill a recruit was a sergeant's duty and beneath the station of an officer, I often took the musket myself to show the men the manual exercise which I wished to introduce. All my inspectors were present at each drill. We marched together, wheeled, etc., etc., and in a fortnight my company knew perfectly how to bear arms, had a military air, knew how to march; to form in column, deploy, and execute some little manœuvres with excellent precision.

“It must be owned that they did not know much of the manual exercise, and I ought to mention the reasons why I departed altogether from the general rule of all European armies, and commenced with the manual exercise in drilling recruits like children learning their alphabet. In the first place, I had no time to do otherwise. In our European armies a man who has been drilled for three months is called a recruit; here, in two months I must have a soldier. In Europe we had a number of evolutions very pretty to look at when well executed; but in my opinion absolutely useless so far as essential objects are concerned. In Prussia, to fire and charge several times a minute is a matter of boast; the consequence is that the men, when they are using ball cartridge, often load badly. A company is drilled for a long time in platoon-firing, and the more the firing resembles the noise of a cannon-shot, the better it is.

“I have often remarked that the Prussians, after the first charge in action, no longer practice platoon-firing, do not load so often in a minute and fire quite as badly as the Russians, Austrians or French. I, nevertheless, taught my company to carry arms, stand at ease, present arms, to load, take aim, fire by platoons, and to charge bayonets. Another reason that induced me to pay but little attention to this eternal manual exercise, was that several of my predecessors commenced with it, and before they had surmounted these preliminaries, were obliged to quit the service, having lost their influence, and before the young officers had an opportunity of seeing the practical advantage of this elementary instruction. This induced me to reverse the old system, and instead of commencing with the manual and platoon exercise and ending with manœuvres, I commenced with manœuvres and finished with the exercise. I recollect that in the beginning of my second campaign I executed a manœuvre with a portion of the army, which was remarkably well done. After it was over the officers came round me to receive the approbation to which they were accustomed, believing that they had proved themselves perfect tacticians. They were very much astonished when I told them that it was now time to begin with the alphabet; that we should drill the men, one by one; then by six, and

afterward by platoons; teach them how to carry themselves, to march well, to use their arms with alacrity and precision, and so on until they had learned everything. No objection was made. I had the satisfaction of seeing (without being seen) the colonel and his officers drill the men, one by one, and I thought that had I proposed to them to do this at Valley Forge, I should never have succeeded.

"Another reason that induced me to omit as much as possible the manual exercise was, that as the army had no special ordinance or fixed rules on the subject, every colonel had introduced a system of drill of his own—one on the English, another on the French, and a third on the Prussian plan; and those who had taken the greatest pains were naturally the most attached to their own work. Had I destroyed their productions, they would all have detested me. I therefore preferred to pay no special attention to this subject until I had won their confidence. It was not so with regard to *manœuvres*. They had not meddled with them. Fortunately there was not a single good English book that contained the rules of tactics.

"To follow the thread of my operations, I had my company of guards exactly as I wished them to be. They were well dressed, their arms clean and in good order, and their general appearance quite respectable.

"I paraded them in presence of all the officers of the army, and gave them an opportunity of exhibiting all they knew. They formed in column; deployed; attacked with the bayonet; changed front, etc., etc. It afforded a new and agreeable sight for the young officers and soldiers. Having gained my point, I dispersed my apostles, the inspectors, and my new doctrine was eagerly embraced. I lost no time in extending my operations on a large scale. I applied my system to battalions, afterward to brigades, and in less than three weeks I executed *manœuvres* with an entire division in presence of the commander-in-chief."

Steuben's statements are corroborated by the testimony of some eye-witnesses, which furnishes additional proof of the manner in which he went to work.

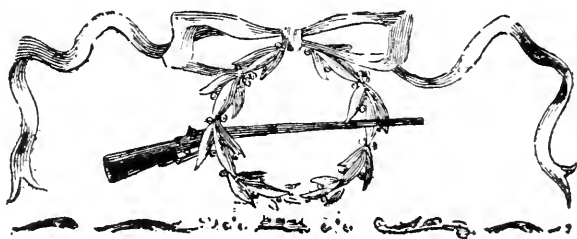
The most interesting narrative of the energy employed by

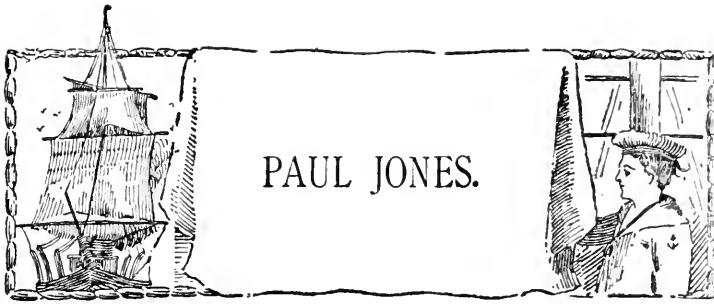
Steuben, and the success of his system, is given by his favorite aide-de-camp and intimate friend, William North, who was with him from the beginning. He says in his biographical sketch:

“Certainly it was a brave attempt! Without understanding a word of the English language, to think of bringing men, born free, and joined together to preserve their freedom, into strict subjection; to obey without a word, a look, the mandates of a master! that master once their equal, or possibly beneath them, in whatever might become a man! It was a brave attempt, which nothing but virtue, or high-raised hopes of glory, could have supported. At the first parade, the troops neither understanding the command, nor how to follow in a change ment to which they had not been accustomed, even with the instructor at their head, were getting fast into confusion. At this moment, Captain B. Walker, then of the Second New York regiment, advanced from his platoon, and offered his assistance to translate the orders and interpret to the troops. ‘If,’ said the baron, ‘I had seen an angel from heaven, I should not have more rejoiced.’ The officers in the army who spoke English and French fluently were indeed very few in number—how few were so capable of giving assistance to the Baron in the formation of his system. Walker became from that moment his aide-de-camp, and remained to the end of the Baron’s life his dear and most worthy friend. From the commencement of instruction, no time, no pains, no fatigue were thought too great, in pursuit of this great object. Through the whole of each campaign, when troops were to manœuvre, and that was almost every day, the Baron rose at three o’clock; while his servant dressed his hair, he smoked a single pipe and drank one cup of coffee, was on horseback at sunrise, and with, or without his suite, galloped to the parade. There was no waiting for a tardy aide-de-camp, and those who followed wished they had not slept. Nor was there need of chiding; when duty was neglected, or military etiquette infringed, the Baron’s look was quite sufficient. It was a question, why, in the first instance, our troops had been put to the performance of the great manœuvres. I beg pardon for calling them great; but they were great to us, for we were igno-

rant. Bland's exercise and Symmes' military guide were almost the only poor and scanty sources from which we drew. To the question, it was answered that in fact there was no time to spare in learning the minutiae—the troops must be prepared for instant combat; that on a field of battle, how to display or fold a column, or to change a front, was of the first consequence; that the business was to give the troops a relish for their trade, a confidence in their skill in the performance of complicated evolutions; that, even if time permitted, the officers, copying the bad example set them by the British, of referring all instruction to the sergeants, would feel themselves degraded in attending to an awkward squad. 'But the time will come,' said he, 'when a better mode of thinking will prevail; then we will attend to the a b c of the profession.' This prophecy was amply fulfilled. A year or two afterwards the Baron said to me, 'Do you see there, sir, your colonel instructing that recruit? I thank God for that!''

—FRIEDRICH KAPP.





THE romantic career of Paul Jones and his daring exploits off the coast of Great Britain form a remarkable chapter in the history of the American War of Independence. The bold seaman carried terror to the strongholds of the mistress of the seas. Paul Jones was born at Arbigland, on the shore of Solway Firth, in the southwestern part of Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1747. His father was a gardener named Paul; but John, the youngest son, when he

settled in Virginia, assumed the name of Jones. His earliest prepossessions were in favor of the sea, and at the age of twelve John entered the merchant service. When but eighteen he purchased his indentures, and obtained command of a brig engaged in the American slave trade. This not being to his liking, he resigned his command, and returned home as a passenger. A London owner then placed him in command of a large ship trading to the West Indies.

In 1773, on the death of his elder brother, who had settled in Virginia, John also took up his residence there while the estate was settled. He liked the country so well that he resolved to make it his home, gave up the sea, changed his name and became a planter. But on the breaking out of the Revolution his plans were again reversed. As an experienced seaman he offered his services to his adopted country.

Congress, in December, 1775, ordered a fleet to be prepared from merchant vessels, and John Paul Jones, who had been commissioned as first lieutenant, was the first to raise and display the American flag. The design is said to have represented a pine-tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root as if about to strike. The fleet sailed for the Bahamas in February, 1776, with Jones on the flag-ship "Alfred." He showed great skill and discretion in the operations there, which secured a supply of guns and ammunition. He was soon after placed in command of the "Providence," a sloop carrying twelve small guns and seventy men, and was employed in convoying between Boston and the Delaware. He sailed also to Cape Breton and captured sixteen prizes. In a second expedition Jones had similar success and procured stores which proved useful to Washington's army.

On the 8th of August, 1776, Jones was commissioned as captain; yet, in October, some who were then commissioned, were placed above him. Though he complained of the wrong done him, he did not cease to seek honorable opportunity for action, and his efforts were zealously seconded by his friend, Robert Morris. At last in May, 1777, Captain Jones was ordered to proceed to France, with officers and seamen, to take command of a ship, there to be purchased by the American Commissioners. But this arrangement fell through, and Jones was in June placed in command of the "Ranger," a new ship built at Portsmouth. At the same time Congress resolved that the new flag of the United States should "be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union should be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Captain Jones was the first to hoist this flag, as he had the original nearly two years before. On February 13, 1778, he obtained for the American flag full recognition from the French admiral. Captain Jones gave a salute with thirteen guns, which the admiral returned with nine. Jones was disposed to insist on gun for gun; but the admiral replied that he had given him the same salute as to the Admiral of Holland, then a republic. On April 10th Jones set sail for the British coast, and on the 24th an action took place between the "Ranger" and the British "Drake," and Jones in his

report says that when the latter hoisted English colors, "the American stars were displayed on board the 'Ranger.'" This was the first action under the new flag.

Pursuing his way northward, Jones ravaged the coasts of his native land. Landing at Whitehaven, he stormed and took two forts containing thirty cannon. He also paid a visit to St. Mary's Isle and carried off the plate of the Earl of Selkirk; this, however, he subsequently restored. On landing at Brest he had two hundred prisoners of war.

Jones now succeeded in getting from the French government a vessel called the "Duc de Duras." In honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, by whose friendly advice he had really secured this ship, he re-named her "Le Bon Homme Richard," as this was the title which the gallant French had given to the translation of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac." Jones soon found himself invested with the captaincy of a fleet, and for a time it was expected that Lafayette, who had then returned to France, would have joint command with him. After necessary delays Jones sailed with seven vessels, making "Le Bon Homme Richard" his flag-ship. He became a terror to the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, entering their rivers and harbors, taking prizes and men, and burning their ships. His principal action was a conflict off Flamborough Head, on the eastern coast of England, on the 23d of September, 1779. He here attacked the convoy of the Baltic fleet, capturing the two frigates opposed to him. His principal opponent in this conflict was the British war vessel "Serapis," with which early in the action his own vessel became entangled. Grappling irons were thrown, and a hand-to-hand contest ensued until the decks were red and slippery with blood. Though the "Serapis" was much the larger vessel and carried a stronger armament, she could not withstand the fury of Jones' attack. At the close of the action "Le Bon Homme Richard" was so badly damaged that she soon sank, and it was with difficulty that the victor reached port with the crippled "Serapis."

After this splendid victory he had several severe encounters with the enemy, and at times barely escaped; but at last succeeded in reaching Philadelphia safely in the winter of

1781. Honors were heaped upon him. On account of his victory off Flamborough Head he was invited to Paris, where the cross of military merit and a sword of honor were presented to him by the French king. Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal for his services during the war.

Jones, having become used to the fierce excitements of war and enjoyed its rich prizes, no longer had relish for the monotony of peace. He soon entered into the service of the Russians, under the famous Catharine II., the most autocratic sovereign in Europe; but afterwards, owing to her being in alliance with England, he retired. He then solicited a command from Austria and from France, which, however, he did not obtain. "Full of vanity," says a French writer, "he believed that only a king was worthy of such an admiral." He died in neglect and poverty in Paris on the 18th of July, 1792.

John Paul Jones was not merely a man of dauntless courage, but displayed great ability as a sea captain. Though enterprising and impetuous, he was irritable and vain. He wrote a full journal of his career for Louis XVI., which was read by that king shortly before his execution.

THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

The battle between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" is invested with an heroic interest of the highest stamp. On the 23d of September, Jones' squadron consisted of the "Richard," the "Alliance," the "Pallas," and the "Vengeance." As they were standing to the northward, towards Flamborough Head, with a light breeze from south-southwest, they gradually came in sight of a fleet of forty-one sail running down the coast from the northward, very close in with the land. On questioning the pilot, the Commodore discovered that this was the Baltic fleet, with which he had been so anxious to fall in, and that it was under convoy of the "Serapis," a new ship, mounting forty-four guns, and the "Countess of Scarborough," of twenty guns.

Signal was immediately made to form the line of battle, which the "Alliance," as usual, disregarded. The "Richard" crossed her royal yards, and immediately gave chase to

the northward, under all sail, to get between the enemy and the land. At the same time signal of recall was made to the pilot-boat ; but she did not return until after the action. On discovering the American squadron, the headmost ships of the convoy were seen to haul their wind suddenly, and go about so as to stretch back under the land, towards Scarborough, and place themselves under cover of the cruisers ; at the same time they fired signal guns, let fly their top-gallant sheets, and showed every symptom of confusion and alarm. Soon afterward the "Serapis" was seen stretching to windward, to get between the convoy and the American ships, which she soon effected. At 4 P.M. the English cruisers were in sight from deck. The "Countess of Scarborough" was standing out to join the "Serapis," which was lying to for her, whilst the convoy continued to run for the fort, in obedience to the signals displayed from the "Serapis," which was also seen to fire guns. At half-past five the two ships had joined company, when the "Serapis" made sail by the wind ; at six both vessels tacked, heading up to the westward, across the bows of the "Richard," so as to keep their position between her and the convoy.

The opposing ships thus continued to approach each other slowly, under the light southwesterly air. The weather was beautifully serene, and the breeze being off the land, which was now close on board, produced no ripple on the water, which lay still and peaceful, offering a fair field to the combatants about to grapple in such deadly strife. The decks of the opposing vessels were long since cleared for action, and ample leisure remained for reflection, as the ships glided towards each other at a rate but little in accordance with the impatience of the opponents. From the projecting promontory of Flamborough Head, which was less than a league distant, thousands of the inhabitants looked down upon the scene, awaiting the result with intense anxiety. The ships also were in sight from Scarborough, the inhabitants of which thronged the piers. The sun had already sunk behind the land, before the ships were within gun-shot of each other ; but a full harvest moon, rising above the opposite horizon, lighted the combatants in the search for each other, and served to

reveal the approaching scene to the spectators on the land with a vague indistinctness which rendered it only the more terrible.

While the "Pallas" stood for the "Countess of Scarborough," the "Alliance" sought a position in which she could contemplate the double engagement without risk, as though her commander had been chosen umpire, instead of being a party interested in the approaching battle. Soon afterward, the "Serapis" was seen to hoist the red ensign instead of St. George's, and it was subsequently known that her captain had nailed it to the flag-staff with his own hand.

About half-past seven, the "Bon Homme Richard" hauled up her courses and rounded to on the weather or larboard quarter of the "Serapis," within pistol-shot, and steered a nearly parallel course, though gradually edging down upon her. The "Serapis" now triced up her lower deck ports, showing two complete batteries, besides her spar-deck, lighted up for action, and making a most formidable appearance. At this moment, Captain Pearson, her commander, hailed the "Bon Homme Richard," and demanded, "What ship is that?" Answer was made, "I can't hear what you say." The hail was repeated: "What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you!" A shot was fired in reply by the "Bon Homme Richard," which was instantly followed by a broadside from each vessel. Two of the three old eighteen-pounders in the "Richard's" gun-room burst at the first fire, spreading around an awful scene of carnage. Jones immediately gave orders to close the lower deck ports, and abandon that battery during the rest of the action.

The "Richard," having kept her head-way and becalmed the sails of the "Serapis," passed across her forefoot, when the "Serapis," luffing across the stern of the "Richard," came up in turn on the weather or larboard quarter, and, after an exchange of several broadsides from the fresh batteries, which did great damage to the rotten sides of the "Richard," and caused her to leak badly, the "Serapis" likewise becalmed the sails of the "Richard," passed ahead, and soon after bore up and attempted to cross her forefoot, so as to rake

her from stem to stern. Finding, however, that he had not room for the evolution, and that the "Richard" would be on board of him, Captain Pearson put his helm a-lee, which brought the two ships in a line ahead, and, the "Serapis" having lost her head-way by the attempted evolution, the "Richard" ran into her weather or larboard quarter. While in this position, neither ship being able to use her great guns, Jones attempted to board the "Serapis," but was repulsed, when Captain Pearson hailed him, and asked, "Has your ship struck?" To which he at once returned the discouraging answer, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Jones now backed his topsails, and the sails of the "Serapis" remaining full, the two ships separated. Immediately after, Pearson also laid his topsails aback to get square with the "Richard" again; Jones, at the same instant, filled away, which brought the two ships once more broadside and broadside. As he had already suffered greatly from the superior force of the "Serapis," and from her being more manageable and a faster sailer than the "Richard," which had several times given her the advantage in position, Jones now determined to lay his ship athwart the enemy's hawse; he accordingly put his helm up, but, some of his braces being shot away, his sails had not their full power, and, the "Serapis" having stern-way, the "Richard" fell on board of her farther aft than Jones had intended. The "Serapis" jib-boom hung her for a few minutes, when, carrying away, the two ships swung broadside and broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones sent Mr. Stacy, the acting master, to pass up the end of a hawser to lash the two ships together; and, while he was gone on this service, assisted with his own hand in making fast the jib-stay of the "Serapis" to the "Richard's" mizzen-mast. Accident, however, unknown for the moment to either party, more effectually secured the two vessels together; for, the anchor of the "Serapis" having hooked the quarter of the "Richard," the two ships lay closely grappled. In order to escape from this close embrace and recover the advantage of his superior sailing and force, Captain Pearson now let go an anchor, when the two ships tended round to the tide, which was setting towards Scar-

borough. The "Richard" being held by the anchor of the "Serapis," and the yards being entangled fore and aft, they remained firmly grappled. This happened about half-past eight, the engagement having already continued an hour.

Meantime the firing had recommenced with fresh fury from the starboard sides of both vessels. The guns of either ship actually touched the sides of the other, and some of them being opposite the ports, the rammers entered those of the opposite ship when in the act of loading, and the guns were discharged into the side or into the open decks. The effect of this cannonade was terrible to both ships, and wherever it could be kept up in one ship, it was silenced in the other. Occasional skirmishing with pikes and pistols took place through the ports; but there does not appear to have been any concerted effort to board from the lower decks of the "Serapis," which had the advantage below.

The "Richard" had already received several eighteen-pound shot between wind and water, causing her to leak badly; the main battery of twelve-pounders was silenced; as for the gun-room battery of six eighteen-pounders, two out of the three starboard ones burst at the first fire, killing most of their crews. During the whole action but eight shots were fired from this heavy battery, the use of which was so much favored by the smoothness of the water. The bursting of these guns and the destruction of the crew, with the partial blowing up of the deck above, so early in the action, were discouraging circumstances, which, with a less resolutely determined commander, might well have been decisive of the fate of the battle.

Colonel Chamillard, who was stationed on the poop, with a party of twenty marines, had already been driven from his post, with the loss of a number of his men, probably by the raking fire of the "Alliance." Captain Landais kept this ship studiously aloof, and hovering about the "Pallas" and "Countess of Scarborough," until the latter struck, after half an hour's action, when he endeavored to get information as to the force of the "Serapis." He now ran down, under easy sail, to where the "Richard" and "Serapis" lay grappled. At about half-past nine, he ranged up on the larboard

quarter of the "Richard," of course having the "Richard" between him and the "Serapis," though the brightness of the moonlight, the greater height of the "Richard," especially about the poop, and the fact of her being painted entirely black, whilst the "Serapis" had a yellow streak, could have left no doubt as to her identity; moreover, the "Richard" displayed three lights—at the larboard bow, gangway, and stern,—which was an appointed signal of recognition.

Landaïs now deliberately fired into the "Richard's" quarter, killing many of her men. Standing on, he ranged past her larboard bow, where he renewed his raking fire, with like fatal effect. To remove the chance of misconception, many voices cried out that the "Alliance" was firing into the wrong ship; still the raking fire continued from her. Captain Pearson also suffered from this fire, as he states in his report to the Admiralty, but necessarily in a much less degree than the "Richard," which lay between them. There is ample evidence of Landaïs having returned there several times to fire on the "Richard," and always on the larboard side, or the opposite one to that on which the "Richard" was grappled with the "Serapis."

While the fire of the "Serapis" was continued without intermission from the whole of her lower-deck battery, the only guns that were still fired from the "Richard" were two nine-pounders on the quarter-deck, commanded by Mr. Mease, the purser. This officer having received a dangerous wound in the head, Jones took his place, and, having collected a few men, succeeded in shifting over one of the larboard guns; so that three guns were now kept playing on the enemy, and these were all that were fired from the "Richard" during the remainder of the action. One of these guns was served with double-headed shot and directed at the main mast, by Jones' command, whilst the other two were loaded with grape and canister, to clear the enemy's deck. In this service great aid was rendered by the men stationed in the tops of the "Richard," who, having cleared the tops of the "Serapis," committed great havoc among the officers and crew upon her upper deck. Thus, while the action was carried on with decided advantage to the enemy on the lower decks, from

which they might have boarded with a good prospect of success, as nearly the whole crew of the "Richard" had been driven from below by the fire of the "Serapis," and had collected on the upper deck,—above, it was equally in our favor. In addition to the destructive fire from the tops of the "Richard," great damage was done by the hand-grenades thrown from her tops and yard-arms. The "Serapis" was set on fire as often as ten or twelve times in various parts, and the conflagration was only with the greatest exertions kept from becoming general.

About a quarter before ten, a hand-grenade, thrown by one of the "Richard's" men from the main-top of the "Serapis," struck the combing of the main hatch, and, glancing inward upon the main deck, set fire to a cartridge of powder. Owing to mismanagement and defective training, the powder boys on this deck had brought up the cartridges from the magazine faster than they were used, and, instead of waiting for the loaders to receive and charge them, had laid them on the deck, where some of them were broken. The cartridge fired by the grenade now communicated to these, and the explosion spread from the main-mast aft on the star-board side, killing twenty men and disabling every man there stationed at the guns, those who were not killed outright being left stripped of their clothes and scorched frightfully.

At this conjuncture, being about ten o'clock, the gunner and the carpenter of the "Richard," who had been slightly wounded, became alarmed at the quantity of water which entered the ship through the shot-holes, which she had received between wind and water, and which, by her settling, had got below the surface. The carpenter expressed an apprehension that she would speedily sink, which the gunner mistaking for an assertion that she was actually sinking, ran aft on the poop to haul down the colors. Finding that the ensign was already down, in consequence of the staff having been shot away, the gunner set up the cry: "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!" which he continued until silenced by Jones, who threw at the recreant a pistol he had just discharged at the enemy, which fractured his skull and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain

Pearson, hearing the gunner's cry, asked Jones if he called for quarter, to which, according to his own words, he replied "in the most determined negative." Captain Pearson now called away his boarders and sent them on board the "Richard," but, when they reached her rail, they were met by Jones himself, at the head of a party of pikemen, and driven back. They immediately returned to their ship, followed by some of the "Richard's" men, all of whom were cut off.

About the same time that the gunner set up his cry for quarter, the master-at-arms, who had been in consultation with the gunner and the carpenter, in regard to the sinking condition of the ship, hearing the cry for quarter, proceeded, without orders from Jones, and either from treachery or the prompting of humane feelings, to release all the prisoners, amounting to more than a hundred. One of these, being the commander of the letter-of-marque "Union," taken on the 31st of August, passed, with generous self-devotion, through the lower ports of the "Richard" and the "Serapis," and, having reached the quarter-deck of the latter, informed Captain Pearson that, if he would hold out a little longer, the "Richard" must either strike or sink. He, moreover, informed him of the large number of prisoners who had been released with himself, in order to save their lives. Thus encouraged, the battle was renewed from the "Serapis" with fresh ardor.

The situation of Jones, at this moment, was indeed hopeless, beyond anything that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In a sinking ship, with a battery silenced everywhere, except where he himself fought, more than a hundred prisoners at large in his ship, his consort, the "Alliance," sailing round and raking him deliberately, his superior officers counselling surrender, whilst the inferior ones were setting up disheartening cries of fire and sinking, and calling loudly for quarter, the chieftain still stood undismayed. He immediately ordered the prisoners to the pumps, and took advantage of the panic they were in, with regard to the reported sinking of the ship, to keep them from conspiring to overcome the few efficient hands that remained of his crew. Meanwhile the action was continued with the three light quarter-deck guns, under Jones' immediate inspection. In

the moonlight, blended with the flames that ascended the rigging of the "Serapis," the yellow main-mast presented a palpable mark, against which the guns were directed with double-headed shot. Soon after ten o'clock the fire of the "Serapis" began to slacken, and at half-past ten she struck.

Mr. Dale, the first lieutenant of the "Richard," was now ordered on board the "Serapis," to take charge of her. He was accompanied by Midshipman Mayrant and a party of boarders. Mr. Mayrant was run through the thigh with a boarding-pike, as he touched the deck of the "Serapis," and three of the "Richard's" crew were killed after the "Serapis" had struck, by some of the crew of the latter who were ignorant of the surrender of their ship. Lieutenant Dale found Captain Pearson on the quarter-deck, and told him he was ordered to send him on board the "Richard." It is a remarkable evidence of the strange character of this engagement, and the doubt which attended its result, that the first lieutenant of the "Serapis," who came upon deck at this moment, should have asked his commander whether the ship alongside had struck. Lieutenant Dale immediately answered, "No, Sir! on the contrary, he has struck to us." The British lieutenant, like a true officer, repeated the question to his commander, "Have you struck, Sir?" Captain Pearson replied, "Yes, I have." The lieutenant replied, "I have nothing more to say," and was about to return below, when Mr. Dale informed him that he must accompany Captain Pearson on board the "Richard." The lieutenant rejoined, "If you will permit me to go below, I will silence the firing of the lower deck guns." This offer Mr. Dale very properly declined, and the two officers went on board the "Richard," and surrendered themselves to Jones.

Pearson, who had risen, like Jones, from an humble station by his own bravery, but who was as inferior to Jones in courtesy as he had proved himself in obstinacy of resistance, evinced from the first a characteristic surliness, which he maintained throughout the whole of his intercourse with his victor. In surrendering he said that it was painful for him to deliver up his sword to a man who had fought with a halter round his neck. Jones did not forget himself, but replied,

with a compliment, which, though addressed to Pearson, necessarily reverted to himself: "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

As another evidence of the strange *mêlée* which attended this engagement, and of the discouraging circumstances under which the "Richard" fought, it may be mentioned that eight or ten of her crew, who were of course Englishmen, got into a boat which was towing astern of the "Serapis," and escaped to Scarborough, during the height of the engagement. This defection, together with the absence of the second lieutenant with fifteen of the best men, the loss of twenty-four men on the coast of Ireland, added to the number who had been sent away in prizes, reduced Jones' crew to a very small number, and greatly diminished his chance of success, which was due at length solely to his own indomitable courage.

Meantime, the fire which was still kept up from the lower-deck guns of the "Serapis," where the seamen were ignorant of the scene of surrender which had taken place above, was arrested by an order from Lieutenant Dale. The action had continued without cessation for three hours and a half. When it at length ceased, Jones got his ship clear of the "Serapis," and made sail. As the two separated, after being so long locked in deadly struggle, the main-mast of the "Serapis," which had been for some time tottering, and which had only been sustained by the interlocking of her yards with those of the "Richard," went over the side with a tremendous crash, carrying the mizzen-topmast with it. Soon after, the "Serapis" cut her cable and followed the "Richard."

The exertions of captors and captives were now necessary to extinguish the flames, which were raging furiously in both vessels. Its violence was greatest in the "Richard," where it had been communicated below from the lower-deck guns of the "Serapis." Every effort to subdue the flames seemed for a time to be unavailing. In one place they were raging very near the magazine, and Jones, at length, had all the powder taken out and brought on deck, in readiness to be thrown overboard. In this work the officers of the "Serapis" voluntarily assisted.

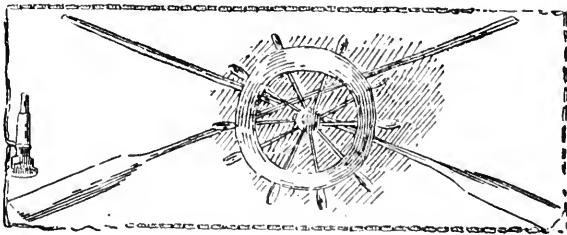
While the fire was raging in so terrifying a manner, the water was entering the ship in many places. The rudder had been cut entirely through, the transoms were driven in, and the rotten timbers of the old ship, from the main-mast aft, were shattered and almost entirely separated, as if the ship had been sawn through by ice ; so much so, that Jones says that, towards the close of the action, the shot of the "Serapis" passed completely through the "Richard ;" and the stern-post and a few timbers alone prevented the stern from falling down on the gun-room deck. The water rushed in through all these apertures, so that, at the close of the action, there were already five feet of water in the hold. The spectacle which the old ship presented the following morning was dreadful beyond description. Jones says, in his official report, that "a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck and ruin that everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should produce such fatal consequences."

Captain Pearson also notices, in his official letter to the Admiralty, the dreadful spectacle the "Richard" presented. He says : "On my going on board the 'Bon Homme Richard,' I found her to be in the greatest distress ; her counters and quarters on the lower deck entirely drove in and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted ; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and the next day, till they were obliged to quit her, and she sunk." The regret which he must, at any rate, have felt in surrendering, must have been much augmented by these observations, and by what he must have seen of the motley composition of the "Richard's" crew.

On the morning after the action, a survey was held upon the "Poor Richard," which was now, more than ever, entitled to her name. After a deliberate examination, the carpenters and other surveying officers were unanimously of opinion that the ship could not be kept afloat, so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase. The task of removing the wounded was now commenced, and completed in the course of the

night and following morning. The prisoners who had been taken in merchant ships were left until the wounded were all removed. Taking advantage of the confusion and of their superiority of numbers, they took possession of the ship, and got her head in for the land, towards which the wind was now blowing. A contest ensued, and, as the Englishmen had few arms, they were speedily overcome.

Jones was very anxious to keep the "Richard" afloat, and, if possible, bring her into port, doubtless from the very justifiable vanity of showing how desperately he had fought her. In order to effect this object, he kept the first lieutenant of the "Pallas" on board of her, with a party of men to work the pumps, having boats in waiting to remove them, in the event of her sinking. During the night of the 24th, the wind had freshened and still continued to freshen on the morning of the 25th, when all further efforts to save her were found unavailing. The water was running in and out of her ports and swashing up her hatchways. About nine o'clock, it became necessary to abandon her, the water then being up to the lower deck; an hour later, she rolled as if losing her balance, and, settling forward, went down bows first, her stern and mizzenmast being last seen. "A little after ten," says Jones in his report, "I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the 'Bon Homme Richard.'" The grief was a natural one, but far from being destitute of consolation; the closing scene of the "Poor Richard," like the death of Nelson on board the "Victory," in the moment of winning a new title to the name, was indeed a glorious one. Her shattered shell afforded an honorable receptacle for the remains of the Americans who had fallen during the action.—A. S. MACKENZIE.





THE Count of Rochambeau, as the leader of the well-disciplined, effective French force which by vigorous and harmonious co-operation with the army of Washington enabled him to bring to a triumphant close the long struggle for American Independence, deserves affectionate remembrance among the American people. Jean Baptiste Donatien De Vimeur, Count of Rochambeau, was born July 1, 1725, at Vendôme, of which his father

was governor. Being the younger son, he was destined for the church, and placed under the care of Crussol, Bishop of Blois. But the death of his elder brother interrupted his studies, made him heir to the paternal estates, and turned him, with the entire approval of the bishop, to a military career.

His education was received partly at Vendôme, and partly at Paris. Rochambeau joined the army in 1742 as cornet in the regiment of St. Simon, who was preparing for the German war. He followed the Count of Saxony to Bohemia, and distinguished himself under Marshal Belleisle at the famous siege of Prague. At the commencement of 1746 he became aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans; and his mother having been appointed governess to that prince's children, he had every prospect of advancement. Under the orders of the Count of Clermont, he was often employed in reconnoitring with the

light cavalry, and had to render a minute account of the military positions, and the nature of the country. On one occasion during the siege of Namur, Rochambeau scrambled up a height where he found only two sentinels lazily smoking their pipes. Clermont profited by this information to make an opportune diversion by which the city was captured. In 1747 Rochambeau was present at the battle of Lanfeld, and received a rather severe wound while fighting at the head of his grenadiers under the eyes of the king.

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Rochambeau devoted all his thoughts to the art of war, and his regiment received universal approbation for efficiency in the new military tactics and precision of drill. A rapid succession of military honors marked his career. He was brigadier-general and knight of St. Louis after he had been fifteen years in the service, and afterwards marshal of the camp, lieutenant-general and inspector-general of cavalry. His name is honorably connected with Mæstricht, Cassel, Mahon, Minden and other well-contested battle-fields.

Rochambeau was lieutenant-general of the armies when, on the 1st of March, 1780, he was selected to take command of the French troops which Louis XVI. decided, after the urgent representations of Lafayette, to send to the support of the American patriots. The corps for this expedition was designed at first to consist of only 4,000 men; but Rochambeau maintained that such a force would be too small to render efficient aid, and impressed upon his majesty that if he had 6,000 men he could have a reserve of 2,000 to strike a decisive blow in case of success, or to cover a retreat in case of failure. The proposition was favorably received by the king and this number was granted. The departure of the expedition was greatly delayed through the want of vessels of transport, and it was not till May 2, 1780, that the Count was able to leave the harbor of Brest, with an efficient force of 6,000 soldiers, well equipped. On the 5th of June, when southwest of Bermudas, the fleet was attacked by an English frigate and five men-of-war, which mistook the French flotilla for a convoy of merchandise; but Yernay, the French commander, poured on the assailants a succession of such terrible broadsides that the

English were more eager to withdraw than they had been to commence the attack.

On the 12th of July the expedition reached Rhode Island, and Rochambeau lost no time in surveying positions for the opening of the campaign. The Marquis Lafayette eagerly hailed his arrival, and urged Washington to take the offensive without delay, forgetting that the enemy had the advantage in numbers, and was backed by a powerful naval force. The Count de Rochambeau wrote to him as a father to a son, beseeching him not to compromise the situation by impetuosity. In that admirable letter he says: "It is always well, my dear Marquis, to believe the French invincible; but I am going to tell you a great secret. In an experience of forty years, I have found none easier to conquer than those who have lost confidence in their leader; and they lose that immediately when they find themselves sacrificed to one's own particular aims and personal ambitions. If I have been so fortunate as to retain the confidence of my soldiers, it is only because I am able to say, after a most scrupulous examination of my conscience, that of 15,000 who have been killed when under my command, I cannot reproach myself with the death of a single man."

On the 22d of September Rochambeau and Washington met at Hartford, and after reviewing the situation and discussing the risk of a premature attack, developed principles of action which formed the basis of a new plan of campaign. De Grasse's arrival with men and money was eagerly awaited, for the French soldiers had several times run short of provisions; but bore their privations bravely, and with their proverbial gaiety.

At length, when the supplies arrived, Rochambeau joined with Washington in executing the concerted plans of that memorable campaign in which the seat of war was transferred to Virginia and Lord Cornwallis was quickly shut up in Yorktown, while Sir Henry Clinton remained in New York, still dreading an attack. Cornwallis soon found it impossible to make a sortie in any direction without the certainty of repulse. After a terrific fire from the American and French artillery, he was fain to call a parley, for the appointment of

a commission to decide the terms of surrender. Washington accepted the proposition; a commission was appointed, the terms settled, and the articles signed October 19, 1781. The English general and his army gave themselves up as prisoners of war to the number of nearly 8,000 men, 214 pieces of artillery and 22 flags. Cornwallis, being unwell, escaped the humiliation of marching at the head of his troops. His place was taken by General O'Hara, who offered his sword to Rochambeau. The Frenchman pointed to Washington, saying: "I am only an auxiliary of the American general." Washington in turn referred him to General Lincoln as appointed to receive the surrender.

After the surrender of Cornwallis, Rochambeau marched back to Philadelphia. The French general was much gratified by the homage paid to him by the Indian deputations, and the compliments of the Quakers, who congratulated him not only on his military talents, but on his love of order, his splendid discipline and fitness for the command of men. As a matter of fact Rochambeau's troops paid the most scrupulous respect to person and property during their stay in this country, a circumstance which Franklin emphasizes in his Autobiography by contrasting the conduct of Rochambeau's soldiers with that of Braddock's marauders.

As a souvenir of his valuable services, Rochambeau was presented by Congress with two cannon taken from the English army, upon which was engraved his coat-of-arms with a suitable inscription. The American Secretary of Foreign Affairs was also instructed to recommend the French general and his army to the favorable notice of Louis XVI. On his return to France the king gave him a distinguished reception, made him commandant of Picardy and Artois, granted all the honors and preferments asked for his officers and soldiers, and presented him with two exquisite paintings by the famous miniature painter Van Blarenberghe, representing the siege of Yorktown, and the English garrison defiling before the French and American soldiers.

In 1793 Rochambeau had the misfortune to be imprisoned in the Conciergerie and placed on the list of condemned. He was marching behind M. de Malesherbes on his way to the

cart of victims, when the executioner seeing the vehicle already full, pushed him roughly aside, saying, "Stand back, old marshal, your turn will come next." Fortunately the fall of Robespierre saved him from the guillotine. After this, Rochambeau retired to his castle and busied himself with his "Memoirs." When Napoleon became emperor, he gladly appointed the veteran Rochambeau a grand officer of his newly-created Legion of Honor and bestowed on him a pension. He died May 10, 1807.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN.

Lord Cornwallis had been completely roused from his dream of security by the appearance, on the 28th of August, of the fleet of Count de Grasse within the capes of the Delaware. Three French ships of the line and a frigate soon anchored at the mouth of York River. The boats of the fleet were immediately busy conveying 3,300 land forces, under the Marquis de St. Simon, up James River, to form the preconcerted junction with those under Lafayette.

Awakened to his danger, Cornwallis, as Washington had foreseen, meditated a retreat to the Carolinas. It was too late. York River was blocked up by French ships; James River was filled with armed vessels covering the transportation of the troops. His lordship reconnoitred Williamsburg; it was too strong to be forced, and Wayne had crossed James River to join his troops to those under the Marquis. Seeing his retreat cut off in every direction, Cornwallis proceeded to strengthen his works; sending off repeated expresses to apprise Sir Henry Clinton of his perilous situation.

From Williamsburg, Washington sent forward Count Fersen, one of the aides-de-camp of De Rochambeau, to hurry on the French troops with all possible dispatch. He wrote to the same purport to General Lincoln: "Every day we now lose," said he, "is comparatively an age; as soon as it is in our power with safety, we ought to take our position near the enemy. Hurry on, then, my dear sir, with your troops, on the wings of speed. The want of our men and stores is now all that retards our immediate operations. Lord Cornwallis is improving every moment to the best advantage, and every



A DYNASTICIST'S PRINCE

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day that is given him to make his preparations may cost us many lives to encounter them.”

It was with great satisfaction Washington learned that Admiral de Grasse had anticipated his wishes, in sending transports and prize vessels up the bay to assist in bringing on the French troops. In the meantime, he, with Count de Rochambeau, was desirous of having an interview with the admiral on board of his ship, provided he could send some fast-sailing cutter to receive them. A small ship, the “Queen Charlotte,” was furnished by the admiral for the purpose. It had been captured on its voyage from Charleston to New York, having Lord Rawdon on board, and had been commodiously fitted up for his lordship’s reception.

On board of this vessel, Washington and De Rochambeau, with the Chevalier de Chastellux and Generals Knox and Duportail, embarked on the 18th, and, proceeding down James River, came the next morning in sight of the French fleet riding at anchor in Lynn Haven Bay, just under the point of Cape Henry. About noon they got alongside of the admiral’s ship, the “Ville de Paris,” and were received on board with great ceremony and naval and military parade. Admiral de Grasse was a tall, fine-looking man, plain in his address and prompt in the discharge of business. A plan of co-operation was soon arranged, to be carried into effect on the arrival of the American and French armies from the North, which were actually on their way down the Chesapeake from the Head of Elk. By the 25th, the American and French troops were mostly arrived and encamped near Williamsburg, and preparations were made for the decisive blow.

Yorktown is situated on the south side of York River, immediately opposite Gloucester Point. Cornwallis had fortified the town by seven redoubts and six batteries on the land side, connected by intrenchments; and there was a line of batteries along the river. The town was flanked on each side by deep ravines and creeks emptying into York River; their heads, in front of the town, being not more than half a mile apart. The enemy had availed themselves of these natural defences, in the arrangement of extensive outworks, with redoubts strengthened by abatis; field-works mounted

with cannon, and trees cut down and left with the branches pointed outward. Gloucester Point had likewise been fortified, its batteries, with those of Yorktown, commanding the intervening river. Ships of war were likewise stationed on it, protected by the guns of the forts, and the channel was obstructed by sunken vessels. The defence of Gloucester Point was confided to Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, with six or seven hundred men. The enemy's main army was encamped about Yorktown, within the range of the outer redoubts and field-works.

Washington and his staff bivouacked that night on the ground in the open air. He slept under a mulberry tree, the root serving for his pillow. On the following morning, the two armies drew out on each side of Beaver Dam Creek. The Americans, forming the right wing, took station on the east side of the creek; the French, forming the left wing, on the west.

That evening Cornwallis received dispatches from Sir Henry Clinton, informing him of the arrival of Admiral Digby, and that a fleet of twenty-three ships of the line, with about 5,000 troops, would sail to his assistance probably on the 5th of October. A heavy firing would be made by them on arriving at the entrance of the Chesapeake. On hearing it, if all went well at Yorktown, his lordship was to make three separate columns of smoke; and four, should he still possess the post at Gloucester Point.

Cornwallis immediately wrote in reply: "I have ventured these last two days to look General Washington's whole force in the face in the position on the outside of my works, and have the pleasure to assure your Excellency that there is but one wish throughout the army, which is that the enemy would advance. . . . I shall retire this night within the works, and have no doubt, if relief arrives in any reasonable time, York and Gloucester will be both in the possession of His Majesty's troops. I believe your Excellency must depend more on the sounds of our cannon than the signals of smoke for information; however, I will attempt it on the Gloucester side."

That night his lordship accordingly abandoned his out-works, and drew his troops within the town; a measure

strongly censured by Tarleton in his Commentaries as premature; as cooping up the troops in narrow quarters, and giving up a means of disputing inch by inch the approaches of the besiegers, and thus gaining time to complete the fortifications of the town.

The outworks thus abandoned were seized upon the next morning by detachments of American light infantry and French troops, and served to cover the troops employed in throwing up breastworks. Colonel Alexander Scammell, officer of the day, while reconnoitring the ground abandoned by the enemy, was set upon by a party of Hessian troopers. He attempted to escape, but was wounded, captured and carried off to Yorktown. Washington, to whom he had formerly acted as aide-de-camp, interested himself in his favor, and at his request Cornwallis permitted him to be removed to Williamsburg, where he died in the course of a few days. He was an officer of much merit, and his death was deeply regretted by Washington and the army.

The combined French and American forces were now 12,000 strong, exclusive of the Virginia militia, which Governor Nelson had brought into the field. On the morning of the 28th of September, the combined armies marched from Williamsburg towards Yorktown, about twelve miles distant, and encamped at night within two miles of it, driving in the pickets and some patrols of cavalry. General de Choisy was sent across York River, with Lauzun's legion and General Weedon's brigade of militia, to watch the enemy on the side of Gloucester Point.

By the first of October, the line of the besiegers, nearly two miles from the works, formed a semi-circle, each end resting on the river, so that the investment by land was complete; while the Count de Grasse, with the main fleet, remained in Lynn Haven Bay, to keep off assistance by sea.

About this time the Americans threw up two redoubts in the night, which, on being discovered in the morning, were severely cannonaded. Three of the men were killed and several severely wounded. While Washington was superintending the works, a shot struck the ground close by him, throwing up a cloud of dust. The Rev. Mr. Evans, chaplain

in the army, who was standing by him, was greatly agitated. Taking off his hat and showing it covered with sand, "See here, General," exclaimed he. "Mr. Evans," said Washington, with grave pleasantry, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children."

The besieged army began now to be greatly distressed for want of forage, and had to kill many of their horses, the carcasses of which were continually floating down the river. On the 3d of October, General Choisy, being reinforced by a detachment of marines from the fleet of De Grasse, cut off all communication by land between Gloucester and the country.

General Lincoln had the honor, on the night of the 6th of October, of opening the first parallel before Yorktown. It was within six hundred yards of the enemy, nearly two miles in extent, and the foundations were laid for two redoubts. He had under him a large detachment of French and American troops, and the work was conducted with such silence and secrecy, in a night of extreme darkness, that the enemy were not aware of it until daylight. A severe cannonade was then opened from the fortifications; but the men were under cover and continued working, the greatest emulation and good will prevailing between the officers and soldiers of the allied armies thus engaged. By the afternoon of the 9th, the parallel was completed, and two or three batteries were ready to fire upon the town. "General Washington put the match to the first gun," says an observer who was present; "a furious discharge of cannon and mortars immediately followed, and Earl Cornwallis received his first salutation."

The cannonade was kept up almost incessantly for three or four days from the batteries above mentioned, and from three others managed by the French. The half-finished works of the enemy suffered severely; the guns were dismounted or silenced and many men killed. The red-hot shot from the French batteries northwest of the town reached the English shipping. The "Charon," a forty-four-gun ship, and three large transports, were set on fire by them. The flames ran up the rigging to the tops of the masts. The conflagration, seen in the darkness of the night, with the accompanying flash and thundering of cannon, and soaring and bursting of

shells, and the tremendous explosions of the ships, all presented a scene of mingled magnificence and horror.

On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened by the Baron Steuben's division, within three hundred yards of the works. The British now made new embrasures, and for two or three days kept up a galling fire upon those at work. The latter were still more annoyed by the flanking fire of two redoubts three hundred yards in front of the British works. As they enfiladed the intrenchments, and were supposed also to command the communication between Yorktown and Gloucester, it was resolved to storm them both on the night of the 14th; the one nearest the river by a detachment of Americans commanded by Lafayette; the other by a French detachment led by the Baron de Viomenil. The grenadiers of the regiment of Gatinais were to be at the head of the French detachment. This regiment had been formed out of that of Auvergne, of which De Rochambeau had been colonel, and which, by its brave and honorable conduct, had won the appellation of the regiment *D'Auvergne sans tache* (Auvergne without a stain). When De Rochambeau assigned the Gatinais grenadiers their post in the attack, he addressed to them a few soldier-like words: "My lads, I have need of you this night, and hope you will not forget that we have served together in that brave regiment of Auvergne sans tache." They instantly replied that if he would promise to get their old name restored to them, they would sacrifice themselves to the last man. The promise was given.

In the arrangements for the American assault, Lafayette had given the honor of leading the advance to his own aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat. This instantly touched the military pride of Hamilton, who exclaimed against it as an unjust preference, it being his tour of duty. The Marquis excused himself by alleging that the arrangement had been sanctioned by the commander-in-chief, and could not be changed by him. Hamilton forthwith made a spirited appeal by letter to Washington. The latter, who was ignorant of the circumstances of the case, sent for the Marquis, and, finding that it really was Hamilton's tour of duty, directed that he should be reinstated in it, which was done. It was therefore

arranged that Colonel Gimat's battalion should lead the van, and be followed by that of Hamilton, and that the latter should command the whole advanced corps.

About eight o'clock in the evening rockets were sent up as signals for the simultaneous attack. Hamilton, to his great joy, led the advance of the Americans. The men, without waiting for the sappers to demolish the *abatis* in regular style, pushed them aside or pulled them down with their hands, and scrambled over, like rough bush-fighters. Hamilton was the first to mount the parapet, placing one foot on the shoulder of a soldier who knelt on one knee for the purpose. The men mounted after him. Not a musket was fired. The redoubt was carried at the point of the bayonet. The loss of the Americans was one sergeant and eight privates killed, seven officers and twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The loss of the enemy was eight killed and seventeen taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major Campbell, who had commanded the redoubt. A New Hampshire captain of artillery would have taken his life in revenge of the death of his favorite Colonel Scammell, but Colonel Hamilton prevented him. Not a man was killed after he ceased to resist.

The French stormed the other redoubt, which was more strongly garrisoned, with equal gallantry, but less precipitation. They proceeded according to rule. The soldiers paused while the sappers removed the *abatis*, during which time they were exposed to a destructive fire, and lost more men than did the Americans in their headlong attack. As the Baron de Viomenil, who led the party, was thus waiting, Major Barbour, Lafayette's aide-de-camp, came through the tremendous fire of the enemy with a message from the Marquis, letting him know that he was in his redoubt, and wished to know where the Barou was. "Tell the Marquis," replied the latter, "that I am not in mine, but will be in it in five minutes."

The *abatis* being removed, the troops rushed to the assault. The Chevalier de Lameth, Lafayette's adjutant-general, was the first to mount the parapet of the redoubt, and received a volley at arm's length from the Hessians who manned it.

Shot through both knees, he fell back into the ditch, and was conveyed away under care of his friend, the Count de Dumas. The Count de Deuxponts, leading on the royal grenadiers of the same name, was likewise wounded.

The grenadiers of the Gatinais regiment remembered the promise of De Rochambeau, and fought with true Gallic fire. One-third of them were slain, and among them Captain de Sireuil, a valiant officer of chasseurs; but the regiment, by its bravery on this occasion, regained from the king its proud name of the *Royal Auvergne*.

Washington was an intensely-excited spectator of these assaults, on the result of which so much depended. He had dismounted, given his horse to a servant, and taken his stand in the grand battery with Generals Knox and Lincoln and their staffs. The risk he ran of a chance shot, while watching the attack through an embrasure, made those about him uneasy. One of his aides-de-camp ventured to observe that the situation was very much exposed. "If you think so," replied he gravely, "you are at liberty to step back." When all was over and the redoubts were taken, he drew a long breath, and, turning to Knox, observed: "The work is done, *and well done*;" then called to his servant, "William, bring me my horse." In his dispatches he declared that in these assaults nothing could exceed the firmness and bravery of the troops. Lafayette also testified to the conduct of Colonel Hamilton, "whose well-known talents and gallantry," writes he, "were on this occasion most conspicuous and serviceable."

The redoubts thus taken were included the same night in the second parallel, and howitzers were mounted upon them the following day. The capture of them reduced Lord Cornwallis almost to despair. Writing that same day to Sir Henry Clinton, he observes: "My situation now becomes very critical; we dare not show a gun to their old batteries, and I expect that their new ones will open to-morrow morning. . . The safety of the place is, therefore, so precarious that I cannot recommend that the fleet and army should run great risk in endeavoring to save us"—a generous abnegation of self on the part of the beleaguered commander. Had the fleet and army sailed, as he had been given to expect, about the 5th

of October, they might have arrived in time to save his lordship; but at the date of the above letter they were still lingering in port. Delay of naval succor was fatal to British operations in this war.

The second parallel was now nearly ready to open. Cornwallis dreaded the effect of its batteries on his almost dismantled works. To retard the danger as much as possible, he ordered an attack on two of the batteries that were in the greatest state of forwardness, their guns to be spiked. It was made a little before daybreak of the 16th, by about three hundred and fifty men, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie. He divided his forces; a detachment of guards and a company of grenadiers attacked one battery, and a corps of light infantry the other.

The redoubts which covered the batteries were forced in gallant style, and several pieces of artillery hastily spiked. By this time the supporting troops from the trenches came up, and the enemy were obliged to retreat, leaving behind them seven or eight dead and six prisoners. The French, who had guard of this part of the trenches, had four officers and twelve privates killed or wounded, and the Americans lost one sergeant. The mischief had been done too hastily. The spikes were easily extracted, and before evening all the batteries and the parallel were nearly complete.

At this time the garrison could not show a gun on the side of the works exposed to attack, and the shells were nearly expended; the place was no longer tenable. Rather than surrender, Cornwallis determined to attempt an escape. His plan was to leave his sick and wounded and his baggage behind, cross over in the night to Gloucester Point, attack Choisy's camp before daybreak, mount his infantry on the captured cavalry horses, and on such other as could be collected on the road, push for the upper country by rapid marches until opposite the fords of the great rivers, then turn suddenly northward, force his way through Maryland, Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and join Sir Henry Clinton in New York. It was a wild and daring scheme; but his situation was desperate, and the idea of surrender intolerable.

In pursuance of this design, sixteen large boats were

secretly prepared ; a detachment was appointed to remain and capitulate for the town's people, the sick and the wounded ; a large part of the troops were transported to the Gloucester side of the river before midnight, and the second division had actually embarked when a violent storm of wind and rain scattered the boats, and drove them a considerable distance down the river. They were collected with difficulty. It was now too late to effect the passage of the second division before daybreak, and an effort was made to get back the division which had already crossed. It was not done until the morning was far advanced, and the troops in recrossing were exposed to the fire of the American batteries.

The hopes of Lord Cornwallis were now at an end. His works were tumbling in ruins about him, under an incessant cannonade ; his garrison was reduced in number by sickness and death, and exhausted by constant watching and severe duty. Unwilling to expose the residue of the brave troops which had stood by him so faithfully, to the dangers and horrors of an assault, which could not fail to be successful, he ordered a parley to be beaten about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, and dispatched a flag with a letter to Washington proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers might be appointed by each side to meet and settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester.

The armistice was prolonged. Commissioners met, the Viscount de Noailles and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens on the part of the allies ; Colonel Dundas and Major Ross on the part of the British. After much discussion, a rough draft was made of the terms of capitulation to be submitted to the British general. These Washington caused to be promptly transcribed, and sent to Lord Cornwallis early in the morning of the 19th, with a note expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven o'clock, and that the garrison would be ready to march out by two o'clock in the afternoon. Lord Cornwallis was fain to comply, and, accordingly, on the same day, the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester were surrendered to General Washington as commander-in-chief of the combined army ; and the ships of war, transports and

other vessels, to the Count de Grasse, as commander of the French fleet. The garrison of Yorktown and Gloucester, including the officers of the navy and seamen of every denomination, were to surrender as prisoners of war to the combined army; the land force to remain prisoners to the United States, the seamen to the King of France.

The garrison was to be allowed the same honors granted to the garrison of Charleston when it surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton. The officers were to retain their side arms; both officers and soldiers their private property, and no part of their baggage or papers was to be subject to search or inspection. The soldiers were to be kept in Virginia, Maryland, or Pennsylvania, as much by regiments as possible, and supplied with the same rations of provisions as the American soldiers. The officers were to be permitted to proceed, upon parole, to Europe or to any maritime port on the continent of America in possession of British troops. The "Bonetta" sloop-of-war, was to be at the disposal of Lord Cornwallis, to convey an aide-de-camp, with dispatches to Sir Henry Clinton, with such soldiers as he might think proper to send to New York, and was to sail without examination.

It was arranged in the allied camp that General Lincoln should receive the submission of the royal army, precisely in the manner in which the submission of his own army had been received on the surrender of Charleston. An eye-witness has given us a graphic description of the ceremony.

"At about 12 o'clock the combined army was drawn up in two lines more than a mile in length, the Americans on the right side of the road, the French on the left. Washington, mounted on a noble steed, and attended by his staff, was in front of the former; the Count de Rochambeau and his suite, of the latter. The French troops in complete uniform, and well equipped, made a brilliant appearance, and had marched to the ground with a band of music playing, which was a novelty in the American service. The American troops, but part in uniform, and all in garments much the worse for wear, yet had a spirited, soldier-like air, and were not the worse in the eyes of their countrymen for bearing the marks

of hard service and great privations. The concourse of spectators from the country seemed equal in number to the military, yet silence and order prevailed.

“About two o’clock the garrison sallied forth, and passed through with shouldered arms, slow and solemn steps, colors cased, and drums beating a British march. They were all well clad, having been furnished with new suits prior to the capitulation. They were led by General O’Hara on horseback, who, riding up to General Washington, took off his hat and apologized for the non-appearance of Lord Cornwallis, on account of indisposition. Washington received him with dignified courtesy, but pointed to Major-General Lincoln as the officer who was to receive the submission of the garrison. By him they were conducted into a field where they were to ground their arms. In passing through the lines formed by the allied army, their march was careless and irregular, and their aspect sullen, the order to “ground arms” was given by their platoon officers with a tone of deep chagrin, and many of the soldiers threw down their muskets with a violence sufficient to break them. This irregularity was checked by General Lincoln; yet it was excusable in brave men in their unfortunate predicament. This ceremony over, they were conducted back to Yorktown, to remain under guard until removed to their places of destination.”

On the following morning, Washington in general orders congratulated the allied armies on the recent victory, awarding high praise to the officers and troops, both French and American, for their conduct during the siege, and specifying by name several of the generals and other officers who had especially distinguished themselves. All those of his army who were under arrest were pardoned and set at liberty. “Divine service,” it was added, “is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops, not on duty, should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us.”

Congress gave way to transports of joy. Thanks were

voted to the commander-in-chief, to the Counts de Rochambeau and De Grasse, to the officers of the allied armies generally, and to the corps of artillery and engineers especially. Two stands of colors, trophies of the capitulation, were voted to Washington, two pieces of field ordnance to De Rochambeau and De Grasse; and it was decreed that a marble column, commemorative of the alliance between France and the United States, and of the victory achieved by their associated arms, should be erected in Yorktown. Finally, Congress issued a proclamation, appointing a day for general thanksgiving and prayer, in acknowledgment of this signal interposition of Divine Providence.

Far different was the feeling of the British ministry when news of the event reached the other side of the Atlantic. Lord George Germain was the first to announce it to Lord North at his office in Downing street. "And how did he take it?" was the inquiry. "As he would have taken a ball in the breast," replied Lord George, "for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment, 'O God! it is all over!'"—W. IRVING.

YORKTOWN.

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

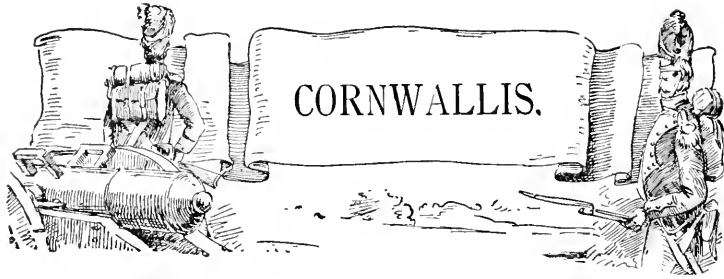
The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines ;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go :
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless ;
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone ; with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;
Let Freedom in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear ;
The New World's chain lies broken here !

—J. G. WHITTIER.





THE name of Lord Cornwallis is to Americans inseparably associated with defeat ; yet he was a brave and skillful officer, who in a long life after his surrender at Yorktown performed valuable service to his country. He belonged to one of the noblest families of England. The first member of it who bore a title, was Frederick Cornwallis, who was created a baronet in the reign of Charles I., and shared the fortunes of Charles II. in his exile on the continent of Europe. After

the Restoration, he was created Lord Cornwallis, of Eye.

Charles, the fifth lord of the family, was created Earl Cornwallis in 1753. His son Charles was born in London, 31st December, 1738, and was educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. On obtaining a commission in the grenadier guards, he made a tour on the continent, and finished his military education at Turin. As aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby, he was present at the battle of Minden, where Ferdinand of Brunswick, with the aid of the English allies, totally routed the French in 1759. Returning to England in 1760, he was sent to Parliament from the family borough of Eye, and in the following year became colonel of the 12th regiment, at the head of which he gained some distinction in the Continental campaign of 1762. Returning to England in November, he succeeded to the title and estates of his father, and took his seat in the House of Lords as second Earl Cornwallis. On the formation of the Whig ministry under Rockingham in 1765, Cornwallis was made aide-

de-camp to the king, and in 1766 colonel of the 33d regiment. He afterwards accepted the appointment of chief justice in Eyre, south of the Trent ; but when his friend Shelburn resigned, he threw up his ministerial appointments, and was credited by the mysterious Junius with retiring into voluntary exile to recover his lost reputation ; Junius did not mention that, notwithstanding his appointments, Cornwallis had voted against the ministry on several important occasions, notably in their scheme of taxing the American Colonies and their action against Wilkes.

In 1775 he was promoted to the rank of major-general. In 1776 he was offered the command of a division of the English army in America, and although he had steadily opposed the measures which led to the Revolutionary war, he accepted the post, and served with credit under both Howe and Clinton. If the English cause was hopeless before Cornwallis's first arrival, it was doubly so after Sir William Howe was succeeded by Sir Henry Clinton, who wavered much in his conduct of the war.

Cornwallis had marked success over General Gates at Camden, and afterwards hotly pursued his abler successor, General Greene, into North Carolina. The engagement at Guilford Court House was hailed in the British Parliament as the promise of a new series of victories ; but the results turned in favor of the Americans. Cornwallis entered Virginia and endeavored to capture Lafayette, who was acting under Washington's orders. He wanted to concentrate all the British forces in Virginia, and there risk a decisive battle. Clinton clung tenaciously to New York ; yet finally, by Clinton's orders, Cornwallis took up his position at Yorktown, although he himself considered his forces insufficient for a position so exposed to attack from the sea. Washington had made his arrangements beforehand with Rochambeau, and as soon as he was joined by the French troops, and knew that the French fleet was approaching from the West Indies, moved against the doomed general with all his forces. Hemmed in by land and sea, Cornwallis, after a short siege, signed the capitulation on the 19th of October, 1781, and the war was practically at an end.

Cornwallis remained a prisoner of war for about three months, and was allowed to visit England on parole, from which he was at last released by his exchange with Colonel Henry Laurens, in 1783. There was a hot discussion in England over the responsibility for the disaster; but the government seems to have condoned the faults of Cornwallis, and perhaps considered that his actions were impeded and his designs frustrated by his superior.

The confidence still reposed in him was shown by the fact that in 1785 he was offered the honor of the governor-generalship of India, which he declined. The offer was renewed in 1786, and was accepted. He distrusted the ministry and evinced a great dislike to Pitt's accession; still that statesman and Dundas considered him the only man capable of restoring the English prestige lost in the second Mysore war. Absolute civil and military power were to be vested in one person. A bill which he himself had approved or suggested, enlarging the powers of the governor-general, and enabling him in all cases of emergency to act without the concurrence of his council, and even in opposition to it, received the royal assent after Cornwallis had departed for India.

He found the civil service rotten to the core, and took the first step in reform by announcing to the East India Company's servants, that he had arranged their pay on a scale which would relieve them from the necessity of having recourse to peculation. His services in reorganizing and rendering efficient the company's military forces were no less important. For three years he waged incessant war against all jobbery and corruption in civil and military circles; but was interrupted in his good work by the outbreak of the third Mysore war, which he settled in such a way as to secure official recognition and the title of Marquis. On leaving India he was succeeded as governor-general by Sir John Shore, who had been his principal coadjutor, and his fellow-officer, Sir Robert Abercromby, as commander-in-chief.

In 1798 the disturbed state of affairs in Ireland needed the services of an experienced general and statesman. Cornwallis accepted the position of viceroy and commander-in-chief, much to Pitt's satisfaction and relief, and made stren-

uous and well-directed efforts to pacify the country. In 1801 he received the military command of the Eastern District of England, and was appointed English plenipotentiary to negotiate the peace of Amiens.

In 1805 he was again called to India, and was proceeding up the Ganges with the view of putting an end to the unprofitable war still being waged, when he was seized with sudden illness, which terminated fatally at Ghazipore, October 5th, 1805.

The whole career of Cornwallis in America and Europe, in India and in Ireland, was one of devotion to duty. His private life was pure and amiable; his public life was marked by tenacity of purpose, contempt of jobbing, and anxiety to protect the rights and interests of individuals.

LAFAYETTE AND CORNWALLIS IN VIRGINIA.

Washington had persuaded the French admiral, at Newport, to send his whole fleet to close the entrance of the Chesapeake; and by land he sent Lafayette, with twelve hundred light infantry, to take command in Virginia. Lafayette left Peekskill, feigned an attack upon Staten Island in passing, marched rapidly by Philadelphia to the head of the Chesapeake—they all call it the “head of Elk”—crowded his men on such boats as he found there, and went down to Annapolis. There, with some of his officers, he took a little vessel, in which he ran down to Williamsburg, to confer with Steuben. He then crossed the James River, and reached the camp of Muhlenberg, near Suffolk, on the 19th of March. On the 23d he learned that the English fleet had so far injured the French in an action that they had returned to Newport; so that it was Arbuthnot, and not Destouches, whose fleet had arrived at Hampton Roads. Under their protection the English General Phillips relieved Arnold with two thousand more men.

General Phillips immediately took command of the English army, for which he had sufficient force of light transports, and proceeded up the James River. He landed first at Burrell's Ferry, opposite Williamsburg, into which city, till lately the capital of the State, he marched unmolested. His different

marauding parties had entire success in their operations ; and it is to be observed that his command of the navigation was an essential element of that success. "There is no fighting here," wrote Lafayette, "unless you have a naval superiority or an army mounted on race-horses." Under almost all circumstances a corps embarked on boats could be pushed along these rivers faster than an enemy marching on the land.

The State of Virginia was at this time the storehouse from which General Greene's army in Carolina was supplied. To destroy the stores collected here, and thus directly to break down the American Army in the South, was Sir Henry Clinton's object in sending out General Phillips. To protect these stores and the lines of communication with the Southern army was the object of the American generals. But an important change came when Lord Cornwallis at Wilmington, North Carolina, took the responsibility of the dashing but fatal plan, by which he crossed North Carolina with his own army, joined Phillips' army in Virginia, and with this large force, with no considerable enemy opposed, was in a position to go anywhere or to do anything unmolested. Cornwallis was an admirable officer, quite the ablest the English employed in America. He was young, spirited and successful, and, which was of much more importance in England, he had plenty of friends at Court. He conceived the great insubordination, therefore, of this great movement, which must compromise Sir Henry Clinton's plans, although Sir Henry was his commander. He wrote to the Secretary for the Colonies in London, and to General Phillips in Virginia, that he was satisfied that a "serious attempt" on that State, or "solid operations in Virginia," made the proper plan. So he abandoned Carolina, to which he had been sent, to General Greene ; and with the idea that Sir Henry Clinton, his superior in command, ought to quit New York and establish himself in Virginia, without waiting that officer's views he marched thither himself in such wise as to compel him to come. In that movement the great game was really lost.

Lafayette was at Williamsburg, disappointed at the failure to entrap Arnold. He returned at once to Annapolis by water, and transported his troops back to the head of Ches-

peake Bay, expecting to return to New York, now that his mission had failed. But Washington had learned meanwhile that General Phillips had been sent from New York to reinforce Arnold; and so Lafayette met orders at the head of the Chesapeake to return, take command in Virginia, and foil the English as he might. Wayne, in Pennsylvania, was to join him with eight hundred of the Pennsylvania line. "How Lafayette or Wayne can march without money or credit," wrote Washington to Laurens, "is more than I can tell." But he did his part, which was to command—and they did theirs, which was to obey.

Lafayette did his part thus: His troops, twelve hundred light infantry, the best soldiers in the world, he said at the end of the summer, had left Peekskill for a short expedition only. They had no supplies for a summer campaign, and seemed likely to desert him. Lafayette issued a spirited order of the day, and offered a pass back to the North River to any man who did not dare share with him the perils of the summer against a superior force. He crossed the Susquehanna on the 13th of April, was in Baltimore on the 18th, and it was here that the ladies gave him the ball where he said, "My soldiers have no shirts." He borrowed two thousand guineas on his own personal security, promising to pay at the end of two years, when the French law would make him master of his estates. He bought material with the money, made the Baltimore belles make the shirts, and started on his forced march again, with his troops clothed and partly shod, on the 20th. He pressed on to Fredericksburg, and was at Richmond on the 29th.

This saved the city and its magazines from General Phillips, who had reached Manchester, on the opposite side of James River. Phillips retired down the river, hoping to decoy Lafayette after him, on the neck of land between the James and York rivers, and then to return by his vessels on the first change of wind, get in Lafayette's rear, and shut him up there. Phillips was called south to Petersburg, where he died.

Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg with his Southern troops, including Tarleton's horse, on the 20th of May. He then

had nearly six thousand men under his orders. Lafayette had about thirty-two hundred, of whom only a few were cavalry, a volunteer body of Baltimore young gentlemen being the most of them. The Virginia gentry had hesitated about giving up their fine blood-horses to mount cavalry on. But Tarleton had no hesitation in stealing them for his troopers, nor Simcoe, his fellow-partisan, for his,—so that Cornwallis had the aid of two bodies of cavalry thus admirably mounted, against an enemy almost destitute. Both armies marched without tents, with the very lightest baggage.

Lafayette felt his inferiority of force, and as soon as Cornwallis joined, crossed back over James River at Osborn's. Cornwallis crossed at Westover, twenty miles lower down the river. Lafayette felt the necessity of meeting Wayne, who was supposed to be coming from Pennsylvania; he therefore retraced his march of a few weeks before, followed by Cornwallis with his infantry; the cavalry had been on more distant service. Cornwallis would have crushed Lafayette, if he had overtaken him; but Lafayette marched nearly up to Fredericksburg again, protected it till its stores were removed, and then, after five days' march more, westward, met Wayne with his eight hundred Pennsylvanians at Raccoon Ford. Cornwallis passed through Hanover Court-House to Chesterfield Court-House, "stealing tobacco" to the amount of two thousand hogsheads, then turned south and west again, and awaited Lafayette's movements. Cornwallis was all along unwilling to engage in extensive operations till he should hear from Sir Henry Clinton, whom he knew he had insulted and offended. His detachments of horse had been sent, meanwhile, up the line of James River above Richmond.

Tarleton penetrated as far as Charlottesville, marching seventy miles in twenty-four hours, hoping to take the Legislature by surprise; but the legislators escaped, Jefferson among them. Tarleton took seven, however, who told him that the country was tired of the war, and that, if no treaty for a loan were made with France that summer, Congress would negotiate with England before winter. Tarleton returned down the Rivanna River to its junction with the James, where he assisted Simcoe in driving out Baron Steu-

ben, who with a few militia was trying to protect some arms there. Poor Steuben had but few to protect, nothing to protect them with, and lost them all. At this point the cavalry rejoined the main army under Cornwallis.

Lord Cornwallis reunited all his forces at Elk Island, about forty miles above Richmond, on James River. His own headquarters were at "Jefferson's Plantation." He proposed another blow, on the stores collected in Old Albemarle Court-House, behind the mountains; and, on the 9th of June he ordered Tarleton to march thither at daybreak, but recalled the order. He seems to have preferred waiting till he could attack "the Marquis," as they all called Lafayette, to advantage, to risking any considerable division in the mountains. And as he lay, the road by which he supposed Lafayette must come down from Raccoon Ford to protect Albemarle would expose him to a flank attack as he passed the head of Byrd's River. It was at this time, that, in a dispatch which was intercepted, he wrote, "The boy cannot escape me." Lafayette tells the story with great gusto. "The boy" found a mountain-road which crossed farther west than that which he was expected to march upon. It had been long disused, but he pressed through it—and at Burwell's Ordinary—he formed, on the 12th and 13th, in a strong position between Cornwallis and the coveted magazines. Cornwallis affected to suppose that the stores had been withdrawn; but, as he had given up Fredericksburg that he might destroy these very stores, Lafayette had good reason to congratulate himself that he had foiled him in the two special objects of the campaign, and had reduced him to the business which he did not like, of "stealing tobacco." For whatever reason, Cornwallis did not press his enterprise. Leaving the Albemarle stores, therefore, and the road to Greene behind the mountains, he retraced his steps down the valley of the James River, and, passing Richmond, descended as low as Williamsburg.

Lafayette followed him with delight, not to say amazement. "The enemy is so obliging as to withdraw before us," he writes. Their forces were numerically about equal, each commanding now rather more than five thousand men. But of Lafayette's only fifty were cavalry, a very important arm

in that campaign, while Cornwallis had now eight hundred men mounted on the blood-horses of Virginia. Lafayette thought that the English exaggerated his force. But we now know from Cornwallis' letters, that he had promised Clinton to be at Williamsburg on the 26th of June, ready for any operations he might then and there propose. On the 25th he arrived at Williamsburg. Lafayette was always one day's march behind him.

At Williamsburg poor Cornwallis met his fate. He had, perhaps, been dreading the arrival of his dispatches from Clinton, through all the month he had been in Virginia. At last they came. Clinton was sorry he was there, expressed his regret that Cornwallis did not favor his plan for marching on Philadelphia, gave him *carte blanche* for Baltimore or Delaware; but, instead of reinforcing him, asked for two thousand men, if he could spare them. The letter is, on the whole, a manly letter, from a superior to an inferior, who had social rank higher than himself, and more of the confidence of their government. It gives Cornwallis great latitude; but it does not "abandon New York and bring our whole force into Virginia," which was Cornwallis' pet plan.

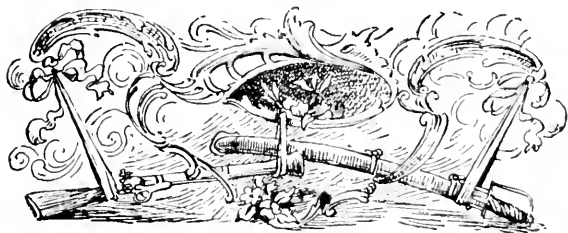
His lordship behaved ill, and, in a pet, threw away the British empire in America. He sulked, to speak simply. He took the sullen policy of literal obedience to orders, though he knew he should "break his owners." He marched at once, crossed James River at Jamestown, where Lafayette attacked his rear, withdrew to Portsmouth, and put on vessels the two thousand men asked for by Sir Henry. Just then new dispatches came from Clinton, who had received later news, and who was always trying to humor this spoiled child. He told him to keep all his men in Virginia, where he would take command himself as soon as the hot season was over.

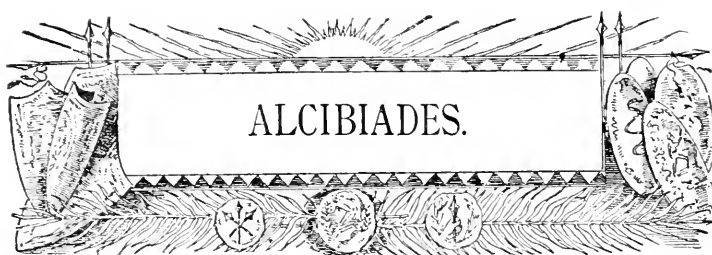
Clinton ordered him to take post at Old Point Comfort, where Fort Monroe is. But the engineer officers reported that they could not protect the fleet there against the French; and, to the delight of Lafayette, Cornwallis selected Yorktown for his summer position.

When Lafayette heard that the troops had sailed up the Chesapeake—instead of to New York, which he had very cor-

rectly supposed to be their destination—he thought Cornwallis was going to strike at Baltimore, and that he must “cut across” to Fredericksburg. That way he marched with his light infantry. His amazement hardly concealed itself when he found the enemy stopped at Yorktown. Back he came to Williamsburg, and wrote to Washington: “If a fleet should arrive at this moment, our affairs will take a very fortunate turn.” This was on the 6th of August. On the 1st of September he could write: “From the bottom of my heart, my dear General, I felicitate you on the arrival of the French fleet. . . . Thanks to you, my dear General, I am in a charming situation, and I find myself at the head of a superb corps.” The Marquis of St. Simon joined him with three thousand French infantry from the fleet, and at Williamsburg they effectually kept Cornwallis from escape by land, as the French fleet did by sea.

The English plan was to attack and beat Lafayette and St. Simon before Washington joined them. The English columns were to move from Yorktown so as to attack Williamsburg before daybreak. “That time was deemed eligible,” says Tarleton, “because the ground near and in Williamsburg is cut by several ravines, and because the British column in advancing, in the long and straight road through the town, would not be so much exposed to the enemy’s cannon under cover of the night as during the day.” Cornwallis gave up the plan, however, and waited for the help from Clinton, which never came. On the 15th of September Washington and Rochambeau joined Lafayette; on the 18th of October Cornwallis capitulated, and for eighty years the Virginian campaigns were over.—C. C. LARKIN.





ALCIBIADES was a remarkable product of the Athenian race and training; restless, versatile, sharp-witted, daring in contrivance and execution, yet wanting in stability and perseverance, and therefore failing in permanent success and enduring fame.

Alcibiades was born at Athens, about 450 B.C. His father, Clinias, claimed descent from Ajax of Salamis; and his mother was the

daughter of Megacles, of the noble family of the Alcmaeonidæ. Clinias was killed at the battle of Coronea, and his young son was placed under the care of his relatives, Ariphron and Pericles; but the latter was so entirely devoted to public business, that he probably gave little thought to the training of his young charge. On many occasions the actions of the child foreshadowed the career of the man. One day, while he was playing in the street, a chariot drove up. The boy told the driver to stop, and on his refusal, threw himself in front of the wheel and told him to drive on if he dared. On another occasion, in a fight with one of his companions, he bit his antagonist's hand. "You bite like a woman," said his companion. "No," replied Alcibiades, "I bite like a lion."

Alcibiades succeeded well in all his studies, and was accomplished in athletic exercises. His beauty, his birth, and the reputation of Pericles brought around him a great number of friends and courtesans, whose influence on his moral

character was far from beneficial. Yet the sage Socrates saw in him the germs of great virtues as well as of great vices, and ever endeavored to bend his mind in the right direction, patiently drawing out his reasoning faculties, and developing in him that persuasive eloquence of which, later in life, he made so bad a use. His first experience in actual warfare was gained in the battle of Potidæa, where he was severely wounded, and rescued by Socrates. This kindness he was able to repay at the battle of Delium, by rescuing Socrates when pursued by the victorious enemy.

When Cleon, the demagogue, was killed, B.C. 422, Alcibiades began to come into notice as a public character ; previous to this he had been known only by his luxury and dissipation. The only man at Athens whose influence he feared was Nicias, who had succeeded in making a treaty of peace for fifty years with the Lacedemonians. Alcibiades, irritated because they had not addressed themselves to him, although he was united to them by ties of hospitality, endeavored to have the treaty broken, and did not hesitate to use unscrupulous means to effect his purpose. He succeeded in persuading the Athenians to contract an alliance with the people of Argos, which immediately produced a rupture with the jealous Lacedemonians.

On different occasions Alcibiades was entrusted with the command of a fleet to ravage the Peloponnesus. In one of these expeditions, he tried to induce the Patreans to break their alliance with the Lacedemonians and form one with the Athenians. "The Athenians would eat us up," said they. "That may be," replied Alcibiades, "but they will begin with the feet, and eat you by degrees ; whereas the Lacedemonians will devour you at a gulp, head first."

His taste for luxury and profusion never quitted him, even in the vicissitudes of war. He dressed in the finest purple, and slept on a soft couch. On his return to the city, after an expedition, he indulged in debauchery of every kind. Being in the street one night with some of his companions, he made a bet that he would insult Hipponicus, the millionaire, and he did it effectually. But the report of his conduct caused such a stir in the city, that Alcibiades went to the man whom he

had offended, stripped himself in his presence, and begged him to take vengeance by scourging him. Hipponicus, pleased with his repentance, not only pardoned him, but gave him his daughter in marriage with a dowry of 54,000 talents. This union did not make him wiser. His wife, irritated by his infidelities, went to the ephor to apply for a writ of divorce; but Alcibiades, warned of her intention, anticipated her, and when she arrived lifted her in his arms and carried her back across a public square without any one interfering. This violence did not seem to displease the injured wife, who never afterwards dreamed of separating from him.

Although the richest people in Greece thought they displayed extraordinary magnificence in taking one chariot to the great Grecian festival of the Olympic Games, which occurred every fourth year, Alcibiades mustered no fewer than seven, and carried off three prizes. Euripides celebrates this exploit in a poem, of which only fragments have come down to us. By his continual contempt of all conventionalities, Alcibiades made himself many enemies, and among others a fellow of low origin named Hyperbolus, who proposed a decree of ostracism against Alcibiades and Nicias. The two rivals, however, laid aside their animosities for a time, and succeeded in making the sentence fall on the very man who had accused them. Hyperbolus, being a person of no consideration, felt himself honored. The people were so furious at this profanation of ostracism, which was intended only for removing temporarily citizens who were becoming too powerful, that they abandoned the practice altogether.

The Peloponnesian war had now begun, and after some minor conflicts, at the instigation of Alcibiades, the Athenians, in 415 B.C., resolved on a great expedition against the city of Syracuse, in Sicily. But while the necessary preparations were in progress, it happened that all the busts of Hermes throughout the city were mutilated in one night. These images stood at the crossings of the main streets. The sacrilegious act was represented to the people as a step towards overthrowing the democratic constitution of Athens. Alcibiades and Andocides were accused of profaning the Eleusinian mysteries, and were thought capable of the mutilation; especially as the

Hermes near Andocides' house was almost the only one in the city which had not been touched. Alcibiades wished to clear himself of the charge, but was hurried off with the Sicilian expedition. Scarcely had he left Athens, however, when his enemies sent a vessel after him to bring him back for judgment. He managed to escape, first to Argos and then to Sparta, where he accommodated himself so well to the ascetic Spartan life, that he became the idol of the people, and won the affections of Timæa, the Spartan king's wife.

In his absence the Athenians passed a sentence of death against him; but he determined to show them that he was still alive. He went to Asia Minor, stirred up the whole of Ionia against Athens, and caused much trouble. Then the king and the principal men of Sparta became jealous of him, and sent word to their generals in Asia Minor to have him assassinated; but he saw through their projects, and made his way to Tissaphernes, a satrap of the King of Persia. He now plunged into all the excesses of Asiatic luxury, and made himself so agreeable to the satrap that he could not do without him. Tissaphernes was induced by Alcibiades to act against the Lacedemonians instead of in concert with them. It was thus that he acted through all his ever-changing fortunes. Whenever his enemies tried to suppress him, he frustrated their designs by setting them at variance with other powers.

Notwithstanding his unfriendly relations with the Athenians, he lived to win battles for them, and to be recalled to his native city with wild enthusiasm. But at last his hour arrived. He had withdrawn to Bithynia, intending to pass thence to King Artaxerxes, with the view of interesting him in favor of his country; but the thirty tyrants, established by Lysander at Athens, fearing his influence, tried to have him assassinated. Lysander gave the murderous commission to Pharnabazus, a satrap of the Persian king, against whom Alcibiades had formerly fought. Alcibiades happened to be in a town of Phrygia, at the house of his mistress Timandra, when the emissaries of Pharnabazus came to carry out their master's orders. Not daring to attack Alcibiades openly, they set fire to the house, and when he rushed out to defend himself, struck him to the ground by a flight of arrows, B.C. 404.

Timandra took charge of his body, and gave it decent burial. Such was the end of a man in whom nature had placed qualities the most opposite, "ever ready," as Plutarch says, "like a chameleon, to take the impression of the objects with which he happened to be surrounded."

THE MUTILATION OF HERMÆ.

In the time of Pericles, the Athenians had a desire after Sicily, and when he had paid the last debt to nature, they attempted it; frequently, under pretence of succoring their allies, sending aids of men and money to such of the Sicilians as were attacked by the Syracusans. This was a step to greater armaments. But Alcibiades inflamed this desire to an irresistible degree, and persuaded them not to attempt the island in part, but to send a powerful fleet entirely to subdue it. He inspired the people with hopes of great things, and indulged himself in expectations still more lofty; for he did not, like the rest, consider Sicily as the end of his wishes, but rather as an introduction to the mighty expeditions he had conceived. And while Nicias was dissuading the people from the siege of Syracuse as a business too difficult to succeed in, Alcibiades was dreaming of Carthage and of Libya; and after these were gained, had designed to grasp Italy and Peloponnesus, regarding Sicily as little more than a magazine for provisions and warlike stores.

The young men immediately entered into his schemes, and listened with great attention to those who, under the sanction of age, related wonders concerning the intended expeditions. However, we are informed that Socrates the philosopher, and Meton the astrologer, were far from expecting that these wars would turn to the advantage of Athens: the former, it should seem, influenced by some prophetic notices with which he was favored by the genius who attended him, and the latter either by reasonings which led him to fear what was to come, or else by knowledge with which his art supplied him.

Nicias was appointed one of the generals much against his inclination, for he would have declined the command if it had been only on account of his having such a colleague. The Athenians, however, thought the war would be better con-

ducted if they did not give free scope to the impetuosity of Alcibiades, but tempered his boldness with the prudence of Nicias. For as to the third general, Lamachus, though well advanced in years, he did not seem to come at all short of Alcibiades in heat and rashness.

When they came to deliberate about the number of the troops, and the necessary preparations for the armament, Nicias again opposed their measures, and endeavored to prevent the war. But Alcibiades replying to his arguments, and carrying all before him, the orator Demosthenes proposed a decree, that the generals should have the absolute direction of the war, and of all the preparations for it. When the people had given their assent, and everything was got ready for setting sail, unlucky omens occurred, on a festival that was celebrated at that time. It was the feast of Adonis; the women walked in procession with images, which represented the dead carried out to burial, acting the lamentations, and singing the mournful dirges usual on such occasions.

Add to this the mutilating and disfiguring of almost all the statues of Hermes (or Mercury), which happened in one night, a circumstance which alarmed even those who had long despised things of that nature. It was imputed to the Corinthians, of whom the Syracusans were a colony, and they were supposed to have done it, in hopes that such a prodigy might induce the Athenians to desist from the war. But the people paid little regard to this insinuation, or to the discourses of those who said that there was no manner of ill presage in what had happened, and that it was nothing but the wild frolic of a parcel of young fellows, flushed with wine, and bent on some extravagance. Indignation and fear made them take this event not only for a bad omen, but for the outbreak of a plot which aimed at great matters, and therefore both Senate and people assembled several times within a few days, and strictly examined every suspicious circumstance.

In the meantime the demagogue Androcles produced some Athenian slaves, and certain sojourners, who accused Alcibiades and his friends of defacing some other statues, and of mimicking the Eleusinian mysteries in one of their drunken revels; on which occasion, they said, one Theodorus repre-

sented the herald, Polytion the torch-bearer, and Alcibiades the high priest; his other companions attending as persons initiated, called Mystæ. Such was the import of the deposition of Thessalus, the son of Cimon, who accused Alcibiades of impiety towards the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine. The people being much provoked at Alcibiades, and Androcles, his bitterest enemy, exasperating them still more, at first he was somewhat disconcerted; but when he perceived that the seamen and soldiers too, intended for the Sicilian expedition, were on his side, and heard a body of Argives and Mantineans, consisting of 1,000 men, declare that they were willing to cross the seas, and to run the risk of a foreign war for the sake of Alcibiades; but that if any injury were done to him, they would immediately march home again; then he recovered his spirits, and appeared to defend himself. It was now his enemies' turn to be discouraged, and to fear that the people, on account of the need they had of him, would be favorable in their sentence. To obviate this inconvenience, they persuaded certain orators, who were not reputed to be his enemies, yet hated him as heartily as the most professed ones, to move it to the people, "That it was extremely absurd, that a general who was invested with a discretionary power, and a very important command, when the troops were collected, and the allies all ready to sail, should lose time, while they were casting lots for judges, and filling the glasses with water, to measure out the time of his defence. In the name of the gods let him sail, and when the war is concluded, be accountable to the laws, which will still be the same."

Alcibiades easily saw their malicious drift, in wanting to put off the trial, and observed, "That it would be an intolerable hardship to leave such accusations and calumnies behind him, and be sent out with so important a commission, while he was in suspense as to his own fate. That he ought to suffer death, if he could not clear himself of the charge; but if he could prove his innocence, justice required that he should be set free from all fear of false accusers, before they sent him against their enemies." But he could not obtain that favor. He was indeed ordered to set sail, which he accordingly did, together with his colleagues, having nearly 140 galleys, 5,100

heavy-armed soldiers, and about 1,300 archers, slingers, and other light-armed soldiers ; with suitable provisions and stores.

Arriving on the coast of Italy, he landed at Rhegium. There he gave his opinion as to the manner in which the war should be conducted, and was opposed by Nicias ; but as Lamachus agreed with him, he sailed to Sicily, and made himself master of Catana. This was all he performed, being soon sent for by the Athenians to take his trial. At first there was nothing against him but slight suspicions, and the depositions of slaves and persons who sojourned in Athens. But his enemies took advantage of his absence, to bring new matter of impeachment, adding to the mutilating of the statues, his sacrilegious behavior with respect to the mysteries, and alleging that both these crimes flowed from the same source, a conspiracy to change the government. All that were accused of being concerned in it they committed to prison unheard, and the people repented that they had not immediately brought Alcibiades to his trial, and condemned him upon so heavy a charge. While this fury lasted, every relation, every friend and acquaintance of his, was very severely dealt with by the people.

Among those that were then imprisoned, in order to their trial, was the orator Andocides, whom Hellanicus the historian reckons among the descendants of Ulysses. He was thought to be no friend to a popular government, but a favorer of oligarchy. What contributed not a little to his being suspected of having some concern in defacing the *Herinæ*, was, that the great statue of Mercury, which was placed near his house, being consecrated to that god by the tribe called the *Ægeis*, was almost the only one among the most remarkable which was left entire.

It happened that among those who were imprisoned on the same account, Andocides contracted an acquaintance and friendship with one Timæus, a man not equal in rank to himself, but of uncommon parts, and a daring spirit. He advised Andocides to accuse himself and a few more ; because the decree promised impunity to any one that would confess and inform, whereas the event of the trial was uncertain to all, and much to be dreaded by such of them as were persons of

distinction. He represented that it was better to save his life by a falsity than to suffer an infamous death as one really guilty of the crime; and that with respect to the public, it would be an advantage to give up a few persons of dubious character, in order to rescue many good men from an enraged populace.

Andocides was prevailed upon by these arguments of Timæus; and informing against himself and some others, enjoyed the impunity promised by the decree; but all the rest whom he named were capitally punished, except a few that fled. Nay, to procure the greater credit to his depositions, he accused even his own servants.

However, the fury of the people was not so satisfied; but turning from the persons who had disfigured the Hermæ, as if it had reposed a while only to recover its strength, it fell totally upon Alcibiades. At last they sent the Salaminian galley to fetch him, artfully enough ordering their officer not to use violence, or to lay hold of his person, but to behave to him with civility, and to acquaint him with the people's orders that he should go and take his trial, and clear himself before them. For they were apprehensive of some tumult and mutiny in the army, now it was in an enemy's country, which Alcibiades, had he been so disposed, might have raised. Indeed, the soldiers expressed great uneasiness at his leaving them, and expected that the war would be spun out to a great length by the dilatory counsels of Nicias, when the spur was taken away. Lamachus, indeed, was bold and brave, but he was wanting both in dignity and weight, by reason of his poverty.

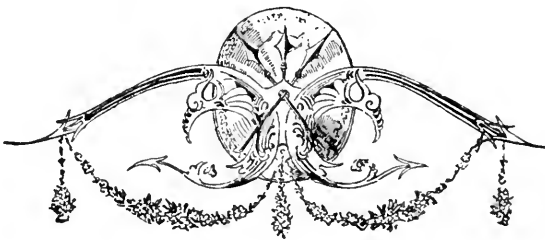
Alcibiades immediately embarked, the consequence of which was that the Athenians could not take Messina. There were persons in the town ready to betray it, whom Alcibiades perfectly knew, and as he apprised some that were friends to the Syracusans of their intention, the affair miscarried.

As soon as he arrived at Thurii, he went on shore, and concealing himself there, eluded the search that was made after him; but some person knowing him, and saying, "Will not you, then, trust your country?" he answered, "As to anything else I will trust her; but with my life I would not trust even my mother, lest she should mistake a black bean

for a white one." Afterwards being told that the republic had condemned him to die, he said, "But I will make them find that I am alive."

As he did not appear, the Athenian people condemned him, confiscated his goods, and ordered all the priests and priestesses to denounce an execration against him; which was denounced accordingly by all but Theno, the daughter of Menon, priestess of the temple of Agrauios, who excused herself, alleging that she was a priestess for prayer, not for execration.

While these decrees and sentences were passing against Alcibiades, he was at Argos, having left Thurii, which no longer afforded him a safe asylum, to come into Peloponnesus. Still dreading his enemies, and giving up all hopes of being restored to his country, he sent to Sparta to desire permission to live there, under the protection of the public faith, promising to serve that State more effectually, now he was their friend, than he had annoyed them, whilst their enemy. The Spartans granting him a safe conduct, and expressing their readiness to receive him, he went thither with pleasure. One thing he soon effected, which was to procure succors for Syracuse without farther hesitation or delay, having persuaded them to send Gylippus thither, to take upon him the direction of the war, and to crush the Athenian power in Sicily. Another thing which he persuaded them to, was to declare war against the Athenians, and to begin its operations on the continent; and the third, which was the most important of all, was to get Decelea fortified, for this, being in the neighborhood of Athens, was productive of great mischief to that commonwealth.—PLUTARCH.





NICIAS (or Nikias) was a celebrated Athenian politician and general of the latter part of the fifth century B.C. He was a leader of the aristocratic party, and his very virtues contributed to bring about the disastrous ending of the Peloponnesian War and the overthrow of the independence of Athens. He was a son of Niceratus, and inherited a

large fortune. He owned silver mines in Laurium, and also a multitude of slaves. He gained some reputation while Pericles lived, and was several times his colleague in the war. When Pericles died (429 B.C.), Nicias was soon advanced to the head of the administration by the influence of the rich and great, who hoped that he would prove a barrier against the daring insolence of the demagogue Cleon. He was cautious, timid, moderate, and mediocre in ability. He was scrupulous in his observance of the religion of his country, and even superstitious. He used his money liberally, so as to increase his popularity, and amused the people by magnificent public shows. Altogether he was an excellent example of the conservative aristocrat in a highly civilized State.

Nicias endeavored to avoid expeditions which he thought would be long and difficult, and he was generally successful in his earlier operations against the Spartans. He took the island of Cythera (Cerigo); recovered many places in Thrace, which had revolted from the Athenians; captured the port of Nisæa, and defeated the army of Corinth in a pitched battle (425 B.C.).

Cleon, the opponent of Nicias, was killed in battle in 422 B.C. Both parties were then tired of hostilities. Nicias made overtures of peace to the Spartans, and persuaded the Athenians to terminate the war. A treaty of peace, to last fifty years, between Athens and Sparta, was concluded in 421 B.C., and this was called the "Peace of Nicias." Alcibiades, the new leader of the democratic party, was opposed to peace, and endeavored by his intrigues to renew the war. Plutarch says the young wished for war and the old wished for peace. By a dishonorable trick, Alcibiades duped the Spartan ambassadors, and persuaded the Athenians to make an alliance with Argos, Elis and Mantinea in 420 B.C., and in the next year he was chosen general.

A long contest occurred between Nicias and Alcibiades ; but the latter persuaded the people to renew the war by sending an armament for the conquest of Syracuse and Sicily. Nicias steadily opposed this expedition, and denounced Alcibiades for plunging the State into a dangerous war to gratify his ambition. As a kind of compromise, Nicias, Alcibiades and Lamachus were chosen joint commanders in 415 B.C., it being hoped that the two older generals would prevent any rash acts by the younger. The expedition consisted of an army of about 7,000 men and a fleet of 134 triremes. Before the fleet arrived at Syracuse, Alcibiades was accused of an act of sacrilege committed in Athens, and was recalled to stand his trial. He escaped to Sparta, and became an enemy of his country. The chief command then devolved on Nicias.

The recall of Alcibiades deprived the Athenians of their ablest general. Nicias was too dilatory and lacked energy. "There was," says Plutarch, "no end of his delays. He either made an idle parade of sailing along the coast, or else sat still deliberating." In the spring of 414 B.C. he blockaded the port of Syracuse. He conducted his movements with so much prudence that he occupied the peninsula of Thapsos, and obtained possession of Epipolæ, or heights near the city, before the enemy knew of his approach ; for he was bold and vigorous in executing, as he was timid and dilatory in forming, a resolution. Although he was disabled by ill health, he gained some victories over the Syracusans, and he nearly

enclosed Syracuse with a wall on the land side. Lamachus was killed in battle near Syracuse in 414 B.C., and Nicias remained sole commander. Nicias, contrary to his nature, was suddenly elated by his present strength and success.

The arrival of Gylippus, a very able Spartan general, made a great change in the situation. He gained several victories over the Athenians. Gylippus alone saved Sicily. Nicias now wished to resign on account of ill health; but his resignation was not accepted by the people of Athens, who still had the highest respect for his virtue and abilities. Near the end of 414 B.C., they resolved to send another army and fleet to Syracuse. Eurymedon was sent with a few ships in winter with money to pay the soldiers, and in the spring of 413, Demosthenes (not the orator) followed with a large fleet and an army of 8,000 men. Contrary to the advice of Nicias, Demosthenes, who was bold and vigorous, put himself at the head of the land forces and attacked the enemy at Epipolæ in the night, but was defeated with a loss of 2,000 men. Demosthenes, who was prompt in coming to a decision, then advised that they should retire from Sicily and return home. Nicias consented, and was prepared to embark, when he was panic-struck by an eclipse of the moon, and delayed, for superstitious reasons, until it was too late. The Athenians were again defeated by sea and land. Nicias began to retreat by land; but his army was captured, and both he and Demosthenes were put to death in 413 B.C. His superstition caused the total destruction of his army and the loss of his ships. This terrible calamity left Athens at the mercy of Sparta.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

The folly or the iniquity of Nicias was now to inflict on Athens a deadlier mischief than any which Alkibiades had striven to do to her. Syracuse was wild with excitement; Gylippus was gone to gather fresh recruits in other parts of Sicily; and while the victory on Epipolai was stirring the Syracusans to a mighty attack on the Athenian camp near the harbor, their enemies, overwhelmed by the long series of their calamities, were being wasted by the marsh fever which becomes

most malignant in the autumn, and were possessed by the one absorbing desire to be quit of a task which brought them nothing but deadly and ignominious defeat. In circumstances such as these Demosthenes was a man not likely to hesitate. All he could do as an assailant had been done: and he was bound to preserve lives on which the very salvation of their country depended. For the present the new fleet which he had brought with them made them once more masters of the sea; and it was his business to remove the army while the path was open.

The reply of Nikias betrays an imbecility, an infatuation, or a depravity which has seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; and we have to remember that it is given to us by Thucydides, who reviews his career with singular indulgence, and who cherished his memory with affectionate but melancholy veneration. The party in Syracuse which had been all along in communication with him may still have urged him not to abandon the siege. By these men he may have been informed that the Syracusans had already spent 2,000 talents on the war, that they owed a heavy debt besides, and that it would be beyond their power to maintain the contest much longer; but it was impossible for him not to see that while the strength of the Athenians was daily becoming less, that of his enemies was enormously increasing. The truth is that, if the report of his speech may be trusted, his resolution was taken on other considerations. The Athenians, he asserted, were a people under the dominion of loud-voiced and bullying demagogues, and of the men who were now crying out under the hardships of the siege the greater number would join eagerly in charging their generals with treachery or corruption, if ever they should again take their seats in the Athenian assembly. Nothing, therefore, should induce him to consent to a retreat until he received positive orders from Athens commanding his return. In plain English, Nikias was afraid to go home, and he was a coward where Demosthenes, in spite of his failure, was honest, straightforward, and brave.

His absurd delusion found no favor with Demosthenes, who insisted again that the siege ought to be given up, but that,

if on this point they must wait for a dispatch from Athens, they would be grossly disregarding their duty to their country if they failed to remove their fleet at once either to Katanê or to Naxos. To linger in the great harbor was to court ruin. Above all, there was time now to carry out this change. Soon it might be too late. Even to this wise and generous counsel Nikias opposed a front so firm that his colleague began to think that he had some private grounds for his resolution which time in the end would justify. He had none ; and when Gylippos returned to Syracuse with reinforcements, Nikias at once saw that any attempt to speak of the resources of Syracuse as failing would be utterly vain, and only requested that the order for retreat should be privately circulated through the army, not formally decreed in a council of war.

Days and weeks of most precious time had Nikias thus wasted, while Gylippos was gathering his reinforcements in other parts of Sicily. But although all hope of taking Syracuse was gone, the mischief done to Athens was not yet irreparable. The consent of Nikias, even now reluctantly extorted, had come to Demosthenes as a reprieve for which he had almost ceased to hope ; and the preparations for departure were far advanced when an eclipse of the moon filled Nikias with an agony of religious terror. To the groveling devotee one course only was open. The prophets must be consulted, and their decision scrupulously obeyed. Unhappily his own prophet Stilbides had recently died, and the soothsayers whose opinion was taken declared that the Athenians must remain where they were until thrice nine days should have passed away. Nikias accordingly insisted that during this period the question of retreat should not even be mooted ; but he had sealed the doom of the army and the doom of his country, and long before the seven-and-twenty days were ended this once magnificent armament had been utterly destroyed.

Through Syracuse the tidings flew like fire that the Athenians had resolved to sail away, and that their resolution had been changed by the eclipse. The former decision was a virtual confession both of defeat and hopelessness ; the second gave the Syracusans ample time to prepare the net for seizing

the prey. They knew the character of Nikias too well to fear that he would move of his own accord before the allotted time had run out. When at length they were ready, the first attack was made by land upon the enemy's lines. A force of Athenian hoplites and horsemen advanced to meet them, but was soon driven back with the loss of seventy horses and some hoplites. On the following day the attack on the lines was renewed, while 76 triremes issued from the city and sailed straight to the Athenian naval station. The Athenians hastened to meet them with eighty-six ships, and learned that even with superior numbers Athenian science and skill were of no avail under the circumstances in which Nikias had placed them.

Forgetting for a while that he was not in the open sea, Eurymedon with a division of eighteen ships made an effort to outflank the enemy. The movement isolated him from the rest of the fleet and brought him dangerously near to the shore. The Athenian centre was already broken, and the Syracusans at once bore down upon Eurymedon. His eighteen ships, driven back upon the land, were taken and all their crews slain; and the life of Eurymedon closed in a massacre more dreadful than that to which he had condemned the oligarchs of Korkyra. The rest of the Athenian fleet narrowly escaped the same fate; but Gylippos, seeing the ships nearing the shore beyond the protection of the naval station, hurried down to the causeway which, running out from the city wall, shut off the sea from the low ground known as the Lysimeleian marsh. His force advanced in some disorder, and the Tyrrhenian allies, who kept guard in this quarter of the Athenian lines, hastened to engage them. The Syracusans, soon thrown into confusion, were pushed back into the marshy ground behind the causeway, and the arrival of a large Athenian force compelled them to retreat with some little loss. The rules of Greek warfare constrained the Athenians to treat this check as a victory: but they probably felt that the setting up of their trophy was but as the last flash of the sinking sun which gives a more dismal and ghastly hue to the pitch-black storm-clouds around him. It was true that the massive prows of the Syracusans had done them

enormous mischief in the battle which was brought to an end by the entrance of Demosthenes into the great harbor; but they had hoped that the arrival of his seaworthy triremes with their healthy crews would do more than restore the balance, and this hope too had failed them. They were utterly cast down. Superiority of force had done nothing for them, and the generals could hold out no bait which might excite a political reaction in their favor.

In the enthusiasm created by their victory, the Syracusans resolved that the whole Athenian armament should be destroyed, like vermin in a snare; and they proceeded with calm deliberation to set the trap. Triremes, trading ships, and vessels of all kinds were anchored lengthwise across the whole mouth of the harbor from Plemmyrion to Ortygia, and strongly lashed together with ropes and chains. This was all that Nikias had gained by fostering silly scruples for which the men to whom Athens owed her greatness would have felt an infinite contempt. The indignation with which Demosthenes had protested against any delay after the failure of his great night attack, must have burned more fiercely when he saw the supreme result of the besotted folly of his colleague. Their very food was running short, for before the eclipse a message had been sent to Katanê to announce the immediate return of the fleet and to countermand all fresh supplies. But regret and censure were now alike vain. No longer insisting on the supreme authority with which the Athenians had invested their generals, Nikias summoned a council of war, in which all present admitted the stern necessity of abandoning the whole length of their lines on Epipolai, and finally of staking everything on a gigantic effort to break the barrier which now lay between them and safety. If this effort should fail, the ships were to be burnt and the army was to retreat by land.

A hundred and ten triremes still remained, some scarcely sea-worthy, others still strong and in good trim; and we must not press hardly on Athenian generals who shrunk at the first from a sacrifice so costly. A few only of the seven-and-twenty days had passed when Nikias told them that all had been done which could be done to insure success in the struggle

which must bring them to their doom, if it failed to furnish some hope of escape. He reminded the countrymen of Phormion, who had shattered fleets as large again as his own, that they still had many more ships than the Syracusans; and he besought them to show that, in spite of bodily weakness and unparalleled misfortunes, Athenian skill could get the better of brute force rendered still more brutal by success. He sought to stir the enthusiasm of the allies by reminding them of the benefits which they had reaped from association with the imperial city; to the Athenians he said plainly that they saw before them all the fleet and all the army of Athens. Her docks were empty, her treasury was exhausted, and, if they should now fail, her powers of resistance were gone.

A speech more disgraceful to himself and less likely to encourage his men has seldom been uttered by any leader; for Nikias himself was the whole and sole cause of all the shameful facts which he was now compelled to urge as reasons for a last and desperate effort. It was his fault that Syracuse had not been taken a year ago; it was his fault that everything went wrong after the death of Lamachos; it was his fault that Gylippos had entered the beleaguered city; it was his fault that they had not retreated when retreat was first urged by Demosthenes; and it was his fault, lastly, that they had not left the harbor before the barrier of ships had made departure almost impossible. Yet this was the man who could beseech his soldiers to remember that on the issue of this fight depended the great name of Athens and the freedom which had made her illustrious.

The time for the last great experiment had come, and the men were all on board, when Nikias in his agony determined to make one more effort to rouse his men not to greater courage, for this had never failed, but to greater confidence. He cared nothing whether he repeated himself or dwelt on topics which might be thought weak or stale. They were in fact neither the one nor the other, and they had furnished the substance of the great funeral oration of Perikles; but it may be doubted whether he was acting judiciously in drawing to this extreme tension, at a time when steadiness of eye and hand was most of all needed, the nerves of a people so highly

sensitive as the Athenians. At length the signal was given, and the fleet made straight for the narrow passage which the Syracusans had left for ingress and egress in the barrier of ships across the harbor. In the desperate force of their onset the Athenians mastered the vessels which were here keeping guard; but they had not succeeded in breaking the chains when the Syracusan fleet, starting from all points of the harbor, attacked them in the rear; and the harbor soon presented the sight of groups of ships locked in a deadly struggle, three or four sometimes being fastened upon one. To Athenians trained in the school of Phormion and Demosthenes the conflict was utterly bewildering. Their decks were crowded with archers and javelin men who had no room for the free use of their weapons, and who frequently did more harm than good. The terrible din rendered all orders unintelligible, and the sounds which presently reached them from the shore had the effect rather of paralyzing than of encouraging them. Within their lines the Athenian army, advancing to the water's edge, surveyed with alternations of passionate hope and fear the fortunes of a fight on which the lives of all depended. So long as the two sides seemed nearly equal, the suspense of the spectators kept them silent; but the defeat or destruction of a ship called forth the loud and bitter wail which expresses the grief of southern peoples. At last brute force prevailed, and the weight of the Syracusan charge became in the excitement of the moment irresistible. Borne on with a fury of rage and revenge, they pushed the Athenians further and further back until their whole fleet was driven ashore. Amidst the piercing shrieks and bitter weeping of the troops who hurried down to give such help as they could, the crews of the shattered ships were landed, while some hastened to the defence of their walls and others bethought themselves only of providing for their own safety.

The sun sank down on a scene of absolute despair in the Athenian encampment, and of fierce and boundless exultation within the Syracusan walls. The first care of the Greek after a sea-fight was to recover, if he could, the wrecks of his ships, and in any case to demand permission under truce for the burial of the dead. The supreme misery of the hour left them

no heart for any task except that of preparing for instant flight. Demosthenes was anxious that one more effort should be made to break the barrier at the mouth of the harbor. The advantage of numbers still lay with the Athenians: but, although Nikias assented to the plan of Demosthenes, the men would not stir, and they were right. Every hour left them more powerless for lack of food; every hour added to the strength and the spirit of the enemy, while the conditions of the struggle would remain unchanged except for the worse. They therefore determined to retreat by land at once; and had they acted on this resolution, the whole of this still mighty armament would have been saved. But Nikias was to be their evil genius to the end. The false report of some Syracusan horsemen, who professed to be sent by the Athenian party within the city, now led to a resolution which sealed the doom of the army as that of the fleet had been sealed by the occurrence of the eclipse.

Feeling sure that the Athenians would attempt immediate flight, Hermokrates spent the afternoon in trying to persuade the generals to send out at once a force which might break up and guard the roads on the probable lines of march. Their answer was that for the present their power was not equal to their will. A great sacrifice was on that day to be offered to Herakles, and the whole city was so given up to a frenzy of wild delight that the carrying out of the scheme proposed by Hermokrates was simply impossible. Foiled here, Hermokrates dispatched the horsemen to the Athenian lines with the tidings that the roads were already blocked and guarded, and that a careful and deliberate retreat on the following day would be better than a hasty departure during the night. The tidings, we are told, were implicitly believed, and we are left to infer that Demosthenes was as thoroughly tricked as Nikias. Either the inference is untrue, or the judgment of that excellent officer was at last over-clouded and weakened by the long series of his misfortunes. The message was almost transparently false, and under a less grievous weight of misery he must have seen that, even if its truth were granted, every hour's delay would only make matters worse instead of better. Having remained over the first night, they

now thought it best to tarry yet another day and make preparations for a more orderly retreat. But early in the morning the Syracusan troops had set out into the country, and long before the day was done the roads, the fords, and the hill passes were broken up, or carefully occupied and guarded.

With the morning of the second day after the battle the retreat which was to end in ruin began with unspeakable agony. Forty thousand men were to make their weary and desolate journey, they scarcely knew whither, with a vague notion of reaching the country of some friendly Sikel tribes. The cup of bitterness was in truth filled to the brim and running over. Not until now had the history of Hellenic states exhibited such an appalling contrast of overwhelming misery with the lavish splendor and high-wrought hope which had marked their departure from Peiræus. They had looked their last on the rock and shrine of the virgin goddess with the expectation that they were going to make Athens the centre and head of a Panhellenic empire; they were now marching ignominiously, after irretrievable defeat, perhaps to slavery or to death. But although they could take their food (its weight now would be no oppressive burden), they could not take their sick. Hundreds were pining away with the wasting marsh fever; hundreds were smitten down with wounds received in the recent battles. All these must now be left, and left, not, as in the less savage warfare of our own times, with the confidence that they would be treated with something like mercy and humanity, but to the certainty of slavery, tortures, or death. As the terrible realities of departure broke upon them, the whole camp became a scene of unutterable woe. In the agony of the moment the fever-stricken sufferers clung to their companions as these set out on their miserable march, and mangled wretches crawled feebly on, entreating to be taken with them, until strength failed and they sank down by the way. The sight of the still unburied dead might well in a superstitious age rouse dark forebodings in minds more superstitious, if such there could be, than even that of Nikias. To these vague terrors and to the awful wrench of parting was added the dire humiliation of the catastrophe; and the men lost all heart as they contrasted

the splendor of the morning with the utter darkness of the night which was coming on.

In the order of march the division of Nikias led the way, followed by that of Demosthenes. At the bridge of the Anapos they found the way blocked by a Syracusan force; but this was defeated, and the army passed on, harassed throughout the day by the cavalry and light troops of the enemy, until they encamped in the evening on a rising ground, about four miles from their fortified post, on the shores of the great harbor. Early on the following day the march was resumed; but after advancing about two miles they encamped on a plain, in the hope of obtaining some supply of food from the neighboring houses or villages, and of laying in a store of water to carry them through the drier region which lay before them. During their ill-timed sojourn here the Syracusans built a wall across the road which passed under the Akraian cliff with a torrent bed on either side. This barrier on the next day the Athenians found themselves unable even to reach, and they returned sadly to their encampment of the night before. On the fourth day they made a desperate but vain attempt to force the pass. Not only was the enemy too strongly posted, but a violent storm of thunder and rain convinced the Athenians that they were still the special objects of divine displeasure. So greatly had their spirit and temper been changed since the time when precisely the same incident had dismayed their enemies, while it failed to terrify themselves.

At the end of the fifth day the Athenians, having had to gain every inch of the way by sheer hard fighting, found themselves only half a mile further from Syracuse; and this fact, that in five days they had accomplished a distance which, without hindrance, they could have traversed easily in two hours, convinced the generals that the line of march must be changed. They resolved to make for the Helorine road, leading to the southern coast of Sicily. In the dead of night, under cover of many fires which they kindled to put the enemy off his guard, they set forth on their southward march. It was safely accomplished, in spite of a panic which separated the division of Nikias from that of Demosthenes. The two leaders had taken counsel together for the last time; but

having reached the road to Heloros early in the morning, they pressed on to the fords of Kakyparis. A Syracusan force, which was already raising a wall and stockade across the channel, was beaten off, and the Athenians, having crossed the stream, pursued their march to the Erineos. Demosthenes was never to reach it. Marching in the rear, he had to think more of keeping his men in order of battle than of getting over ground. Thus constrained to mass his troops, he was exposed to the danger of being surrounded. Hemmed in between walls in an olive garden, intersected by a single road, his men could here be shot down by an enemy who needed not expose himself to any danger. As the day drew towards its close, Gylippos made proclamation that the inhabitants of Sicilian cities who chose to desert the Athenians might do so without prejudice to their freedom. Not many were found to accept the invitation; but later on in the evening the Syracusans invited the surrender of Demosthenes and his troops, under the covenant that none should be put to death, either by open violence or by intolerable bonds or by starvation. The summons was obeyed, and four shields held upwards were filled with the money still possessed by the troops of Demosthenes, who were now led away to Syracuse.

Nikias, five miles further to the south, knowing nothing of the catastrophe which had befallen his colleague, had crossed the Erineos and encamped his men on some sharply rising ground. He had well-nigh reached the end of his march, and the incessant toil of a whole week had left this great army within two or three hours' distance of Syracuse. Early on the following day Syracusan messengers informed him of the surrender of Demosthenes with his whole division, and summoned him to follow the example of his colleague. Incredulous at first, Nikias was convinced when the horsemen whom he received permission to send under truce returned to confirm the wretched tidings. He lost no time in proposing to Gylippos that in exchange for the men under his command Athens should pay to the Syracusans the whole cost of the war, hostages being given at the rate of one man for each talent until the whole sum should be paid off. Terms more advantageous to Syracuse could not well have been

obtained, and, as things turned out, the public treasury would have been much richer had they been received. But the Syracusans were now filled with the absorbing delight of the savage in trampling a fallen enemy under foot.

The proposals of Nikias were rejected, and all day long the Athenians were worn down with the incessant attacks of their pursuers. In the dead of night they took up their arms, hoping that they might be able to cross the next stream before their flight was discovered; but the war-shout which instantly rose from the Syracusan camp showed the vanity of this hope, and with a feeling of blank dismay they remained where they were. On the following morning, the miserable scenes of the preceding days were renewed for the last time. Not far in front ran the stream of the Assinaros, and, fainting with exhaustion, the Athenians dragged themselves on, in the hope partly of quenching a thirst which, from lack of water, had now become unbearable, and partly of obtaining on the other side of the river some respite from tortures fast exceeding the powers of human endurance. But the end was come. The sight of the sparkling and transparent stream banished all thoughts of order and discipline, all prudence and caution. In an instant all was hopeless confusion and tumult, and the stream, fouled first by the trampling of thousands, was soon after reddened with their blood.

To put an end to slaughter which had now become mere butchery, Nikias surrendered himself to Gylippos personally, in the hope that the Spartan might remember the enormous benefits which, in times past, Sparta had received from him. He submitted himself, he said, to the pleasure, not of the Syracusans, but of the Spartans, and requested only that the massacre of his men should cease. The order was accordingly issued to take the rest alive; but the number of prisoners finally got together was not large. By far the larger number were stolen and hidden away by private men, and the State was at once defrauded of wealth which an acceptance of the offers of Nikias would have insured to it. Of the prisoners thus surreptitiously conveyed away, not a few made their escape, some almost immediately, others after having spent some time in slavery.

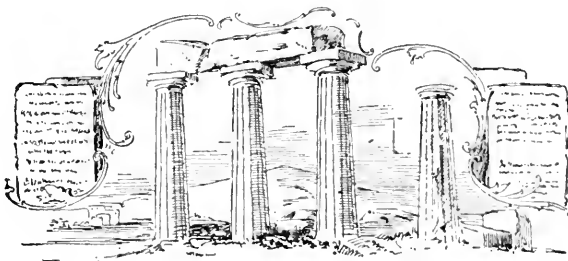
But this slight alleviation fails to affect the completeness of the catastrophe. Forty thousand men had left the Athenian lines on the great harbor: a week later, 7,000 marched as prisoners into Syracuse. If we assume that twice this number were stolen away into private slavery, nearly half of this great multitude had, in seven days, perished after the most intense and exquisite suffering alike of body and mind. What became of the sick and wounded who were left in the camp, we are not told; but we can scarcely doubt that all were murdered, and murder was mercy in comparison with the treatment of the 7,000 prisoners who were penned like cattle in the stone quarries of Epipolai. Without shelter from the sun by day and from the increasing chills of the autumn nights, never suffered to quit for a moment the dungeon into which they were thrust, these miserable captives had to live as best they might amidst noisome stenches which, by breathing deadly fevers, relieved many from their miseries, with no liquid whatever beyond the daily allowance of half a pint of water, and with half the portion of flour usually given to slaves. Thus passed away seventy days of unspeakable wretchedness to the living and of shameful indignities to the dead, which were literally piled in heaps to rot away. At the end of that time their sufferings were somewhat lessened. All who were not Athenians or citizens of Sikeliot or Italiot cities were taken out and sold. Their own lot could not be made worse, while that of the men who still remained shut up in the quarries became less intolerable. For nearly six months longer were these men kept within their loathsome prison, with deliberate and most unselfish wickedness. The sale of these men brought to the State probably not a tithe of the sum for which Nikias offered to pledge the credit of Athens, while the way in which they were treated exhibits the Syracusans as a race of savage and bloodthirsty liars.

The Athenian generals were happily spared the sight of these prolonged and excruciating tortures. Unless the terms of the convention were to be kept, Demosthenes could, of course, expect no mercy. In flagrant violation of a distinct compact, the doom of the victor at Sphakteria was sealed, and he died, as he had lived, without a stain on his military repu-

tation, the victim of the superstition and the respectability of his colleague. But the Syracusans were determined on the instant death not of Demosthenes only, whose life they were pledged to spare, but of Nicias. The Corinthians, too, it is said, were sorely troubled by the fear that his great wealth might regain him his freedom, and that his freedom would be used to involve them again in a struggle like that which had now reached its close. Their fear was absurdly thrown away. Had they voted to him a golden crown, with a public maintenance for life in their Prytaneion, as the destroyer of Athens and the benefactor and saviour of Syracuse and Sicily, their decree would have been not too severe a satire on his political and military career.

So ended an expedition which changed the current of Athenian history, and therefore, in more or less degree, of the history of the world. In the Athenian people, the mere entertainment of such a project as the conquest of Sicily was a grave political error. They had hazarded on this distant venture an amount of strength which was imperiously needed for the protection of Attica and the recovery of Amphipolis; and instead of a starvation which, as things turned out, would have been wise, they fed the expedition with a bounty so lavish that failure became utter ruin. In short, from first to last, everything was done to court disaster and to play into the hands of their enemies; but, unless we are to maintain the doctrine that things have always happened as it is best that they should happen, it would have been distinctly better for Syracuse and better for the world, if the success of Athens had been only somewhat less complete than her catastrophe.

—SIR G. W. COX.





MARCUS CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS, the Roman conqueror of Sicily, was the most illustrious member of his family. He was born about 268 B.C. Little is known of his early life beyond the fact that he was highly accomplished in all military exercises. He possessed many, but by no means all, the qualities of a great commander. His personal exploits of courage and daring, in always seeking and never shunning encounters with the most distinguished warriors, won for him the esteem and affection of his soldiers.

About the year 226 B.C. he held the office of curule ædile. His colleague, Capitolinus, having been accused of grossly insulting the son of Marcellus, was prosecuted and heavily fined. The proceeds of the fine imposed were applied by the offended father to the purchase of sacred vessels for service in the temples. Marcellus also exercised, during his ædileship, the office of augur. In 222 B.C. he was elected consul, and vigorously prosecuted the war against the Gauls, who were still in possession of a part of Italy, but had received such severe checks that they were now making overtures for peace, which the senate was disposed to consider. Marcellus, however, persuaded the Senators to reject the propositions of the Gauls, and accordingly a new war was resolved upon.

In the spring of the following year, in conjunction with his colleague, Cn. Cornelius Scipio, Marcellus invaded the territories of the Insubrians, and laid siege to their town Acerræ, in the valley of the Po. The Gauls, reinforced by 30,000 men from their transalpine allies, endeavored to create a diversion by threatening the town of Clastidium. Marcellus, leaving his colleague with the main body of the army at

Acerræ, followed the enemy at the head of a few legions, and forced them to an engagement. No sooner had Viridomarus, the leader of the Gauls, caught sight of the Roman general than he singled him out for combat and made a furious onset. The Roman, rushing to meet his Gallic adversary, stretched him on the ground with a stroke of his javelin, stripped him of his rich armor, and held it up as a trophy in sight of both armies. Just before the battle he had vowed to Jupiter Feretrius the finest arms he should take from the conquered enemy; and now they were in his possession. The death of their leader led to disorder and the rout of the Gauls. Other Roman successes following completely overthrew the power of the Gauls in Italy. The credit of closing this troublesome war belonged to both consuls; but Marcellus alone enjoyed the honor of a triumph, which was one of the most brilliant ever celebrated, both for the number of captives and the enormous display of costly spoils. The princely armor of Viridomarus was offered by Marcellus to Jupiter Feretrius as *spolia opima*; and this was the third and last instance of such an offering having been made at Rome.

Marcellus was then appointed prætor, and commissioned to sail with a fleet to Sicily, where the Carthaginians were fast making allies of the inhabitants; but before he could leave Ostia he was recalled to collect the shattered fragments of the legions which had escaped the sword of Hannibal at Cannæ. Hastily sending forward a detachment of 1,300 of his troops for the protection of Rome, he set out with the rest towards Nola to impede the advance of the enemy, and to strengthen in their allegiance to Rome the towns which were beginning to declare for the foreign conqueror. Reaching Nola, which was about to open its gates to the enemy, he revived the courage of the inhabitants, and succeeded in checking Hannibal. This slight success brought the first ray of hope to the desponding Romans. Postumius, one of the consuls, having been killed in the campaign of Cisalpine Gaul, Marcellus was immediately chosen to take his place, and thus became consul for the second time; but at the very moment when his election was announced a peal of thunder was heard, which the augurs interpreted as an evil omen. Mar-

cellus, probably aware that the evil omen simply meant the unwillingness of the Senate to have two plebeian consuls at the same time, with ready deference to the interpretation of the augurs, resigned the consulship and hastened to take charge of the army in Campania in the capacity of proconsul. Again he succeeded in repulsing Hannibal at Nola, and this time with greater advantage than before.

Elected consul a third time, B.C. 214, with Fabius Maximus as colleague, Marcellus returned to the camp at Nola, and again repulsed an attempt of Hannibal to capture the city, whereupon the Carthaginians moved away towards Tarentum, thus leaving to the mercy of the consuls the small but important town of Casilinum, which they reduced without delay. No sooner was this accomplished than Marcellus was ordered to Sicily, where the direction of affairs was in the hands of two Carthaginians—Epicyles and Hippocrates. The town of Leontini was quickly captured, and 2,000 Roman deserters, who were in the garrison, were butchered in cold blood. Marcellus next laid siege to Syracuse, but his machines were completely over-matched by the war-engines invented by Archimedes; and finding approach to the walls impossible, he turned the siege into a blockade. Still the beleaguered city had communications by sea which could not easily be cut off, and was not finally captured and pillaged till after the blockade had lasted three years. In spite of the order of the conqueror to respect the life of Archimedes, the philosopher was killed in the confusion which followed the irruption of the Roman soldiers. Marcellus is said to have shed tears at his death, and to have performed his obsequies with becoming solemnity and ceremony.

Marcellus carried off all the money in the treasury, many statues and works of art that had adorned the city, and an immense quantity of booty to grace his own triumph. But as the war in Sicily did not appear to the Senate to be entirely terminated, no *triumph* was accorded; but an *ovation* was decreed, which was even more magnificent than most previous triumphs.

In 210 B.C. Marcellus was chosen consul a fourth time, with Marcus Valerius Lævinus as his colleague, and Sicily as

his province ; but the Sicilians having laid complaints of his severity before the Senate, he was ordered to exchange provinces with his colleague and sent to conduct the war against Hannibal in Italy. In the first campaign he gained slight advantages over the enemy in Apulia, and captured several cities in Samnium. The following year witnessed a desperate conflict before the walls of Canusium. Whatever the issue of the first day's fighting was, the Romans at least were not elated. Next morning, when the battle was renewed, Marcellus had the mortification of seeing his legions, up to this time victorious, fleeing in disorder at the first approach of the enemy. Rallying his soldiers and severely reprimanding them, he led them a third time to the charge and won the battle ; but the enormous number of his wounded prevented him from following up the victory, and thus Hannibal was able to draw off his forces, and retired towards Bruttium. The victory, such as it was, could not conceal from jealous eyes the shame of the reverse on the second day of the battle and the subsequent inactivity. Marcellus was accused before the people, and hastened to Rome to defend himself. This he did so successfully, by reference to his previous victories, that the people elected him consul for the fifth time. Returning to Apulia he went into camp before Venusia. In making a reconnoissance, a few days after, he fell into an ambuscade, and was thrust through with a spear, B.C. 208. Hannibal had his body interred with due honors.

The features of Marcellus have been preserved in a Roman coin, struck by a magistrate of his family. The obverse shows the head and neck of the conqueror of Syracuse ; the reverse represents him as offering the *spolia opima* at the shrine of Jupiter Feretrius. He was greatly lauded by his countrymen for his unflinching courage, and was honored with the appellation, "The Sword of Rome."

THE CAPTURE OF SYRACUSE.

Marcellus was no sooner arrived in Sicily than a great number of Romans came to throw themselves at his feet, and represent to him their distress. Of those that fought against Hannibal at Cannæ, some escaped by flight and others were

taken prisoners, the latter in such numbers that it was thought the Romans must be destitute of men to defend the walls of their capital; yet the republic had such firmness and elevation of mind that, though Hannibal offered to release the prisoners for an inconsiderable ransom, they refused it by a public act, and left them to be put to death or sold out of Italy. As for those that had saved themselves by flight, they sent them into Sicily, with an order not to set foot on Italian ground during the war with Hannibal. These came to Marcellus in a body, and, falling on their knees, begged, with loud lamentations and floods of tears, the favor of being admitted again into the army, promising to make it appear by their future behavior that that defeat was owing to their misfortune and not to their cowardice. Marcellus, moved with compassion, wrote to the Senate, desiring leave to recruit his army with these exiles as he should find occasion. After much deliberation, the Senate signified by a decree, "That the Commonwealth had no need of the service of cowards; that Marcellus, however, might employ them if he pleased, but on condition that he did not bestow upon any of them crowns, or other honorary rewards." This decree gave Marcellus some uneasiness, and, after he returned from the war in Sicily, he expostulated with the Senate, and complained, "That for all his services they would not allow him to rescue from infamy those unfortunate citizens."

His first care, after he arrived in Sicily, was to make reprisals for the injury received from Hippocrates, the Syracusan general, who, to gratify the Carthaginians, and by their means to set himself up as tyrant, had attacked the Romans, and killed great numbers of them, in the district of Leontium. Marcellus, therefore, laid siege to that city, and took it by storm, but did no harm to the inhabitants; but such deserters as he found there he ordered to be beaten with rods, and then put to death. Hippocrates took care to give the Syracusans the first notice of the taking of Leontium, assuring them, at the same time, that Marcellus had put to the sword all that were able to bear arms; and, while they were under great consternation at this news, he came suddenly upon the city, and made himself master of it.

Hereupon Marcellus marched with his whole army, and encamped before Syracuse. But before he attempted anything against it, he sent ambassadors with a true account of what he had done at Leontium. As this information had no effect with the Syracusans, who were entirely in the power of Hippocrates, he made his attacks both by sea and land, Appius Claudius commanding the land forces, and himself the fleet, which consisted of sixty galleys, of five banks of oars, full of all sorts of arms and missive weapons. Besides these, he had a prodigious machine, carried upon eight galleys fastened together, with which he approached the walls, relying upon the number of his batteries and other instruments of war, as well as on his own great character. But Archimedes despised all this, and confided in the superiority of his engines, though he did not think the inventing of them an object worthy of his serious studies, but only reckoned them among the diversions of geometry ; nor would he have done so much but for the urgency of King Hiero, who entreated him to turn his art from abstract notions to matters of sense, and to make his reasonings more intelligible to the generality of mankind by applying them to the uses of common life.

When the Romans attacked Syracuse, both by sea and land, the people were struck dumb with terror, imagining they could not possibly resist such numerous forces and so furious an assault. But Archimedes soon began to play his engines, which shot against the land forces all sorts of missives and stones of an enormous size, with so incredible a noise and rapidity that nothing could stand before them ; they overturned and crushed whatever came in their way, and spread terrible disorder throughout the ranks. On the side towards the sea were erected vast machines, putting forth on a sudden, over the walls, huge beams, with the necessary tackle, which, striking with a prodigious force on the enemy's galleys, sunk them at once ; while other ships hoisted up at the prows by iron grapples or hooks, like the beaks of cranes, and set on end on the stern, were plunged to the bottom of the sea ; and others, again, by ropes and grapples, were drawn towards the shore, and, after being whirled about and dashed against the rocks that projected below the walls, were broken

to pieces, and the crews perished. Often a ship, lifted high above the sea, suspended and twirling in the air, presented a most dreadful spectacle. There it swung till the men were thrown out by the violence of the motion, and then it split against the walls or sunk, on the engine's letting go its hold. As for the machine which Marcellus brought forward upon eight galleys, and which was called *sambuca*, whilst it was at a considerable distance from the walls, Archimedes discharged a stone of ten talents weight, and after that a second and a third, all of which, striking upon it with an amazing noise and force, shattered and totally disjointed it.

Marcellus, in this distress, drew off his galleys as fast as possible, and sent orders to the land forces to retreat likewise. He then called a council of war, at which it was resolved to come close to the walls, if it was possible, next morning before day; for Archimedes' engines, they thought, being very strong and intended to act at a considerable distance, would then discharge themselves over their heads; and if they were pointed at them when they were so near, they would have no effect. But for this Archimedes had long been prepared, having by him engines fitted to all distances, with suitable weapons and shorter beams. Besides, he had caused holes to be made in the walls, in which he placed *scorpions*, that did not carry far, but could be quickly discharged; and by these the enemy was injured without knowing whence the weapon came.

When, therefore, the Romans were close to the walls, undiscovered, as they thought, they were welcomed with a shower of darts and huge pieces of rocks, which fell, as it were, perpendicularly upon their heads, for the engines played from every quarter of the walls. This obliged them to retire, and, when they were at some distance, other shafts were shot at them, in their retreat, from the larger machines, which made terrible havoc among them, as well as greatly damaged their shipping, without any possibility of their annoying the Syracusans in their turn; for Archimedes had placed most of his engines under covert of the walls; so that the Romans, being infinitely distressed by an invisible enemy, seemed to fight against the gods.

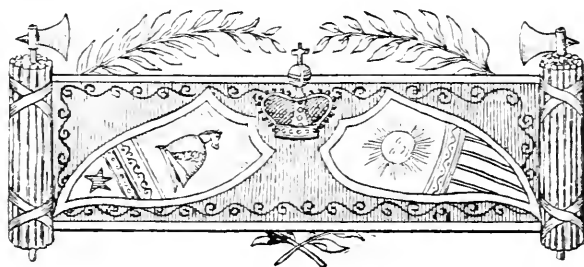
Marcellus, however, got off, and laughed at his own artillery-men and engineers. "Why do not we leave off contending," said he, "with this mathematical Briareus, who, sitting on the shore, and acting as it were but in jest, has shamefully baffled our naval assault; and, in striking us with such a multitude of bolts at once, exceeds even the hundred-handed giant in the fable?" And, in truth, all the rest of the Syracusans were no more than the body in the batteries of Archimedes, while he himself was the informing soul. All other weapons lay idle and unemployed; his were the only offensive and defensive arms of the city. At last the Romans were so terrified, that if they saw but a rope or a stick put over the walls, they cried out that Archimedes was levelling some machine at them, and turned their backs and fled. Marcellus seeing this, gave up all thoughts of proceeding by assault, and leaving the matter to time, turned the siege into a blockade.

During this blockade, Marcellus went against Megara, one of the most ancient cities of Sicily, and took it. He also fell upon Hippocrates, as he was entrenching himself at Acrillæ, and killed about 8,000 of his men. Nay, he overran the greatest part of Sicily, brought over several cities from the Carthaginian interest, and beat all that attempted to face him in the field.

Some time after, when he returned to Syracuse, he surprised one Damippus, a Spartan, as he was sailing out of the harbor; and the Syracusans being very desirous to ransom him, several conferences were held about it; in one of which Marcellus took notice of a tower but slightly guarded, into which a number of men might be privately conveyed, the wall that led to it being easy to be scaled. As they often met to confer at the foot of this tower, he made a good estimate of its height, and provided himself with proper scaling ladders. Knowing that on the festival of Diana, the Syracusans drank freely and gave loose rein to mirth, he on that night possessed himself of the tower, undiscovered, and before daylight filled the walls of that quarter with soldiers, and forcibly entered the Hexapylum. The Syracusans, as soon as they perceived it, began to move about in great confusion; but Marcellus ordering all the trumpets to sound at once, they were seized

with consternation, and betook themselves to flight, believing that the whole city was lost. However, the Achradina, which was the strongest, the most extensive, and fairest part of it, was not taken, being divided by walls from the rest of the city, one part of which was called Neapolis, and the other Tyche. The enterprise thus prospering, Marcellus at day-break moved down from the Hexapylum into the city, where he was congratulated by his officers on the great event. But it is said that he himself, when he surveyed from an eminence that great and magnificent city, shed many tears, in pity of its impending fate, reflecting into what a scene of misery and desolation its fair appearance would be changed, when it came to be sacked and plundered by the soldiers. For the troops demanded the plunder, and not one of the officers durst oppose it. Many even insisted that the city should be burned and leveled with the ground; but to this Marcellus absolutely refused his consent. It was with reluctance that he gave up the effects and the slaves; and he strictly charged the soldiers not to touch any free man or woman, not to kill or abuse, or make a slave of any citizen whatever.

But though he acted with so much moderation, the city had harder measure than he wished, and amidst the great and general joy, his soul sympathized with its sufferings, when he considered that in a few hours the prosperity of such a flourishing state would be no more. It is even said that the plunder of Syracuse was as rich as that of Carthage after it. For the rest of the city was soon betrayed to the Romans, and pillaged, only the royal treasure was preserved, and carried into the public treasury at Rome.—PLUTARCH.







ARCHIMEDES, the celebrated Greek mathematician, was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, about 287 B.C. He was not only the greatest geometer of antiquity, but he was well versed in hydrostatics and mechanics, and had a great genius for the invention of machines. He is supposed to have been a pupil of Conon, of Egypt, and a relative

of Hiero II., King of Syracuse, by whom he was patronized. He enriched geometry, mathematics and mechanics with important discoveries. His knowledge of the doctrine of specific gravities is proved by the story of his discovery of the mixture of silver with gold in King Hiero's crown, which fraud he detected by comparing the quantity of water displaced by equal weights of gold and silver. The solution of this problem occurred to him when he entered a public bath and perceived that his body must displace a volume of water equal to its bulk. According to the common story, naked as he was, he ran out into the street, exclaiming, "*Eureka*" (I have found it). As a result of this discovery he established the general fact that a body immersed in a liquid loses a portion of its weight equal to that of the liquid it displaces.

Archimedes, in practical applications of mechanics, made much use of the lever, and his appreciation of its power is shown by his famous saying, "Give me where I may stand and I will move the world." He possessed an extraordinary talent for investigating abstract truths, and inventing demonstrations in the higher branches of geometry. Nearly eighteen hundred years elapsed after his discoveries before

any further progress was made in theoretical mechanics. "He possessed," says Professor Donkin, "in a degree never exceeded, unless by Newton, the inventive genius which discovers new provinces of inquiry, and finds new points of view for old and familiar objects; the clearness of conception which is essential to the resolution of complex phenomena into their elements, and the power and habit of intense and persevering thought."

Yet the general fame of Archimedes rests on his practical applications of scientific principles. The greatest demonstrations of his genius for applied science and the invention of machines appeared during the siege of Syracuse. This city, then one of the great commercial emporiums of the Greek world, was attacked by sea and land by the Roman general Marcellus, 214 B.C. King Hiero had persuaded Archimedes to construct a variety of engines and machines which could be used for attack or defense. According to Plutarch his engines shot against the land forces all sorts of missiles, weapons and stones of enormous size, which overturned and crushed whatever came in their way, and spread terrible disorder through the ranks of the besiegers. On the side towards the sea were erected vast machines. The statement that he burned Roman ships by means of mirrors or lenses is discredited, as none of the historians, Livy, Plutarch or Polybius, mention such a thing.

Marcellus, baffled by the ingenuity of the philosopher, gave up all hope of taking the city by assault, and turned the siege into a blockade. About three years after the beginning of the siege, Syracuse was taken, in 212 B.C. Archimedes was killed by a Roman soldier, who came upon him while he was engaged in some mathematical researches. It is said that the soldier ordered the geometrician to follow him to Marcellus, and he refused to go until he had finished his problem.

"Archimedes," says Plutarch, "had such a depth of understanding, such a dignity of sentiment, and so copious a fund of mathematical knowledge, that though in the invention of these machines he gained the reputation of a man endowed with divine rather than human knowledge, yet he did not vouchsafe to leave any account of them in writing.

For he considered all attention to *mechanics*, and every art that ministers to common uses, as mean and sordid, and placed his whole delight in those intellectual speculations, which, without any relation to the necessities of life, have an intrinsic excellence arising from truth and demonstration only." Eight of his works are extant. Among them are treatises on the Sphere and the Cylinder, on Spirals, and the Measurement of the Circle, in which he proves that the circumference is to the diameter nearly as 22 to 7, or 3.1428 to 1.

THE DEATH AND TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes, at a time when all things were in confusion at Syracuse, shut up in his closet like a man of another world, who had no regard for what passed in this, was intent upon the study of some geometrical figure; and not only his eyes, but the whole faculties of his soul were so engaged in this contemplation, that he had neither heard the tumult of the Romans, busy in plundering, nor the report of the city's being taken. A soldier came suddenly in upon him, and ordered him to follow him to Marcellus. Archimedes desired him to stay a moment till he had solved his problem and finished the demonstration of it. The soldier, who cared for neither his problem nor the demonstration, enraged at this delay, drew his sword and killed him.

Marcellus was exceedingly afflicted when he heard the news of his death. Not being able to restore him to life, he applied himself to honor his memory to the utmost of his power. He made a diligent search after all his relations, treated them with great distinction, and granted them peculiar privileges. He caused the funeral of Archimedes to be celebrated in the most solemn manner, and erected a monument to him among the tombs of those who had distinguished themselves most at Syracuse.

Archimedes, in his will, had desired his relations and friends to put no other epitaph on his tomb than a cylinder circumscribed by a sphere, and to note below them the relation which those two solids have to each other. He might have filled up the bases of the columns of his tomb with relieves, wherein the whole history of the siege of Syracuse might have been

carved, and himself appearing like another Jupiter thundering upon the Romans; but he set an infinitely higher value upon the discovery of a geometrical demonstration, than upon all the celebrated machines of his invention. He chose rather to do himself honor with posterity, by the discovery he had made of the relation of a sphere to a cylinder of the same base and height, which is as two to three.

The Syracusans, who had been in former times so fond of the sciences, did not long retain the esteem and gratitude they owed a man who had done so much honor to their city. Less than one hundred and forty years after, Archimedes was so perfectly forgotten by his citizens, notwithstanding the great services he had done them, that they denied his having been buried at Syracuse.

It is from Cicero we have this story of the discovery of his tomb: At the time when he was quæstor in Sicily, his curiosity induced him to make a search after the tomb of Archimedes—a curiosity that became a man of Cicero's genius. The Syracusans assured him that his search would be to no purpose, and that there was no such monument among them. Cicero pitied their ignorance, which only served to increase his desire of making that discovery. At length, after several fruitless attempts, he perceived without the gate of the city, facing Agrigentum, among a great number of tombs, a pillar almost entirely covered with thorns and brambles, through which he could discern the figure of a sphere and cylinder. Those who have taste for antiquities may easily conceive the joy of Cicero upon this occasion. He also cried out, "Eureka, I have found what I looked for." The place was immediately ordered to be cleared, when they saw the inscription still legible, though part of the lines were obliterated by time: so that, says Cicero, the greatest city of Greece, and most flourishing of old in the studies of science, would not have known the treasure it possessed, if a man, born in a country considered almost as barbarous, had not discovered for it the tomb of its citizen, so highly distinguished by force and penetration of mind.

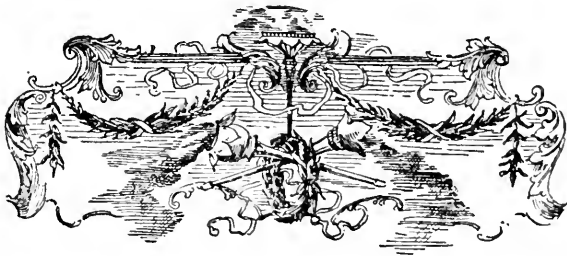
We are obliged to Cicero for having left us this curious and elegant account; but we cannot easily pardon him for

the contemptuous manner in which he speaks at first of Archimedes. It is in the beginning, where—intending to compare the unhappy life of Dionysius the tyrant with the felicity of one passed in sober virtue and abounding with wisdom—he says: “I will not compare the lives of a Plato or an Archytas, persons of consummate learning and wisdom, with that of Dionysius, the most horrid, the most miserable, and the most detestable that can be imagined. I shall have recourse to a man of his own city, a little obscure person, who lived many years after him. I shall produce him from his dust, and bring him into view with his rule and compasses in his hand.” Not to dwell on the high birth of Archimedes, since his greatness was of a different class, as the most famous geometrician of antiquity, whose sublime discoveries have in all ages been the admiration of the learned, why should Cicero have treated this man as little and obscure, as a common artificer employed in making machines, unless it be, perhaps, because the Romans, with whom a taste for geometry and such speculative sciences never gained much ground, esteemed nothing great but what related to government and policy?

“Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar, describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace and war, thy own majestic way.”

—*Dryden's Virgil.*

C. ROLLIN.



AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.



AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, the first Emperor of Rome, was the heir of Caius Julius Cæsar, and succeeding to his public as well as his private fortune, became the most powerful monarch of his time. The Roman Empire as established by him remains forever unique in the annals of the world. His original name was Caius Octavius, and he was called, after his adoption by his uncle Julius Cæsar, *Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus*. Augustus was

a later hereditary surname given to him by the Senate.

Caius Octavius was born at Velitræ, in Latium, on the 23d of September, 63 B.C., and was the son of Caius Octavius, an equestrian (a noble, but not a patrician), who obtained the office of prætor, and died when his son was four years old. His mother, Atia, was a daughter of Julia, who was a sister of Cæsar, the Dictator. Soon after the death of her husband Atia married L. Marcius Philippus, who directed the education of young Octavius. At the age of twelve he delivered a funeral eulogium on his grandmother Julia, and four years later, according to Roman custom, he assumed the *toga virilis* or "manly gown." His beauty and talents attracted the attention of many eminent persons.

Julius Cæsar, having no son, adopted Octavius as his heir, caused him to be enrolled among the patricians, and trained him for the highest public honors. In 45 B.C., Octavius accompanied Cæsar, then dictator, to Spain. He was

next sent to the camp where several legions were stationed at Apollonia in Illyricum, to complete his military education. He was employed in the camp here when Cæsar was killed in March, 44 B.C. Octavius had become a favorite of the army, which was willing to support his claim; but he preferred to go privately to Rome to claim his inheritance, accompanied by his friend Vipsanius Agrippa.

By the published will of the Dictator, Octavius was declared his adopted son and heir. Rome was then divided into two parties—the republican liberators led by Brutus and Cassius; and the friends of Cæsar led by Mark Antony, then one of the consuls. The latter was the most powerful man in Rome, and had possession of the papers and money of the late dictator and refused to give them up. The young Octavius temporized, and by his artful and prudent conduct, used his competitors for his own interest, gained the favor of Cicero and other senators, and showed himself more than an equal match for experienced politicians. It was afterwards unjustly alleged that he hired assassins to kill Antony during his consulship. Plutarch says Antony was informed that Octavius had designs on his life, and that Antony opposed him in his application for the office of tribune, and did everything to affront him. At first Octavius demanded nothing but the private property which Cæsar had bequeathed to him; but he declared he was resolved to avenge the death of Cæsar. Near the end of 44 B.C., Antony and Octavius each endeavored to gain the support of the veterans of Cæsar, and other troops stationed in different parts of Italy. Octavius had to contend not only against Antony, but also against Decimus Brutus, who had possession of Cisalpine Gaul. Cicero by his eloquence incensed the people against Antony and induced the Senate to declare him a public enemy.

In January, 43 B.C., the Senate gave Octavius the command of an army with the title of prætor and the right to vote in the Senate. While Antony was besieging D. Brutus in Mutina (now Modena), the Senate sent Octavius with the Consuls Hirtius and Pansa to fight against Antony. The army of the Senate defeated Antony near Mutina; but Hirtius and Pansa were killed in that battle. The death of the con-

suls threw the command of the army into the hands of Octavius, who was present at the battle; but the Senate, aiming to check his growing power and ambition, gave the command of their army to D. Brutus. When Octavius found that Cicero's aim was to restore the liberty of the republic, he abandoned him and prepared for a coalition with Antony. The adhesion of a large part of the army to his cause enabled Octavius to defy the authority of the Senate. Marching to Rome at the head of his army, he encamped on the Campus Martius in August, 43, and was elected consul.

Octavius soon led his army northward and met Antony and Lepidus, who commanded a large army in Cisalpine Gaul. The three leaders, Octavius, Antony and Lepidus, found that their present interests could be harmonized, and therefore formed the first triumvirate. By it they divided among themselves the provinces of the empire; but to ratify the agreement they ordered a bloody proscription, each party sacrificing some of his friends to the enmity of another triumvir. "I believe," says Plutarch, "there never was anything so atrocious or so execrably savage as this commerce of murder; for while a friend was given up for an enemy received, the same action murdered at once the friend and the enemy." To please Antony Octavius consented to the murder of Cicero. The triumvirs confiscated the estates of those who were proscribed.

In 42 B.C. Antony and Octavius crossed into Macedonia, and there commanding in person defeated the republican army of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. Octavius is said to have treated the defeated party with excessive cruelty; and he satisfied the cupidity of his soldiers by confiscating for their benefit much of the best land in Italy. A remnant of the republican party took refuge with Sextus Pompey, who was master of the sea. While Antony was employed in Asia and Greece, Octavius had a contest with Antony's wife Fulvia, an ambitious and powerful woman, who instigated a revolt or sedition, and was aided by Lucius Antonius, a brother of the triumvir. After several battles had been fought, Fulvia was finally defeated, and peace was restored. Antony married Octavia, his rival's sister, and took for his share the eastern half of the empire, while young Cæsar took the western part,

and Lepidus obtained Africa. Cæsar divorced his wife Scribonia and married Livia, the wife of Claudius Nero.

Sextus Pompey was powerful at sea and master of Sicily and Sardinia; but in the year 36 the fleet of Cæsar gained a decisive victory over him. The mediocre or imbecile Lepidus became an insignificant private citizen, and Antony and Cæsar remained the only competitors for the empire. The latter strove to gain the favor of the people, and to remedy the confusion and demoralization caused by the civil wars. He established a firm government and suppressed the anarchy and robbery which had prevailed. He professed a design to restore the republic and a willingness to retire to private life. In 33 B.C. he became consul for the second time. The Romans were offended and disgusted by the *liaison* of Antony with Cleopatra, and by his arrogant conduct and luxurious habits. In his infatuation for Cleopatra Antony repudiated his wife Octavia. In the meantime his crafty rival was marching by stealthy steps to supreme and undivided power, and the triumvirate, which had accomplished his temporary ends, was now dissolved.

The rupture between the two triumvirs was precipitated by the ambition and jealousy of Cleopatra, who wished to become Empress of the East, and the Roman government declared war against her. Cæsar became consul for the third time in 31 B.C. In the spring of that year, a large fleet commanded by Agrippa entered the Adriatic, and Cæsar landed with the legions in Epirus. According to Plutarch, Antony had five hundred armed vessels, besides 100,000 infantry and 12,000 horse. Though his army on land was superior in number to that of his rival, he put his confidence in his fleet to gratify Cleopatra, whose motive for preferring a naval battle was that in case her fleet was defeated, she would have a better opportunity to escape. In September, 31 B.C., Agrippa gained the decisive naval victory at Actium, which rendered Cæsar sole master of the Roman Empire. The victor did not return directly to Rome, nor hasten to assume any new title or dignity. After the battle of Actium, he went to Egypt, which was made a Roman province. Antony, who was in Egypt, challenged his rival to fight in single combat; but he coldly de-

clined, saying, "Antony might think of many other ways to end his life." While Cæsar was in Egypt Cæsarion, the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra, was put to death, probably by the order of Octavius.

On his return to Rome in 29 B.C., Octavius celebrated a triumph for three days, distributed large sums of money among the people and soldiers, and maintained the forms and outward show of republican government. The Senate and the people vied with each other in devising new honors and offices for him. He appears to have hesitated whether he should assume absolute imperial power, or restore the republic. Agrippa advised him to renounce the supreme power; and Mæcenas advised him to retain it. Following the advice of the latter, he usurped supreme power partly disguised under the form of republican government. He received the title or surname of *Augustus* from the Senate in 27 B.C. and he gradually united in himself the offices of emperor or commander-in-chief, with power to make war and peace; of proconsul over all the provinces; of perpetual tribune of the people, which rendered his person inviolable; and of censor. He claimed the title of emperor in perpetuity, but refused to assume the title of dictator. His chief ministers and counsellors were Agrippa, Mæcenas, and Asinius Pollio. Under his long administration, the empire enjoyed prosperity and profound internal tranquillity. In 23 B.C. he received the *tribunitia potestas*, the power of perpetual tribune. He increased the architectural beauty of Rome, by the erection of many grand temples and monuments. The Pantheon remains as a monument of Agrippa's munificence. Augustus boasted that he found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble. He aimed to restore the old Roman religion as a firm political basis. He restored the dignity of the Senate by ejecting unworthy members who had intruded, and he flattered the self-esteem of the Roman people generally.

Augustus waged many wars in Africa, Asia and Spain, and his armies subjected Aquitania, Pannonia, Dalmatia and Illyria. He negotiated a treaty with the Parthians, who restored the Roman standards which they had captured from Crassus. His generals were uniformly victorious until Varus, in 9 A.D.,

led his legions into the forests of Germany. The crushing defeat which he there sustained struck terror at Rome, and Augustus, after receiving the sad tidings, frequently exclaimed, "Varus, give me back my legions!"

In the general conduct of his government Augustus Cæsar pursued a policy of cautious and moderate reaction; and the peace and prosperity which the Romans enjoyed under his modified despotism reconciled them to the loss of their freedom. He was a liberal patron of learning and literary men, so that his court became a school of urbanity, and the Augustan age was the most illustrious age of Roman literature. Virgil and Horace were among the eminent authors whom he liberally patronized. Augustus was partial to the study of Greek philosophy and literature, and he wrote treatises on various subjects, which have not been preserved.

The government of Augustus was a blessing to the Roman world, though his ascent to power was marked by infamous crimes. "The serenity and placability which he displayed in his latter years," says Charles Merivale, "form a marked contrast to his jealousy and ferocity at an earlier period; and the character of the Emperor Augustus has been a problem to historians in consequence." He had no sons; his daughter Julia was accomplished, but notoriously depraved. Having adopted as his successor Tiberius, the son of his wife Livia, he died in August 14 A.D., after a reign of forty-four years. As his end approached, the dying emperor asked those around him, in the phrase of the Roman stage, if he had played his part well. On being assured that he had done well, "Then give me your applause," said the imperial actor, and expired.

THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE.

The Consul Pansa, before he expired at the battle of Mutina, had called Octavius to his bedside and advertised him of the hatred the Senate really bore him, of the treachery they meditated towards him, and assured him that his only chance of safety lay in a prompt reconciliation with Antonius. Nor did the young aspirant stand in need of any such suggestions. He had already arranged for a quarrel with Decimus, and declared

that the murder of his father Cæsar should never be forgiven. He now let Antonius understand that he had no wish to crush him. He refrained from interfering to prevent his making a junction with Lepidus in the Transalpine. Plancus terminated his long indecision by throwing himself into the arms of the party which was now manifestly the stronger. Antonius found himself at the head of twenty-three legions.

This was the dreadful reality to which the Senate now awoke from their dream of easy triumph. While expecting the arrival of Brutus and Cassius with victorious armies, they had sought to amuse Octavius, and at the same time to seduce from him his army. Cicero himself was prepared to cast away the broken instrument of his policy. The Senate had refused him the consulship: 400 of his veterans came in a body to Rome to press his claim. They still refused; and Octavius crossed the Rubicon at the head of eight legions. The Senate forbade him to approach within ninety miles of the city. At the same time they accorded his demand, together with a largess to his soldiers. But it was too late; Octavius had seized the opportunity he sought, and did not halt till he reached the gates of Rome. Some tardy and inefficient measures were taken for defence; but the senators and consulars slipped one by one through the gates, and betook themselves to the intruder's camp. Cicero, indeed, was among the last to parley. Octavius taunted him with his slackness; he was alarmed, and the next night made his escape. The people, hastily assembled, pretended to elect Octavius to the consulship, and gave him his kinsman Q. Pedius for colleague. This was September 22. On the following day he completed his twentieth year. The remnant of the senators—for many had disappeared—heaped honors upon their conqueror. They commanded Decimus to surrender to him his forces. Octavius directed the murderers of Cæsar to be cited before the tribunals. Judgment passed against them by default, and they were interdicted fire and water.

Octavius, now consul of the republic and leader of a numerous army, could treat with Antonius on equal terms, and offer as much as he could receive. He made the first

overtures for an alliance by causing the hasty decrees of the Senate against him and Lepidus to be rescinded. Placed between two such powers, and abandoned by Plancus, Decimus was lost. His troops deserted him by whole cohorts and legions. With a few horsemen he tried to escape into Macedonia through the passes of the Rhætian Alps, but was baffled on his way; and falling into the hands of a chief named Camelus, was delivered to Antonius and put to death. The blood of the assassin cemented the union between the Cæsarian leaders.

Towards the end of October, Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavius met near Bononia, on a little island in the broad channel of the Rhenus, and there deliberated on the fate of the vanquished and the partition of the spoil. It was arranged, after three days' parley, that Octavius should resign the consulship in favor of Ventidius, an officer of the Antonian army, while, under the title of a triumvirate for the establishment of the commonwealth, the three chiefs should reign together over the city, the consuls, and the laws. They claimed the consular power in common for five years, with the right of appointing to all the magistracies. Their decrees were to have the force of law, without requiring the confirmation of the Senate or the people. Finally, they apportioned to themselves the provinces around Italy. The two Gauls fell to Antonius; the Spains, with the Narbonensis, to Lepidus; Africa and the islands to Octavius. Italy itself, with the seat of Empire, they were to retain in common, while the Eastern provinces, now held by Brutus and Cassius, they left for future division, when the enemy should be expelled from them. Meanwhile Octavius and Antonius, with twenty legions each, charged themselves with the conduct of the war, and agreed to leave Lepidus to maintain their combined interests in the city. Ample gratuities were promised to the soldiers, and estates assigned them from the lands of eighteen cities in the peninsula. The troops were satisfied with their share in the compact, and insisted that Octavius should espouse a daughter of Fulvia as a pledge of its fulfillment.

The triumvirs now addressed an order to Pedius for the death of seventeen of their principal adversaries. The houses

of the victims were attacked at night, and most of them slain before their condemnation was notified to the citizens. Pedius, a brave and honorable man, died from horror and disgust at the slaughter of which he was made the instrument. Octavius, Antonius, and Lepidus entered the city on three successive days, each accompanied by a single legion. The temples and towers were occupied by the troops; the banners of the conquerors waved in the Forum, and cast their ominous shadow over the heads of the assembled people. A plebiscitum gave the semblance of legality to a usurpation which scarcely condescended to demand it. On November 27 the Triumvirate was proclaimed. The triumvirs, about to quit Rome to combat the murderers of Cæsar in the East, would leave no enemies in their rear. They decreed, not a massacre like Sulla's, but a formal proscription. Sitting with a list of chief citizens before them, each picked out the names of the victims he personally required. Each purchased the right to proscribe a kinsman of his colleagues by surrendering one of his own. The fatal memorial was headed with the names of a brother of Lepidus, an uncle of Antonius, and a cousin of Octavius. Again were enacted the horrid scenes which closed the civil wars of the last generation. Centurions and soldiers were sent in quest of the most important victims. The pursuit was joined by mercenary cut-throats and private enemies. Slaves attacked their masters, and debtors their creditors. The heads of the proscribed were affixed to the rostra, but the triumvirs did not always pause to identify them.

Dreadful as these butcheries were, they seem at least to have fallen short in number of the exterminating massacres of Marius and Sulla. It is difficult to believe that the proscribed were in all cases hotly pursued. Cicero, one of the foremost on the list, traveled slowly from one of his villas to the other, and was not overtaken till a month later. Many crossed the sea to Macedonia, others to Africa; still more took refuge on board the vessels with which Sextus Pompeius was cruising off the coast of Italy. Some escaped by bribery when entreaty failed; and Octavius seems in some instances to have studiously contrasted his own leniency with the ferocity of his associates. But Antonius demanded the death

of Cicero, and Octavius, to the horror of all time, consented. Marcus Cicero was with his brother Quintus at his Tusculan villa. On the first news of the proscription they gained Astura, another of his villas, on a little island off the coast near Antium. From thence they proposed to embark for Macedonia. Quintus, indeed, was promptly seized and slain; but the surviving fugitive gained the sea, set sail, again landed, again embarked, and landed once more at Formiæ, in anguish of mind and perhaps of body also. In vain was he warned of the danger of delay. "Let me die," he replied, "in my fatherland, which I have so often saved." But his slaves now shut their ears to their master's moans, placed him in his litter, and hurried toward the coast. Scarcely had the house been quitted when an officer named Popilius—a client, it was said, whose life Cicero had saved—approached and thundered at the closed doors. A traitor indicated the direction the fugitive had taken, and Cicero had not yet reached the beach when he saw the pursuers gaining upon him. His party were the more numerous, and would have drawn in his defence, but he forbade them. He bade his slaves set down the litter, and, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on his murderers, offered his throat to the sword. Many covered their faces with their hands, and their agitated leader drew his blade thrice across it ere he could sever the head from the body. The bloody trophy was carried to Rome, and set up by Antonius in front of the rostra. He openly exulted in the spectacle, and rewarded the assassins with profuse liberality. Fulvia, it is said, pierced the tongue with her needle, in revenge for the sarcasms it had uttered against both her husbands.

Such were the melancholy circumstances with which the year closed. Lepidus and Plancus, who entered upon the consulship on January 1, commanded the people, still full of mourning and dismay, to celebrate the commencement of their reign with mirth and festivity. They demanded also the honors of a triumph for victories, about which history is silent, in Gaul and Spain. Both the one and the other had sacrificed their own brothers in the proscription, and when the fratricides passed along in their chariots the soldiers, it is

said, with the usual camp license, sang as they followed, "The consuls triumph, not over the Gauls, but the Germans," *i. e.*, their brothers. The massacres had now ended, but a reign of confiscation commenced. All the inhabitants of Rome and Italy were required to lend a tenth of their fortune, and to give the whole of one year's income. The consuls proposed an oath to the citizens to observe all Cæsar's enactments, and accorded him divine honors. The triumvirs followed his example in assigning all the chief magistrates for several years forward.—C. MERIVALE.

THE FIRST ROMAN EMPEROR.

When Octavius returned to Rome, in the middle of 29 B.C., he was hailed with the most fervid acclamations. He must now determine whether he would elect to be a citizen of the commonwealth, or its ruler. The framework of the constitution still existed entire; the Senate still possessed the wide-extended sphere of its dominion, and the people continued to exercise their sovereign prerogatives. Octavius himself still recognized this paramount authority, professing hitherto to wield only delegated powers. He had laid down the extraordinary powers of the triumvirate; it was as consul commissioned by the state that he had conquered at Actium and subjugated Egypt. His acts in Greece and Asia awaited the confirmation of the Senate. So moderate and loyal as he seemed, his popularity could not fail to be unbounded.

The ceremony of a triple triumph, together with the shows that accompanied it, had reached its termination, but the imperator continued to stand at the head of the legions which had followed his car. According to the laws of the free state the imperator must now disband his army, for with the triumph his imperium had become extinct. But he evaded this necessity. Octavius allowed the Senate, all too prone to flatter and caress him, to give him the title of Imperator in the same sense in which it had been conferred upon Julius Cæsar, and prefix it to his name, whereby he became permanent commander of the national forces, and every officer fell into the position of his lieutenant. The ordinary

command ceased the moment the imperator crossed the lines of the pomerium. Before the gates of the city he exchanged the *sagum* for the *toga*. An exception to this rule was admitted on the day of the triumph only. But Octavius obtained, as chief in command, or emperor, the right of bearing even in the city the sword, the ensign of military power, and the cloak. He cautiously refrained, indeed, from the assumption of this prerogative, and his example in this respect became a rule with his successors. They generally relinquished even the formal title of imperator in their ordinary intercourse with their subjects, and professed to be "masters of their slaves, commanders of their soldiers, and princes or premiers of the citizens."

Having thus secured to himself the army, the instrument of substantial power, Octavius sought to disguise the real foundation of his authority by raising the estimation of the Senate as the representative of the national will. With this view he caused himself to be invested with the powers of the censorship. As censor he revised the list of senators, and ejected many whom he considered unworthy in origin or fortune to fill the highest order in the state. Julius Cæsar had degraded the Senate by thrusting into it foreigners and men of low condition; the triumvirs had followed the same policy, and the losses of war and proscriptions had been recently replaced by a crowd of their clients and retainers. The servility of this mongrel assembly had excited much disgust, and Octavius was well-inclined to retrace his steps. He reduced the numbers, swelled by Antonius to a thousand, to the legitimate limits of six hundred, and required strictly a qualification of property. Into the equestrian order he made similar inquisition: he introduced many new houses into the patrician class, which he supplied with sufficient means by inventing for them a vast number of administrative employments.

Upon the Senate thus remodelled Octavius conferred additional dignity by placing himself at its head as *Princeps*, a republican title, which, while it implied no substantial power, was nevertheless regarded as the highest of all honorary distinctions. This purely civil dignity had always been held for

life, and accordingly Octavius accepted it in perpetuity. The functions of the censorship, but without the formal title, he demanded for five years only, though he allowed them to be repeatedly renewed to him. The military command he speedily offered to resign, and, after a long affectation of resistance, only accepted it for a period of ten years—a term which he also allowed to be afterwards repeatedly renewed. He had held the consulship for many years successively; but this title he ultimately renounced while he retained its powers. Invested with the “*Potestas Consularis*,” he occupied the highest place in the city, and continued to be recognized as the chief of the State, the head of both its legislative and executive departments, the organ of its foreign relations. The Romans had been wont to remark that their consul was in fact a king, constitutionally checked by the presence of a colleague, and by the limited term of his office. Octavius, however, taking the place of pre-eminence between the actual consuls, was no longer restrained by their subordinate authority; while, the power being conferred on him for life, he became, though reigning under the forms of a republic, the real king of the Romans. When the consul quitted his post in the city he carried with him into the provinces the same supreme authority which he had before wielded at Rome. But Octavius claimed proconsular authority together with the consular. As imperator he had divided with the Senate the direct administration of the provinces, choosing for his own all those in which large armies were maintained for the repression of turbulent subjects or of aggressive enemies. But his proconsular authority was extended over the whole empire; and though he continued ordinarily to allow the Senate to nominate the governors of the districts assigned to it, he gave it to understand that the powers with which it had invested him were actually paramount to its own even there also.

The circle of the imperial prerogative was completed by the acquisition of the powers of the tribunate. This *Potestas* was also declared perpetual, though it was nominally renewed from year to year; and by these annual renewals both Octavius and his successors long continued to date the length of

their reigns. The chief value of this cherished prerogative lay in the popularity of its name. The populace of the city still persisted in regarding the tribunate as the legitimate guardian of its peculiar privileges, and when they saw their new master invested for life with this pledge of their liberties, they refused to believe that they were really his slaves. When Octavius, after the death of Lepidus, assumed the dignity of sovereign pontiff, and therewith the administration of the national cult, they were assured that their chosen champion would not exercise it as a political engine against their own prerogatives, and the nation beheld him, without fear or jealousy, combine in his single hand the most invidious instruments both of patrician tyranny and plebeian independence.

Nevertheless, while he was successively amassing these prerogatives, Octavius discreetly waived every recognized designation of the sovereign power which they actually involved. Antonius had abolished the dictatorship, and his successor in Cæsar's inheritance refrained from reviving it. No voice was allowed to hail the new Cæsar with the title of "King." Yet Octavius was not insensible to the value of distinctive titles. Some of his counsellors, to whom his secret wishes were communicated, suggested to him the name of Quirinus or Romulus. But the one was a god; the other was a king who had been slain as a tyrant. To the epithet "Augustus," which was next proposed, no objection could be advanced. The name was intact; it had been borne by no man before; and Octavius required no historical associations to recommend his personal qualifications. But the adjunct, though never given to man, had been applied to things most noble, most venerable, and even divine. The rites of the gods were called "august," their temples were "august;" the word itself was derived from the holy "auguries," by which the divine will was revealed; it was connected with the favor and "authority" of Jove himself. And courtly poets could play still further upon it, and pray for the Roman commander that he might "increase" in years and "increase" in power. The worship of Octavius as a god was spreading tacitly in the provinces; though forbidden in Italy

and the city, it was already foreshadowed by the flattery of orators and poets, and the name of Augustus gave force to the national sentiment, and impelled the propensity to adulation. Meanwhile the common accents of the people continued to hail him as the first citizen of the republic, the father of his country, the restorer or last founder of the state.

Possibly the best criterion of the actual plans of Julius Cæsar may be found by examining the principles of the government established by his successor. But from these last we must argue, not directly, but rather inversely to the former. The policy of Octavius—or, passing over his second designation of Octavianus, of Augustus Cæsar—may be taken to be very nearly the opposite of that of his uncle the dictator. The care with which the younger usurper shielded all the personal prerogatives he accepted under the forms and titles of the free state may indicate his sense of the impolicy of the elder in seizing upon the kingly rule without disguise or extenuation. Cæsar fell because he allowed the mere title of king to be dangled before him; but Augustus knew, and the Roman world was profoundly convinced, that Cæsar meant to be a king.

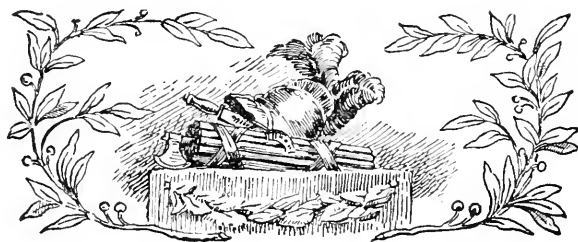
Thus much we may infer from the contrary policy he displayed himself. We may further remark that Augustus was studiously temperate in allowing the extension of the Roman franchise to the provincials. Whatever may have been the pressure of such external claims upon him, he steadily refused to gratify them. He insisted in the strongest terms on the superior character and privileges of the Romans—"the rulers of the world, the nation of the gown;" and piqued himself on gratifying their pride by keeping them a nation apart from all the rest—the born sovereigns of mankind around them. In doing this he undoubtedly opposed the living principle of the world around him. Not merely might individuals and communities aspire to the distinctions and the exemptions incident to Roman citizenship; the blending of races together was, at this epoch, the natural aspiration of all thinking men, enlightened by the speculations of the greatest sages of the world since the time of Alexander; it was urged by the daily wants of all people and classes, to

whom a common law and common social rights were an object of pressing necessity.

But Augustus, ever haunted by the fear of a blow like that of Brutus, and conceiving, we may believe, that the enmity of Brutus, and of the Senate and people which acted by him, had been mainly engendered by national jealousy, shrank from the policy to which Cæsar had so plainly lent himself, and studiously paraded before his subjects the contrary policy of foreign and provincial repression. In this, as in other things, Augustus, it may be believed, wished to institute a reaction against the impulses which Cæsar so importunately urged forward. The system of Augustus was meant to counteract the tendency of the Marian and Cæsarian eras. But this, again, must be understood with some discrimination. The second Cæsar was nominally, at least, the child of the popular party, the representative of popular ideas; he could not altogether repudiate them, or abdicate the position of popular champion, in which these ideas had placed him. But the exact color of his system, which had shifted its hues during his early career, seems to have been definitely fixed from the day when, arrayed against the foreign forces of his rival, Antonius, he came forth, at the head of the Senate, the people, and the gods of Rome, as the champion of the whole nation, without respect of class or party.

The policy of Augustus was on all sides essentially reactionary. It was inspired, we may believe, solely by an apprehension for his own safety founded upon the fate of Cæsar, and it was tempered, no doubt, by a keen practical sense of what was actually feasible and practicable. It was disturbed by no heated imaginations, by no real belief or persuasion. Augustus was gifted with a clear vision, and no mists of passion or prejudice arose in his mind to distort the rays derived from his observation and experience. Nor can we suppose that he was really insensible to the prevailing force of circumstances around him. He did not flatter himself with the hope that the progress of ideas could ultimately be arrested. It was enough for him if he could divert or moderate them; enough, at least, if he could persuade his fretful countrymen that he was doing all he could, and more than any one else

could or would do, to maintain their empire on the stable foundations of the ancient ways. It is just possible that a man of greater genius and boldness might have moulded his opportunity to a higher issue by guiding the revolutionary forces which he strove merely to restrain. But we must acknowledge how grand was the result which, following his own temper, and the bent of his own character, he did actually effect. The establishment of the Roman Empire was, after all, the greatest political work that any human being ever wrought. The achievement of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon, is not to be compared with it for a moment.—C. MERIVALE.





VIRGIL, the greatest of Roman poets, has enjoyed supremacy throughout the ages and lands which have shared the benefits of Roman civilization. Though inferior in original genius to Homer, he holds at least second rank among the epic poets of world-wide fame. He was also successful in the lower, but more difficult, department of didactic poetry. When Christianity

was established in the Roman empire, his admiring students considered him as an unconscious instrument of inspired prophecy, and this view prevailed even down beyond the time of Dante. In the Dark Ages another view arose, and Virgil was regarded as a sorcerer and an adept in magic arts.

Publius Virgilius Maro (or, perhaps, more correctly Vergilius) was born of humble parents, at Andes, a small village near Mantua, in what is now Northern Italy, but was then called Cisalpine Gaul, on the 15th of October, 70 B.C. His mother's name was Maia. We have no authentic record which gives a full account of the events of his life. The multifarious and profound learning displayed in his poems renders it evident that he received a liberal education. He studied at Cremona, Milan and Neapolis (Naples), and was well versed in Greek literature, philosophy, medicine and mathematics. He studied the Epicurean system of philosophy under Syro. After he finished his education at Neapolis, he appears to have returned to his native place, where he inherited the small farm of his father, Maro. His stature was tall, his complexion was dark, and his health was delicate. He was modest, amiable, good-tempered, and free from envy.

Virgil was not a Roman citizen by birth. The right of Roman citizenship had not been granted to Cisalpine Gaul in 70 B.C. In 42 B.C. he was cultivating the sylvan muse on the banks of the Mincio, under the protection of Asinius Pollio, the Governor of Gallia Transpadana, who was his first patron. In the next year lands in Northern Italy were confiscated for the benefit of the soldiers of the Triumvirs. Virgil was driven from his paternal farm by a soldier to whom it was allotted; but, after a visit to Rome, it was restored to him by Augustus, to whom he henceforth devoted the best fruits of his genius.

About 40 B.C. he became a resident of Rome, where he associated with Horace and Mæcenas, the former of whom was his intimate friend and the latter his liberal patron. After he had been enriched by the bounty of Augustus and other patrons, he owned a house on the Esquiline hill and a good library. He used to send money to his parents every year. It appears that his latter years were passed at Neapolis. The familiar intercourse of the Emperor Augustus with the two great poets of his reign is attested by many evidences. When sitting with them he sometimes playfully remarked, "Here am I between sighs and tears," referring to the fact that Virgil suffered from asthma, while Horace was troubled with some weakness of the eyes.

His literary career began with the ten short pastoral poems called *Eclogues* or "*Bucolica*," which are chiefly imitations of the Sicilian Greek poet Theocritus. They display a perfect mastery of the Latin language, and are admired for the beauty of the versification and many simple and natural touches. They were probably finished about 37 B.C. He represents his shepherds as more cultivated and refined than those of his own time. His great didactic poem, the "*Georgics*," was undertaken at the suggestion of the Emperor Augustus about 37 B.C., and seven years were expended in the composition of the four books, in which he treats of rural economy with such original genius that this is esteemed by able critics his most finished poem. It abounds with graphic descriptions, beautiful episodes, and didactic precepts, expressed with great variety and magnificence of diction. "In

sustained majesty, in melody that ever satisfies, but never cloy the ear, in variety of modulation, in stateliness, but freedom of march, it stands unapproached by any other Roman poet." Very beautiful and refreshing are his descriptions of nature and his praises of rural life. He aimed to express the farmer's intimate relation with the manifold aspects and processes of nature, and to contrast the simplicity and security of the planter's life with the luxury and mad competition of the great city.

Virgil devoted many years of his mature life to the composition of a great national epic poem, entitled the "*Æneid*," which was designed to celebrate the origin and victories of the Roman empire, and to recommend the tradition that the Romans were descended from the Trojan prince *Æneas*, who led a band from Troy to Italy. Like his other poems, it is in hexameter verse. The story is so arranged as to make his work an appendage to that of Homer, while the six books which recount the long voyage of *Æneas* from Troy to the shores of Italy reflect the character of the *Odyssey*, and the six later books, which rehearse the adventures and conflicts of *Æneas* in Italy, resemble more the *Iliad*. Yet there is a more stately and self-conscious manner in the diction, which distinguishes the *Æneid* as belonging to a more advanced stage of civilization than the great Greek epic. Living in one of the most critical epochs of the history of the world, Virgil anticipated to a remarkable degree much of what came after him, and "divined what the future would love." He had a more perfect culture, and a more catholic sympathy with nature and humanity, than any other Roman, except Cicero.

Professor W. Y. Sellar justly says:—"Virgil's idealization of Augustus in the *Æneid* is no expression of servile adulation. It is through the prominence assigned to him that the *Æneid* is truly representative of the critical epoch in human affairs at which it was written. The cardinal fact of that epoch was the substitution of personal rule for the rule of the old commonwealth over the Roman world. Virgil shows the imaginative significance of that fact by revealing the emperor as chosen from of old in the counsels of

the Supreme Ruler of the world to fulfill the national destiny, as the descendant of gods and of heroes of old poetic renown, as victor in the great decisive battle between the forces of the Western and the Eastern world, as the organizer of empire and restorer of peace, order and religion, had rendered better service to mankind than any one of the heroes who in an older time had been raised for their great deeds to the company of the gods."

Virgil's poems became school books before the death of Augustus, and have remained such through successive centuries. Returning from a visit to Athens, Virgil died at Brundisium in September, 19 B.C. It is said that when dying, he ordered his executors to destroy the *Æneid*, as not having received his finishing touches. Happily, by the direction of the Emperor Augustus, this wish was not obeyed, and the great Roman epic has been preserved for the admiration of the world. Voltaire said the "*Æneid* is the most beautiful monument that remains to us of all antiquity." "Virgil," says Addison, "has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Everything is just and natural." Wordsworth pronounced Virgil the greatest master of language that ever existed, and praised his lofty moral tone. Tennyson has also expressed his appreciation of Virgil's style and metre briefly :

"I salute thee, Mantovano;
I who loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the noblest metre
Ever moulded by the lips of man."

AUGUSTUS DEIFIED.

(From *Georgic III.*)

I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,
For thee, my native Mantua! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the green champaign,
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where, with slow bend, broad Mincio's waters stray,
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,

A present god, shall consecrate the shrine.
 For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
 Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.
 All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field;
 Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.

I, I myself will round my temple twine
 The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine,
 E'en now the solemn pomp I joy to lead,
 E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,
 Now view the turning scenes, and now behold
 Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.
 There, on the ivory gates with gold embost
 My skill shall sculpture the Gargarian host,
 And o'er the foe, in radiant mail array'd,
 Quirinus poising his victorious blade.
 Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there
 Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
 Niphates here, there Asia's captive tow'rs,
 And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs:
 From different nations double trophies torn,
 And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.
 There busts shall breathe, and Parian statues trace
 From sire to son Jove's long-descending race:
 Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,
 And Cynthius, architect of Troy divine.
 Envy shall there th' avenging Furies dread,
 The Stygian lake with flaming sulphur fed,
 The racking wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,
 And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.

Meanwhile, Mæcenas! by thy genius fir'd,
 I dare the arduous task by thee inspir'd;
 Through woods, and lawns, untrodden urge my way,
 While murmuring Dryads chide the long delay.
 Oh, come! Cithæron shouts her mountains o'er,
 Rous'd by Taygetian hounds deep echoes roar,
 The neighing steeds o'er Æpidaurus bound,
 Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
 Ere long, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,
 Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,
 His glowing battles consecrate to fame,
 And spread from age to age the Julian name.

—*Translated by* DRYDEN.

THE SHIELD OF ÆNEAS.

(Æneid, Book VIII.)

Most he admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold :
For there, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens :
There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung :
The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue :
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

Not far from thence, new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds,
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend :
The Romans there with arms their prey defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease ;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand :
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom : the brambles drink his blood ;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.

There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights :
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdaining stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge and stemm'd the flood,
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor ; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold ;
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and by her cackle, sav'd the State.
She told the Gauls' approach : th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair ;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear :
Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield,
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.

Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :
And naked through the streets the mad Luperi dance
In caps of wool ; the targets dropt from heaven.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear :
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.

Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen ;
Pains of the damn'd ; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor ; and around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.

Betwixt the quarters flow, a golden sea :
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize :
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foaming billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armor bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight :
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foe assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,

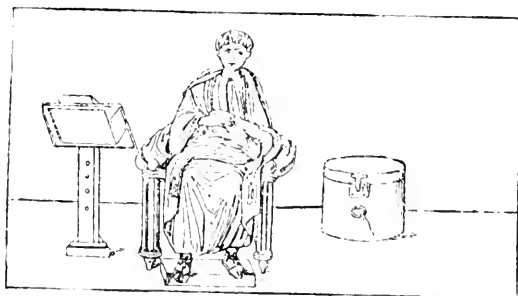
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war;
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly,
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent:
And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the crowd: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.

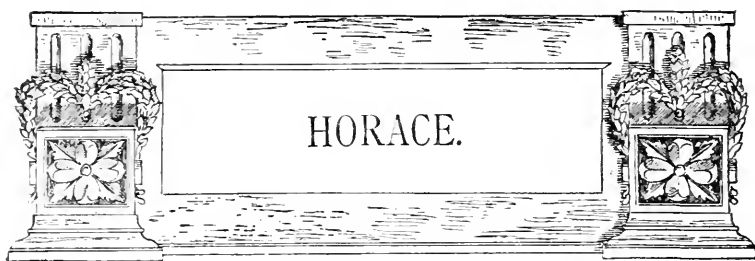
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.

Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
 With Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
 And there the Rhine submits his swelling tides,
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
 The Dane's unconquer'd offspring march behind;
 And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labor'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

—*Translated by* DRYDEN.





HORACE is more popular than any other Latin poet except Virgil, and has more of the modern tone of thought than any other poet of antiquity. As a satiric moralist, he has always been a favorite with educated men of the world. In lyric and didactic poetry he has had but few rivals, and perhaps no superiors in the aggregate of his work.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia (now Venosa), among the Apennines, in the southeastern part of Italy, December 8, 65 B.C. His father was a freedman who gained a competent fortune as a collector, and purchased a farm on the river Aufidus (Ofanto), near Venusia. At an early age (52 B.C.) he was sent to Rome, where he was educated by the eminent teacher Orbilius Pupillus, and learned grammar and the Greek language, while Rome was distracted by civil war. His own writings afford the fullest and most reliable materials for his biography; and he is one of the few authors who have told the reader a great deal about themselves without laying themselves open to the charge of vanity and egotism. His stature was short, and his eyes and hair were dark. To finish his education he went about 47 B.C. to Athens, then the principal seat of learning and philosophy. He informs his reader that he studied truth and rectitude in the groves of the Academy.

Horace remained at Athens until the renewal of the civil war, 43 B.C. As Brutus passed by Athens, Horace joined his army, was promoted to the rank of military tribune, and fought with enthusiasm for the republic at the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C., where Brutus and Cassius were defeated. Horace

informs us in a jesting way, that he fled and threw away his shield. His paternal farm at Venusia was confiscated by the triumvirs, and he was reduced to poverty. Then stern, unrelenting poverty, impelled him to write verses. Having returned to Rome about 41 B.C., he procured a clerkship in the quæstor's office and soon formed an intimate friendship with Virgil. The latter introduced him about 39 B.C. to Mæcenas, in whom he found a liberal patron.

This introduction to Mæcenas was the turning-point of his fortunes. Yet his friendship with Mæcenas and other patrons depended upon his personal merits rather than his poetry. He was distinguished by his independence, self-reliance, convivial wit, good sense, elegant taste and exquisite urbanity. The friendship of Mæcenas with Horace grew rapidly into close intimacy. Horace accompanied his patron when he went, about 37 B.C., to Brundisium on an important political mission, the object of which was to reconcile Antony and Octavius. Soon after Horace published the first book of Satires, Mæcenas gave him a Sabine farm situated in a deep and romantic valley about fifteen miles from Tibur (Tivoli). It produced olives, grapes and grain, and was cultivated by five families of free persons. He owned also a villa at Tibur. He had a genuine love of rural life and the beauty of nature, and spent much time on this Sabine farm, which he has rendered famous. It is a peculiar charm of his poetry that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age. Horace declined the office of private secretary to Augustus, who treated him with particular favor. Although he became the poetical courtier of the emperor, he asserted and maintained his independence and self-respect.

He spent nine or ten years after the battle of Actium (31 B.C.) in the composition of lyric poems, but he did not live in the proper age for the highest lyric song. "The religious, and what we may call the national, the second inspiration of the genuine lyric, were both wanting. The religion in the Horatian ode is, for the most part, the conventional poetic mythology, of which the influence was effete" (Milman). His odes, however, are admired for their spirit, ease, elegance and harmony. After he had published three Books of Odes,

he ceased from that style of composition until B.C. 17, when Augustus celebrated the Secular Games, or anniversary of the founding of Rome, and required Horace to furnish an ode for the occasion. This has been preserved, and it seems also to have led him to further lyrical efforts, which are found in a fourth Book of Odes, by no means inferior to its predecessors. He was then probably over fifty. In his latter mature years he wrote two Books of Epistles. "No one doubts," says Milman, "that these delightful compositions are the most perfect works of Horace. They possess every merit of the Satires in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity and a more calm and commanding good sense."

Horace was never married. In his writings he mentions no member of his family except his father, of whom he speaks with honor and gratitude. He died in November, 8 B.C.

Horace is considered the most truthful painter of social life and manners which the ancient world produced. Quintilian affirms that he is unrivalled in his sketches of character. In some parts of his poems he expresses his belief in Epicureanism, but he probably did not embrace that system with zeal and earnestness. His mind was not speculative, but practical, and he acknowledged no master in philosophy. His works abound in good moral precepts, and axioms, which have become familiar quotations, and "their intuitive truth has stamped them as household words on the memory of educated men."

ON VIRGIL'S VOYAGE TO ATHENS.

(Book I., Ode III.)

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus,
 So may the brothers of Helen, bright stars,
 So may the Father of Winds, while he fetters
 All, save Iapyx, the Breeze of the West,

Speed thee, O Ship, as I pray thee to render
 Virgil, a debt duly lent to thy charge,
 Whole and intact on the Attican borders,
 Faithfully guarding the half of my soul.

Oak and brass triple encircled his bosom,
Who first to fierce ocean consigned a frail raft,
Fearing not Africus, when, in wild battle,
Headlong he charges the blasts of the North ;

Fearing no gloom in the face of the Hyads ;
Fearing no rage of mad Notus, than whom,
Never a despot more absolute wieldeth
Hadria, to rouse her or lull at his will.

What the approach by which Death could have daunted
Him who with eyelids unmoistened beheld
Monster forms gliding and mountain waves swelling,
And the grim Thunder-Crags dismally famed?

Vainly by wastes of dissociable ocean
Providence severed the lands from the lands
If the plains not to be touched by our footfall
Be, yet, profanely o'er-leapt by our rafts.

Rushes man's race through the evils forbidden,
Lawlessly bold to brave all things and bear :
Lawlessly bold did the son of the Titan
Bring to the nations fire won through a fraud.

Fire stolen thus from the Dome Æmpyræan,
Meagre Decay swooped at once on the earth,
Leagued with a new-levied army of fevers—
Death, until then the slow-comer, far-off,

Hurried his stride, and stood facing his victim ;
Dædalus, upward, the void realms of air
Sounded on wings that to man are not given ;
Down, burst the labor Herculean through hell.

Nought is too high for the daring of mortals ;
Heaven's very self in our folly we storm.
Never is Jove, through our guilty aspiring,
Suffered to lay down the bolt we provoke.

—SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE POET'S CHOICE.

(Book II., Ode XII.—To Mæcenas).

Dire Hannibal, the Roman's dread,
Numantian wars, which raged so long,
And seas with Punic slaughter red,
Suit not the softer lyric song ;

Nor savage centaurs, mad with wine ;
Nor Earth's enormous rebel brood,
Who shook with fear the Powers divine,
Till by Alcides' arms subdued.

Better, Mæcenas, thou in prose
Shalt Cæsar's glorious battles tell ;
With what bold heat the victor glows,
What captive kings his triumphs swell.

Thy mistress all my Muse employs ;
Licinia's voice, her sprightly turns,
The fire that sparkles in her eyes,
And in her faithful bosom burns.

When she adorns Diana's day,
And all the beauteous choirs advance,
With sweetest airs, divinely gay,
She shines, distinguish'd in the dance !

Not all Arabia's spicy fields
Can with Licinia's breath compare ;
Nor India's self a treasure yields,
To purchase one bright flowing hair :

When she with bending neck complies
To meet the lover's eager kiss,
With gentle cruelty denies,
Or snatches first the fragrant bliss.

—*Translated by R. BERNAL.*

TO THE ROMANS.

(Book III., Ode VI.).

Those ills your ancestors have done,
 Romans, are now become your own;
 And they will cost you dear,
 Unless you soon repair
 The falling temples which the gods provoke,
 And statues sullied yet with sacrilegious smoke
 Propitious Heaven, that raised your fathers high,
 For humble, grateful piety,
 (As it rewarded their respect)
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
 All empires on the gods depend,
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.
 Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
 And with insulting pride,
 Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride. .
 The Scythian and Egyptian scum
 Had almost ruin'd Rome,
 While our seditions took their part,
 Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.
 First, these flagitious times
 (Pregnant with unknown crimes)
 Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
 From which polluted head
 Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
 And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.
 Behold a fair and melting maid
 Bound 'prentice to a common trade;
 Ionian artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.
 'Tis not the spawn of such as these
 That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
 And quash'd the stern Æacides;
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was 'gainst Europe's steel;

Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.
 But soldiers of a rustic mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
 Either they dug the stubborn ground,
 Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound;
 And after the declining sun
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
 Home with their weary team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly bowls the labor of the day.
 Time sensibly all things impairs;
 Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
 And we than ours; next age will see
 A race more profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

—*Translated by the* EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

THE RECONCILIATION.

(Book III., Ode IX.).

Horace. Whilst I was fond, and you were kind,
 Nor any dearer youth, reclined
 On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
 Phraates was not half so bless'd.

Lydia. Whilst you adored no other face,
 Nor loved me in the second place,
 My happy celebrated fame
 Outshone e'en Ilia's envied flame.

Horace. Me Chloe now possesses whole,
 Her voice and lyre command my soul;
 Nor would I death itself decline,
 Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

Lydia. For me the lovely Calais burns,
 And warmth for warmth my heart returns.
 Twice would I life with joy resign,
 Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

Horace. What if sweet love, whose bands we broke,
 Again should tame us to the yoke;

Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain?

Lydia. Though Hesper be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

—*Translated by F. ATTERBURY.*

HORACE'S STORY OF HIS EDUCATION.

(From Satire VI.—To Mæcenas).

Nor yet to chance my happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius, told
Among my friends what character I hold;
When introduced, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred;
But what I really was, I frankly said.

Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honor this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.

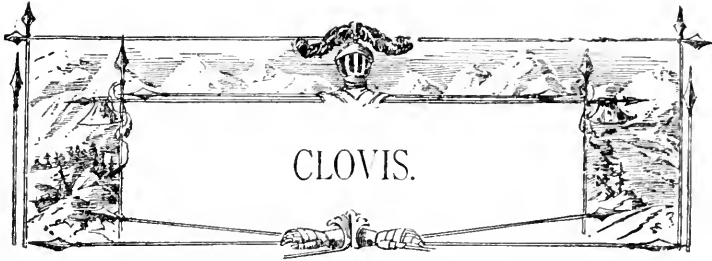
If some few venial faults deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole),
If none with avarice justly brand my fame
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though maintain'd
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.

To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught;
So dress'd and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir;
Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserv'd my chastity of mind,
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind),
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame:
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.

For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree
Or language; for if Nature should decree
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wished to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honors of an ancient line.

—Translated by P. FRANCIS.





CLOVIS, the first Christian King of the Franks, was an ambitious and powerful monarch. His name was properly written Chlodwig, which was shortened to Ludwig, the German form, and finally softened to Louis, the present French form. He was a son of King Childeric and his queen, Basina, and was born about 466 A.D. The Franks were then pagans, and Clovis was educated as an idolater. In 481 A.D. he succeeded his father, who reigned over the Salian tribe. That kingdom was then limited to the island of the Batavians, or the marshes at the mouth of the Rhine, with the ancient dioceses of Tournay and Arras.

When Clovis began his career of conquest, he had neither money in his treasury nor grain and wine in his magazines. In the primitive style described by Homer, fifteen hundred years earlier, after each successful battle or expedition, the spoils were accumulated in a common mass, and every soldier received his proper share. Himself a barbarian, Clovis yet taught his barbarous subjects to acknowledge the advantages of a rude discipline. His justice was inexorable, and careless or disobedient soldiers were punished with instant death. His valor appears to have been directed by prudence. In all his transactions he calculated the weight of passion, of interest, and of opinion.

His first important exploit was the defeat of Syagrius,

who reigned at Soissons. In 486 A.D., Clovis challenged Syagrius in the spirit and almost in the language of chivalry to appoint the day and the field of battle. After this victory, Clovis chose Soissons for his capital. "The Belgic cities," says Gibbon, "surrendered to the King of the Franks; and his dominions were enlarged towards the East by the ample diocese of Tongres, which Clovis subdued in the tenth year of his reign." In 493 he married Clotilda, a Christian princess, a daughter of Chilperic, King of Burgundy. She persuaded him to profess her religion, and he avowed his conversion in 496. His subjects also then changed their religion, and burned the idols which they had formerly adored.

But this acceptance of the mild yoke of Christ made little change in their character. "His ambitious reign," says Gibbon, "was a perpetual violation of moral and Christian duties: his hands were stained with blood, in peace as well as in war; and as soon as Clovis had dismissed a Synod of the Gallican Church, he calmly assassinated all the princes of the Merovingian race." He was then the only Catholic or orthodox king in Christendom, the other Christian kings being Arians, and his power was zealously supported by the bishops who reigned in the cities of Gaul. In 497 the cities of Armorica submitted to Clovis, perhaps because he was a Catholic. They accepted without shame the generous capitulation which was proposed by a Catholic hero.

About 496 the Alemanni, the great tribe to which Germany owes its modern French name, invaded the dominions of Clovis and his allies. Clovis encountered the invaders in the plain of Tolbiac, about twenty miles from Cologne. The Franks, after an obstinate struggle, gave way; but the battle was restored by the valor and the conduct of Clovis. The King of the Alemanni was slain in the field, and Clovis gained a decisive victory. "The Gallic territories which were possessed by the Alemanni became the prize of their conqueror, and the haughty nation, invincible or rebellious to the arms of Rome, acknowledged the sovereignty of the Merovingian kings." Clovis defeated in battle Gundobald, King of Burgundy, who was an uncle of Clotilda, in 500 A.D., and soon after that event formed an alliance with him.

Paris became the capital of his kingdom about 507. The Goths or Visigoths viewed his rapid progress with jealousy and alarm, and some disputes arose on the edge of their contiguous dominions. At Paris Clovis declared to an assembly the pretence and the motive of a Gothic war. "It grieves me," he said, "to see that the Arians still possess the fairest portion of Gaul. Let us march against them with the aid of God, and, having vanquished the heretics, we will possess and divide their fertile provinces." In 507 Clovis attacked the army of Alaric, King of the Visigoths, who reigned over the region between the Loire and the Pyrenees. The two kings encountered each other in single combat, and Alaric was killed near Poitiers. Clovis gained a decisive victory, which was followed by the conquest of Aquitaine, which was indissolubly united to the kingdom of France.

Clovis besieged Arles; but the Visigoths, aided by Theodoric, King of Italy, compelled him to raise the siege. In 510 Clovis accepted the honor of the Roman consulship. The Emperor Anastasius bestowed the title and ensigns of that dignity on the most powerful rival of Theodoric. Clovis died in 511 A.D., leaving four sons—Thierry, Clodomir, Childeric, and Clotaire,—among whom France was divided. His descendants are called Merovingians, from Merovig or Mérovée, the grandfather of Clovis.

CLOVIS EMBRACES CHRISTIANITY.

Clovis was still only chief of the petty tribe of the Franks of Tournai, when numerous bands of Suevi, under the designation of All-men (Alemanni), threatened to pass the Rhine. The Franks, as usual, flew to arms, to oppose their passage. In similar emergencies the different tribes were accustomed to unite under the bravest chief, and Clovis reaped the honor of the common victory. This was the occasion of his embracing the worship of Roman Gaul, which was that of his wife Clotilda, niece of the King of the Burgundians. He had vowed, he said, during the battle, to worship the god of Clotilda if he gained the day. Three thousand of his warriors followed his example. There was great joy among the clergy of Gaul, who thenceforward placed their hopes of deliverance in the

Franks. St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, and a subject of the Arian Burgundians, did not hesitate to write to him—"When thou fightest, it is to us that the victory is due." These words were the subject of eloquent comment by St. Remigius, on the occasion of the baptism of Clovis—"Sicamber, bow meekly thy head; adore what thou hast burnt, burn what thou hast adored." In this manner the Church took solemn possession of the barbarians.

This union of Clovis with the clergy of Gaul threatened to be fatal to the Burgundians. He had already endeavored to turn to account a war between the Burgundian monarchs Godegisil and Gondebaut, alleging against the latter his Arianism and the murder of Clotilda's father; and without doubt he had been called in by the bishops. Gondebaut humbled himself; amused the bishops by promising to turn Catholic; gave them his children to educate; and granted the Romans a milder law than had been hitherto accorded the conquered by any barbarian people. He wound up these concessions by becoming tributary to Clovis.

Alaric II., King of the Visigoths, entertaining a similar dread and distrust of Clovis, endeavored to propitiate him, and sought an interview with him in an island of the Loire. Clovis spoke him fairly, but the instant after convened his Gauls. "It offends me," he said, "that these Arians possess the fairest portion of the land. Let us on them, and with God to aid, expel them. Let us seize their land. We shall do well, for it is very good." (507 A.D.)

Far from encountering any obstacle, he seemed to be conducted by a mysterious hand. He was led to a ford in Vienne by a hart. A pillar of fire appeared on the cathedral of Poitiers, for his guidance by night. He sent to St. Martin de Tours to consult the lots; and they were favorable to him. On his side, he did not overlook the quarter whence this assistance came. He forbade all plundering round Poitiers. Near Tours he struck with his sword a soldier who was foraging on the territory of this town, made sacred by the tomb of St. Martin. "How," said he, "can we hope for victory, if we offend St. Martin?" After his victory over Syagrius, one of his warriors refused the king a sacred vase, which he sought to include in

his share of the spoil in order to dedicate it to St. Remigius, the patron saint of his own church. A short time afterwards, Clovis, seizing the opportunity of a review of his troops, snatches his *francisque* (Frankish battle-axe) from the soldier, and as he stoops to pick it up, splits his skull with a stroke of his own axe, exclaiming—"Remember the vase at Soissons." So zealous a defender of the goods of the church could not fail to find her a powerful help towards victory; and, in fact, he overcame Alaric at Vouglé, near Poitiers, advanced as far as Languedoc, and would have marched further had not the great Theodoric, King of the Italian Ostrogoths, and father-in-law of Alaric II., covered Provence and Spain with an army, and saved the remainder of his kingdom for the infant son of the latter, who, on the mother's side, was his own grandson.

The invasion of the Franks, so evidently desired by the heads of the Gallo-Roman population, in other words, by the bishops, added momentarily to this confused state of things. The historic notices which remain to us of the immediate results of so varied and complicated a revolution are scanty; but they have been happily divined and analyzed by Guizot:

"Invasion, or, more properly speaking, invasions, were essentially partial, local and momentary events. A band arrived, generally small in number—the most powerful, those which founded kingdoms; for instance, that of Clovis did not number more than from five to six thousand men, while the entire Burgundian nation did not exceed sixty thousand—it rapidly traversed a narrow line of ground, ravaged a district, attacked a city, and then either withdrew with its booty, or settled within a limited range so as to avoid too great a dispersion. We know the ease and rapidity with which such events take place and pass away. Houses are burnt, lands laid waste, harvests carried off, men slain or led into captivity, and but a brief time after all this mischief has been done, the waves cease, their furrows are effaced, individual sufferings are forgotten, and society returns, apparently at least, into its ancient channel. Such was the course of affairs in Gaul in the fifth century.

"But we also know that human society—that form of it

which deserves the name of a people—does not consist of a number of isolated and passing existences thrown into simple juxtaposition. Were it nothing more, the invasions of the barbarians would not have produced the impression traced on the records of the time. For a considerable period, the number both of places and of individuals who suffered from them, was far inferior to that of those untouched by their ravages. But man's social life is not confined to the material space or to the mere moment of time in which it passes. It ramifies into the many relations it has contracted in many localities, and not only into them, but into those which it may contract, or may form an idea of. It embraces not alone the present, but the future. Man lives on a thousand points which he does not inhabit, and in a thousand moments yet in the womb of time; and if this expansion of his existence suffer compression, if he is compelled to contract himself within the narrow limits of his material and actual existence, and isolate himself both as regards space and time, social life is a truncated and lifeless corpse.

“This was the result of the invasions—of those apparitions of barbarous bands, brief, it is true, and limited, but ever renewed, everywhere possible, and always threatening. They destroyed, first, all regular, customary, easy correspondence between different parts of a territory; secondly, all security and prospect for the future. They broke the bonds which unite the inhabitants of the same country, interrupted the regular pulsations of a whole social existence. They isolated men, and the days of each man. In many places and for many years, the aspect of the country might remain the same; but the organization of society felt the blow, its limbs fell from each other, its muscles were nerveless, the blood no longer circulated freely or surely in its veins, the evil burst out sometimes in one point, sometimes in another—a town was plundered, a road rendered impracticable, a bridge broken down, this or that communication ceased, cultivation was put a stop to in this or that district—in a word, the organic harmony and general activity of the social body were daily interfered with and disturbed, and every day impelled the general paralysis and dissolution.

“The termination had come of all those ties by which Rome, after unnumbered efforts, had accomplished the union of the different parts of the globe—of that great system of administration, taxes, recruitment, public works and roads. Of all these, there only remained those portions which could subsist isolated and locally—that is to say, the ruins of municipal government. The people betook themselves to the towns, in which they continued to govern themselves nearly on the same system as before, with the same privileges, and through the medium of the same institutions. A thousand circumstances prove this concentration of society in the towns. One, which has been but little noticed during the Roman government is the constant recurrence, both in the laws enacted and in history, of ‘governors of provinces, officers with consular power, *correctores*, presidents,’ who are ever on the scene. In the sixth century their name occurs less frequently; but we still find dukes and counts named as governing provinces. The barbarian kings strove to succeed to the Roman form of government, to keep up the same officers, and direct power into the same channel; but their success is incomplete and disorderly. Their dukes are rather military than political chiefs; the governors of provinces are evidently no longer of the same importance, and play a different part. It is the governors of the towns who figure in history. Most of those counts, whose exactions under Chilperic, Gontran, and Theodebert, are related by Gregory of Tours, are counts of towns, established, side by side with their bishop, within the precinct of their walls. It would be too much to say that the province has disappeared; but it is disorganized, unsubstantial, and all but a phantom. The city, the primitive element of the Roman world, is almost the sole survivor of its ruin.”

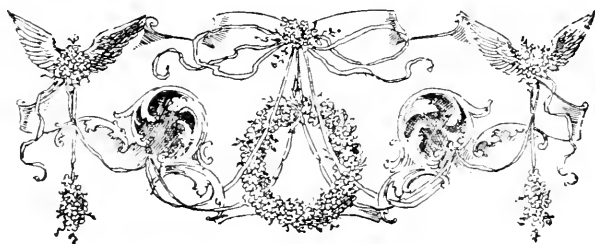
The fact is, a new organization is on the eve of gradual formation, of which the city will not be the sole element, and in which the country, which went for nothing in ancient times, will, in its turn, take a place. Centuries will be required to establish this new order of things. Still, from the time of Clovis, it was prepared from afar by the consummation of two important events.

On one hand the unity of the barbarian army was secured.

By a series of treacheries, Clovis effected the death of all the petty kings of the Franks. The Church, pre-occupied by the idea of unity, applauded their death. "He succeeded in everything," said Gregory of Tours, "because he walked with his heart upright before God." St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, had in like manner congratulated Gondebaut on the death of his brother—which put an end to the civil war in Burgundy. The deaths of the Frankish, Visigoth, and Roman chiefs, united under one and the same head the whole of western Gaul from Batavia to the Narbonnese.

On the other hand, Clovis allowed the Church the most unbounded right of asylum and protection. At a period that the law had ceased to protect, this recognition of the power of an order which took upon itself the guardianship and security of the conquered, was a great step. Slaves themselves could not be forced from the churches where they had taken refuge. The very houses of the priests were accounted asylums, like the temples, to those who should appear to live with them. A bishop had only to make oath that a prisoner was his, to have him immediately given up.

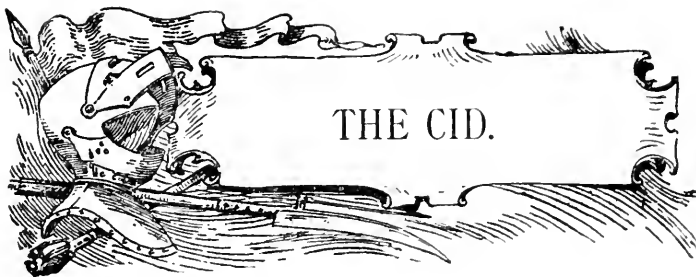
The immense property secured by Clovis to the churches, particularly to that of Reims, whose bishop is said to have been his principal counsellor, must have given vast extension to this salutary influence of the Church. To place property in ecclesiastical keeping was to withdraw it from violence, brutality and barbarism.—J. MICHELET.





A. LIZIANO. PINX.

QUEEN ZIMENA DEMANDS JUSTICE AGAINST THE KING.



THE CID is the most prominent hero of the ballad poetry of Spain, which far surpasses in amount that of any other country. He presents most strikingly the best qualities of the national character as displayed through subsequent centuries. The Cid of history is in many respects a different character;

yet is still the foremost personage of the heroic period of Spain. His proper name is Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. He was born at the paternal castle of Bivar, in Castile, about the year 1030. He was of the purest Gothic blood; but his family possessions were very small, and he was indebted to his own valor and martial genius for the renown and importance which he acquired.

The Omniad dynasty, under whom the Moors in Spain had been united and invincible, had come to an end. Their kingdom was divided among many petty princes who were continually at war with each other and with the Christians. Rodrigo Diaz was brought up in the court of King Fernando of Castile, and was early created a knight. His military career against the Moors of Spain was commenced under the banners of his valiant king. By his exploits he soon became celebrated throughout Spain as the model of Christian chivalry. Five Moorish kings, whom he defeated and took captive, and to whom he generously granted life and liberty, bestowed on him the title of Es Sayd, or "My lord;" whence

arose the customary name of the Cid, or "My Cid," by which he is best known in poetry and in history.

In 1063 the Cid accompanied the Infant Don Sancho of Castile in an expedition against Ramiro, King of Arragon, who was defeated and slain at the battle of Grao. When Sancho succeeded to the crown, Don Rodrigo acted as his generalissimo against his brother Alfonso. He followed his master to the siege of Zamora, and when Sancho was killed by treachery, he conducted back in good order the Castilian troops, with the dead body of the king. Alfonso was afterwards invited to receive the crown of Castile, on the condition of taking an oath to purge himself of all suspicion of concern in his brother's murder; and none of the other nobility venturing to exact the oath at the Convention of Burgos, Rodrigo administered it, and even obliged the king to repeat it.

In 1074, the Cid married Donna Ximena Dias, daughter of Count Diego Alvarez, of the Asturias. Some critics have considered that this fact renders improbable the story of a former marriage with Ximena, daughter of Count Gomez of Gormaz, whom he had killed in single combat. This event, which afforded a fine display of contending passions in the person of the heroine, as daughter and lover, has been the subject of a Spanish play, imitated by Corneille in his celebrated tragedy of "The Cid." But the story as given by the ballad writers makes the connection take place under King Fernando of Castile, the father of Sancho, ten or fifteen years earlier. No account mentions a second marriage.

After his marriage with the daughter of Alvarez, the Cid was frequently the mark of unmerited royal jealousy; and he was more than once banished from Castile. Finding, at length, that Alfonso continued to resent his conduct in exacting the oath, Rodrigo assembled his friends, relations, and dependents, at the head of whom he entered Arragon, ravaging and plundering the country.

The Cid made himself master of the castle of Alcocer, and being joined by a number of freebooters, attracted by his military fame, he made frequent incursions into the neighboring Moorish territories. At length he penetrated to the district

of Feruel, south of Saragossa, and took up his residence in a strong fortress, called to this day *Pena del Cid*, the rock of the Cid, where he maintained himself as an independent petty sovereign. He fought for Moorish princes as well as for Christian; and when recalled by the capricious Alfonso, the veteran Campeador (or Champion), by which title the hero is often styled by his countrymen, combatted for him as zealously as he had fought in his youth for more generous and grateful sovereigns.

Hearing of the murder of Yahia, Lord of Valencia, he desired the assistance of Alfonso, to enable him to revenge the deed. Alfonso, probably desirous of removing him to a greater distance, readily granted his request, and Rodrigo, in 1094, with an army of 7,000 men, of whom the greater part were Mohammedans, took Valencia, after a siege of nine months. Henceforth he was called "My Cid the Campeador, Lord of Valencia." He caused Abeniaf, the murderer of King Yahia, to be stoned to death, and ordered the Moors to vacate the city, which was rapidly filled by the Christians of Alcudia. The Cid was here attacked by the King of Seville, whom he utterly defeated. The city was also assaulted by the Moors under King Yusef; but they were repulsed with great slaughter and driven to their ships. The Almoravides, however, afterwards defeated his army when led by his lieutenant, Alvar Fanez. But Rodrigo successfully held and governed the city until his death, which occurred on the 29th of May, 1099.

The tomb of the Cid is still shown at Bivar; and his countrymen, after so many centuries and so many changes, still speak of him with enthusiastic pride. His victories and his romantic personal adventures furnish the themes of many of the finest old Spanish ballads. But these songs depart widely from the truth of history, and depict the Cid as the model Christian knight, the "Perfect One." The "Poem of the Cid," the earliest great poem of modern Europe, is a fragment containing 3,744 lines, in assonant rhyme. It is hardly more reliable as an account of his remarkable career, but it is invaluable as a graphic picture of the age and people which produced it. There is a Latin chronicle said to have

been framed about fifty years after the hero's death, from an original chronicle written in Arabic by two Moorish pages of the Cid. The more celebrated Spanish Chronicle is much longer and is full of extravagant stories. It has been translated into English by Southey.

DONNA XIMENA DEMANDS VENGEANCE.

Within the court at Burgos a clamor doth arise,
Of arms on armor clashing, of screams, and shouts, and cries ;
The good men of the king, that sit his hall around,
All suddenly upspring, astonished at the sound.

The king leans from his chamber, from the balcony on high :
"What means this furious clamor my palace-porch so nigh?"
But when he looked below him, there were horsemen at the gate,
And the fair Ximena Gomez, kneeling in woful state.

Upon her neck, disordered, hung down the lady's hair,
And floods of tears were streaming upon her bosom fair ;
Sore wept she for her father, the Count that had been slain ;
Loud cursed she Rodrigo, whose sword his blood did stain.

They turned to bold Rodrigo, I wot his cheek was red ;
With haughty wrath he listened to the words Ximena said :
"Good king, I cry for justice. Now, as my voice thou hearest,
So God befriend the children, that in thy land thou rearest.

"The king that doth not justice hath forfeited his claim,
Both to his kingly station, and to his knightly name ;
He should not sit at banquet, clad in the royal pall,
Nor should the nobles serve him on knee within the hall.

"Good king, I am descended from barons bright of old,
Who with Castilian pennons Pelayo did uphold ;
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still shouldst prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

"For thee, fierce homicide ! draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before ;
Because I am a woman, my life thou need'st not spare :
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughtered father's heir.

"Since thou hast slain the knight that did our faith defend,
And still to shameful flight all the Almanzors send,
'Tis but a little matter that I confront thee so:
Come, traitor, slay his daughter,—she needs must be thy foe."

Ximena gazed upon him, but no reply could meet;
His fingers held the bridle, he vaulted to his seat.
She turned her to the nobles, I wot her cry was loud,
But not a man durst follow; slow rode he through the crowd.

—*Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.*

DONNA XIMENA ASKS THE KING FOR THE CID.

Now, of Rodrigo de Bivar, great was the fame that run,
How he five Kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say:—
"I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he;
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

"Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave,
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honored shall I hold me, I shall be married well.

"I know he's born for thriving, none like him in the land;
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Saviour's view,
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."

Right pleasing to Fernando was the thing she did propose;
He writes his letter swiftly, and forth his foot-page goes;
I wot, when young Rodrigo saw how the King did write,
He leapt on Baviaca—I wot his leap was light.

With his own troop of true men forthwith he took the way,
Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all gently born were they,
All in one color mantled, in armour gleaming gay,
New were both scarf and scabbard, when they went forth that day.

The King came out to meet him, with words of hearty cheer ;
 Quoth he, " My good Rodrigo, right welcome art thou here ;
 This girl, Ximena Gomez, would have thee for her lord,
 Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

" I pray thee be consenting,—my gladness will be great ;
 Thou shalt have lands in plenty, to strengthen thine estate."
 " Lord King," Rodrigo answers, " in this and all beside,
 Command, and I'll obey thee. The girl shall be my bride!"

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
 Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command :
 He stood and blushed before her ;—thus at the last said he—
 " I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villainy :—

" In no disguise I slew him, man against man I stood ;
 There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood.
 I slew a man, I owe a man ; fair lady, by God's grace,
 An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place."

—*Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.*

THE CID'S WEDDING.

Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;
 He makes his preparation for many a noble guest,
 It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
 'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,
 Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;
 The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;—
 For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
 From house to house all over, in the way where they must march ;
 They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
 Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
 And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;
 With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
 To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
 The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
 The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
 Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
 They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after;
 For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
 And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand;
 And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land;
 All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
 But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it (his thought you understand),
 "'Tis a fine thing to be a King; but Heaven make me a hand!
 The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
 And swore the bride ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head
 And seldom gave an answer to anything he said;
 It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
 Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.
 —*Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.*

THE CID'S HORSE BAVIECA.

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
 Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake, after the reverence due,—
 "Oh King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
 The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride:

For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
 So good as he, and certes, the best befits my King;
 But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
 I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
 On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
 And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
 Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

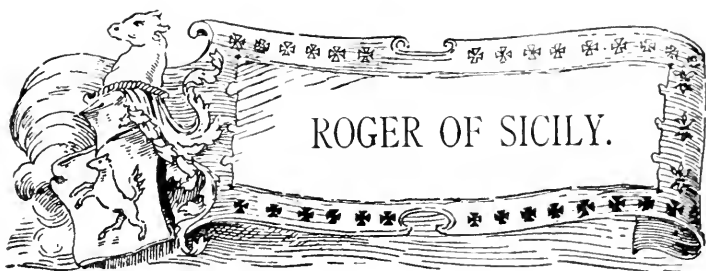
And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein:—"God pity now the Cid;"
"God pity Diaz," cried the Lords,—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling, with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the King,
But "No," said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavioca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar.—Mount, mount again, my Cid."

—Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.





THE Norman conquest of Sicily has a close connection with the beginning of the Crusades, and is a striking illustration of the infusion of a new and vigorous element into the effete civilization of Southern Europe. Roger, the Norman adventurer, who became Grand Count of Sicily and Calabria, was the youngest of the twelve sons of Tancred of Hauteville, and was born in 1031. His three eldest sons, William (Ironhand), Drogo, and Humphrey, following the example of other Normans, had, in 1022, offered their services to petty princes of Italy. Profiting by the continual dissensions between their employers, these hardy warriors had by degrees acquired supreme power over a great portion of Southern Italy.

Robert, surnamed Guiscard (which is almost equivalent to our English word *wizard*), was the fourth son, and was considered one of the most valiant warriors of the eleventh century. Burning with a desire to emulate the heroic deeds of his brothers, as soon as he could bear arms he made his way to Italy at the head of a few adventurers. He soon gathered about him a small army of hardy and courageous soldiers, who performed almost incredible feats of valor. With such admiration and affection was he regarded by his soldiers, that when his brother Humphrey died they made him Duke of Apulia to the prejudice of his nephews, the rightful heirs.

Taking advantage of the enthusiasm of his troops, he subdued Calabria, and was invested with the sovereignty of that province by Pope Nicholas II., who had previously excommunicated him for brigandage. As a recognition of

this favor from the pontiff, he bound himself and his successors to pay a yearly tribute to the Holy See. This was the origin of the papal claims on the Kingdom of Naples. Up to this time the government of Apulia retained certain popular forms, which Guiscard lost no time in destroying. The barons trembled for their privileges. Seditions broke out on every hand. Guiscard punished the principals by death; others he sent into exile, and those who had merely been instruments in the hands of the chiefs he pardoned, and by this clemency strengthened his authority. When he had established order, and had no fear of insurrection in his Italian dominions, he cast his eyes towards Sicily, the conquest of which he had been for some time meditating.

At this juncture Roger arrived in Italy. This youngest of the tribe was endowed with dauntless courage, herculean strength and consummate cunning. As soon as he joined his brother Robert, he was sent at the head of a small band to complete the conquest of Calabria. This having been quickly and satisfactorily accomplished, the two brothers undertook an expedition to Reggio; but a quarrel soon arose on account of Robert's jealousy of the admiration everywhere won by Roger, and his refusal to make an equal distribution of the plunder, for which they had both equally risked their lives. Roger therefore withdrew, and offered his services to his brother William, who treated him more generously, and made him the owner of a castle, from which he made raids into the country, and supported himself by brigandage. This precarious mode of life often reduced him to terrible straits, even to that of horse-stealing, in order to find the means of support. In later and better days he gave express orders that this fact should be recorded, in order that posterity might know from what a low position he had risen to honor and affluence.

By-and-by Roger found the opportunity to surprise and rob a convoy of rich merchants, and with the plunder thus obtained was able to hire a small but determined band of followers, with whom he immediately began devastating his brother Robert's possessions, in revenge for his former selfishness. Robert, knowing the desperate character he had to deal with, discreetly effected a reconciliation with his brother,

by promising him the half of Calabria. There, Roger, after suppressing a rebellion supported by a Greek invasion, succeeded in firmly establishing the Norman rule in 1060.

It was about this time that Roger undertook his first expedition to Sicily, which was then under the domination of a number of Saracen chiefs, who were constantly engaged in mutual conflict. Landing near Messina, he repulsed a sortie made by the inhabitants, levied contributions, and returned to Italy laden with spoil. A short time after this he was joined by the lord of Syracuse and Catania, who, having been driven from his possessions by his brother-in-law, offered his services to Roger in the conquest of Sicily. Watching his opportunity, he escaped the notice of the Palermitan fleet, crossed the strait in the darkness of night with 300 soldiers, took Messina by surprise, and handed it over to the soldiers to pillage. Then, on being joined by his brother Robert, he rebuilt the walls and strengthened the fortifications, and made Messina henceforward the centre of his operations in Sicily. The brothers now joined forces and marched into the interior.

Their exploits and almost incredible deeds of valor can only be compared with those of the Portuguese in the East Indies. Often, with a mere handful of men, they would attack entire armies; rushing upon them with such terrific suddenness and fury that their enemies were discomfited and fled, before they discovered by whom they were attacked, or the insignificant number of their assailants. No enemy could withstand the Normans in the open plain; but as they had not the means for attacking the towns and forts with which the island of Sicily abounded, they were obliged to accept the aid of the Christians, now impatient to shake off the yoke of the hated Mussulmans, who were daily becoming weaker on account of their incessant quarrels.

In 1061, after a brilliant victory over several thousand Saracens, Roger devastated the whole country as far as Girgenti. Before the end of the year he returned to Italy, married the daughter of a Norman baron, and went to claim the half of Calabria previously promised to him by his brother. Robert refused to recognize the claim, and thus arose an armed contest, which, considering the character of

the combatants, threatened most disastrous results. But these were averted when Robert, who had been taken prisoner by some of his enemies, was released by Roger's prompt intervention. This generous act effected the reconciliation of the brothers and led to the division of Calabria between them.

Roger now returned to Sicily with his young wife, whom he left at Traîna with a small guard, and proceeded to lay siege to Nicosia. In the meantime, however, the Greeks at Traîna, maddened by the sometimes brutal treatment of the Normans, rose in revolt, and being joined by 5,000 Saracens, besieged Roger's soldiers, who had taken refuge in the citadel. By some means or other Roger succeeded in joining them, and suffered with them extreme privations on account of the want of provisions. In one of the sorties, when fighting alone at the foot of the wall, he was captured and almost overpowered by the enemy; but by acts of prodigious strength and courage he managed to shake himself clear of them, and escaped to the citadel in safety. At last another sortie was made, provisions were procured, and Roger succeeded in reaching the mainland, whence he returned with sufficient reinforcements, and speedily crushed the revolt. In 1063, near Ceramium, he defeated a large army which had been sent against him by the African Caliph.

Finally, in 1071, siege was laid to Palermo, the bulwark of the Saracen power in Sicily. With Robert's aid this city was reduced, after an obstinate resistance, lasting nearly a year. According to the conditions of the capitulation, the Saracens were allowed to retain their property, and to practice their own forms of religious worship. Roger then assumed the title of Count of Sicily, claiming possession of the country, with the exception of one-half of Palermo and one-half of Messina, which were to belong to Robert and his heirs.

The brothers then divided the island into feudal possessions, assigning them to their nephews and the principal officers of their army. A period of nearly ten years had yet to elapse before the country was completely subdued. Syracuse was taken in 1088; Girgenti in 1089, and Enna in 1091. Again and again the Saracens came from Africa to the aid of their co-religionists, and thus Roger was kept continually in the

field ; but he nevertheless succeeded in defending the country and establishing a stable government. The rights of the barons and their obligations to their subjects were founded on justice and moderation, while the violence and anarchy of former days were prevented by wise and well-executed laws. The nobles and wealthy classes of the Saracens returned to Africa, and those who remained lost but few of the rights of ordinary citizens.

In the meantime Robert, who was secure in his own possessions, thought himself powerful enough to cross the sea and to cope with the forces of the Byzantine Emperor Alexius, whose army, although six times as large as his own, he routed under the walls of Durazzo in 1081, and in the following year captured that city. In 1084 he was recalled from this expedition, and joining forces with Roger was able to deliver Pope Gregory VII. from the hands of Henry IV., of Germany. After this he resumed his expedition to the East, defeated the combined Greek and Venetian fleets, raised the siege of Corfu, and was actively engaged in warfare, when he was suddenly cut off by an epidemic disease at the island of Cephalonia, in 1085.

A violent dispute arose between his two sons, Marc Bohemond and Roger Borsa, about the succession. Roger, their uncle, was called in to arbitrate, and pronounced in favor of the younger, Roger, who gave up to him several towns in Calabria, which, with others reserved for himself, had been claimed by Bohemond. This elder brother became more famous as the Bohemond of the First Crusade.

Having become the arbiter and chief of a powerful family, with large dominions, and great military renown, Roger's alliance was sought by the first powers of Europe. In 1096, one of his daughters was married to the King of Hungary. In 1089 he had assumed the title of Grand Count of Sicily, to distinguish him from such of his vassals as bore the title of Count. As a recompense for his fidelity to the Holy See, Pope Urban II., in 1098, granted him the right of naming the bishops for all the dioceses in his dominions. The Pope also granted to Roger and his successors the title of Legate Apostolical in Sicily.

The last years of this rough soldier's life were spent in the interests of his subjects, in promoting works of peace, in founding monasteries and churches, many of which he adorned with great splendor. Not the least notable of the edifices which arose under his direction was the Cathedral of Messina, which was consecrated in 1097. By his fourth and last wife he had two sons, one of whom succeeded him at his death, in 1101, and was the first to bear the title of King of Sicily.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF SICILY.

The Saracens were masters of the whole of Sicily; but having ceased to acknowledge the supremacy of the Caliphs of Egypt, and parcelled out the island into separate jurisdictions, they soon began to quarrel amongst themselves. In the course of one of these struggles Ben et Themnah was dispossessed of the government of Catania. Compelled to fly, and bent on revenge, he repaired in disguise to Mileto, in the winter of 1061, and endeavored to persuade Count Roger to invade Sicily. About the same time arrived a deputation of Greeks from Messina, on the same errand, though with different views. The Messinese represented that the Saracens were again disunited; that half the population of the island were Greeks and Christians, who were looking to the Normans for relief, and ready to lend them every assistance. The depopulations and exhortations of the two parties encouraged the Norman leaders to attempt the conquest of Sicily.

March and April were employed in preparations. The Duke arrived in person with his troops in the south of Calabria. But the Saracens of Palermo, apprised of the design of the Normans, dispatched several vessels to cruise off Reggio, and prevent the expedition from crossing the straits. The wary Robert saw so much hazard in the enterprise that he repeatedly postponed the attack. His youthful brother, however, unable to restrain himself any longer, without communicating his intentions to the Duke, one dark night set sail with no more than 270 soldiers, eluded the vigilance of the Palermitan cruisers, landed in safety a little below Messina, took the Saracens by surprise, and, assisted by the co-operation of the Christians within the walls, before morning was in pos-

session of the city. The Duke lost no time in joining the Count with reinforcements; and leaving a garrison in Messina, the two brothers advanced into the Val Demona. This part of the island was principally inhabited by Christians, who received the Normans as deliverers. In the meantime the Saracens collected their forces, and taking the field, at length offered the Normans battle on the plain below Castro Giovanni. If we are to believe the ancient historians, the Normans had on this occasion only 700 men, whilst the Saracens had 15,000. Whatever were the numbers, the Normans obtained a complete victory, and, for some time, relieved themselves from any further attack.

Little more was done that year, except by Roger, who on one occasion ventured, at the head of a hundred men, as far as Agrigentum; on another, nearly to Syracuse; and each time came back to the camp laden with the spoils of the enemy. On his return from his second expedition, he was invited to Traina by the Christians, who put him in possession of the town, and he was there keeping his Christmas when he received the news of the arrival in Calabria of Robert de Grentemesnil, prior of St. Evroult in Normandy, with his sisters Emma and Eremberga (originally called Judith).

On his way from Hauteville to Italy, Roger had passed some days at the priory of St. Evroult, and on that occasion, saw and admired the beautiful Eremberga, who, in the habit of a novice, with her sister Emma, was residing under the roof of their brother. A subsequent misunderstanding with William, Duke of Normandy, compelled the prior of St. Evroult to seek his safety in flight, and his two sisters would not be left behind. The Count no sooner heard of their arrival in Calabria than he hastened away from Traina, and shortly afterwards was united to the object of his first affections at Mileto.

The following year the Count returned with his young Countess to Traina, and, leaving his wife in that town, proceeded to besiege Nicosia. During his absence the Greeks of Traina, who perhaps had reason to complain of the conduct of the Norman soldiers, broke out into open revolt. The Count hastened back, and the revolt was apparently subdued;

but the Saracens, encouraged by these divisions amongst the Christians, suddenly approached, were received into the town by the discontented inhabitants, and uniting with them, besieged the Count and the Normans in the citadel. For four months the Normans had to endure every sort of privation, and to such extremities of every kind were they reduced, that the Count and Countess had only one cloak between them. But the cold of an unusually severe winter by which they suffered led to their release; for it induced the besiegers to endeavor to warm themselves with wine. The Count, whose eagle eye was ever on the watch, perceived that the discipline of the enemy was relaxed, and, making a sortie, whilst the darkness of night favored his object, slew so great a number of the Saracens that the terrified remainder took to flight, and the Normans were again masters of the place.

When the siege was raised, the Count was obliged to return to Calabria, to recruit his forces; and such was the confidence with which Eremberga had inspired him by her conduct during the siege, that he left her in command of Traina; and so deserving did the young Countess prove herself of the trust, that, during the absence of her husband, she fulfilled all the duties of governor, gave orders where the sentinels should be placed, and every night went the round of the walls, to see that her orders were obeyed.

For some time the Duke was so fully occupied with establishing and maintaining his authority in the newly-conquered town and the district of Calabria, that he was unable to detach any part of his forces to Sicily; and the Count, who had returned to his post, was left to keep his ground single-handed. The Saracens, aware of his situation, and strengthened by the arrival of an auxiliary band from Africa, advanced to attack him, and took up a position on the heights above the river Cerami. So great was the disparity of numbers that the Count himself doubted, for a moment, what course to pursue. The order, however, was given to storm the heights.

As the Normans were advancing, an unknown knight in resplendent armor, on a white steed, and bearing a lance tipped with a cross of gold, darted from amongst their ranks. A cry of "St. George!" "St. George!" was heard. The soldiers

believed that the Saint was come to assist them in person, and under this impression were excited to a degree of enthusiasm which made them irresistible. The Count himself, rushing upon the Emir of Palermo, unhorsed and slew him, in spite of the chain armor in which he thought himself safe. The Saracens fled in confusion, and the Normans remained masters of the field.

At length, when the important town of Bari had submitted, the Duke felt himself at liberty to leave Calabria, and in the spring of 1072 the two brothers proceeded to invest the Saracenic capital, Palermo. Robert posted himself on the west of the city, the Count was encamped on the east, and a Norman fleet blockaded the port. The siege lasted five months, in the course of which various gallant exploits were performed on both sides, as well by sea as by land. At length some of the Sicilian Christians who were in the service of the Saracens secretly informed the Duke that they could facilitate his entrance into the citadel. The assault was then resolved upon.

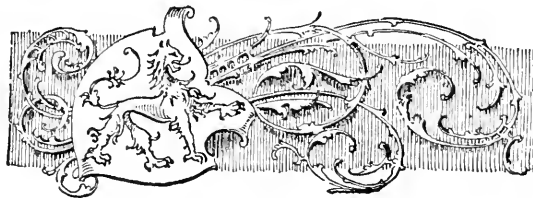
The Count advanced upon the eastern side, the fleet menaced the harbor, whilst the Duke, under cover of some gardens, applied his scaling ladders to the western walls. After a severe struggle, the Normans were in possession of the upper town and citadel. The Saracens retreated within the walls of one of the suburbs, but aware that any prolonged defence was now hopeless, they offered, the next morning, to lay down their arms, if they might remain in possession of their property, adhere to their own religion, and be governed by their own laws. The Duke at once accepted their proposal; and this example, which was followed on subsequent occasions, greatly facilitated the conquest of the remainder of the island. When this important point was arranged, the two brothers made their triumphal entry into Palermo at the head of their troops, and sending for Nicodemus, the Greek Archbishop, who during the sway of the Saracens had been restricted to a miserable chapel, they reinstated him in his own cathedral, which had been turned into a mosque.

The Duke remained one year at Palermo, and then returned to Calabria, conceding to his brother the entire dominion of

Sicily, save and except Palermo, with the beauty and magnificence of which he was so much captivated that he could never bring himself to give up the jurisdiction of the capital. From this time Roger assumed the title of Count of Sicily.

Over the various population by which Sicily was inhabited Roger presided with strict impartiality. All were governed by their own laws: the Greeks by the Code of Justinian; the Normans by the *Coutumier de Normandie*; and the Saracens by the Koran. In consequence, during the reign of the Count, all were contented, and all lived harmoniously together. It was not till afterwards that the Saracens discovered they were a conquered people. At this time four languages were commonly used in Sicily, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, and the Norman. All laws and deeds were published in three tongues, and Arabic inscriptions were seen on the reverse of the coins.

To what may be attributed the astonishing triumphs of the Normans, as well over victorious Saracens as over degenerate Greeks? It was partly the armor in which they were encased, partly the character of their antagonists, partly local jealousies: in Calabria the enmity of the Lombards to the Greeks; in Sicily the enmity of the Greeks to the Saracens. But the causes of their uniform success are chiefly to be found in the manly and martial exercises to which the Normans were accustomed from their earliest years; in the chivalrous and adventurous spirit of the age, which excited their minds; and, above all, in that confidence in self which makes the soldier invincible. Each individual Norman was, in effect, a legion.—H. G. KNIGHT.





HENRY III.



HENRY III., King of England, was born at Winchester, on the 1st of October, 1207. He was the eldest son of King John by his queen, Isabella of Angoulême. He was only nine years old at the time of his accession to the throne, and the Dauphin of France, Louis, at the head of a foreign army, and supported by a faction of English nobles, had assumed the reins of government. The cause of the young king was espoused by the Earl of Pembroke, and he was solemnly crowned in the abbey-church of St. Peter, at Gloucester, by the papal legate, Gualo. In a short time Louis was compelled to sue for peace and quit the kingdom.

Pembroke was appointed Regent, and the first act of the new reign was to confirm Magna Charta, its sixty-one chapters having been reduced to forty-two. Parliament began to consider it as the fundamental law of the nation, and its observance as the condition of their grants. Pembroke having died in the third year of his regency, the power was divided between Hubert de Burgh and Peter de Roches, a Poitevin, who was Bishop of Winchester. They did not agree, and Pandulph, the Pope's legate, had much trouble in preventing an open quarrel. However, when Henry was declared of age at seventeen, De Burgh became chief favorite and De Roches retired from the kingdom. Meanwhile, on the 17th of May, 1220, Henry, in consequence of some doubts being entertained about the efficacy

of the former ceremony, had been crowned a second time at Westminster, by Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

A war broke out with France in 1225, which, however, was carried on with little spirit on either side, and produced no events of note, although Henry, in May, 1230, conducted in person an expedition to the Continent, from which great things were expected by himself and his subjects. He incurred the charge of having wasted his own time and the people's money in idle revelry, but he cast the blame on De Burgh, who speedily fell into disgrace. An account of money received during his time of office was demanded; he could not give it, and fled to the altar of Boisars Church, whence he was carried, half naked and tied on a horse, to London. The king, fearing that the violation of a sanctuary would rouse the anger of the priests, sent him back, but ordered the sheriff to blockade the building. A moat was dug, palisades were raised round the church, and in forty days hunger forced Hubert to yield. Transferred from prison to prison, he at length escaped to Wales, and after some time made his peace with the king. One of the first false steps taken by Henry III. was in thus discarding his ablest and most faithful minister.

His marriage, in 1236, with Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence, contributed to subject him to foreign influence. She was accompanied to England by a large train of aliens, among whom were many Italians. To these rapacious and unprincipled aliens Henry gave free scope, and he also received De Roches back again to favor. This minister's administration was a steady course of insulting preference for his countrymen and other foreigners, and of open hostility to the Great Charter and the whole body of the national liberties. It speedily proved unbearable to both barons and commons, and a confederacy of the laity and the clergy, with Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, at its head, compelled the dismissal of De Roches within little more than a year after his restoration to power. The archbishop now became chief minister.

Henry, at the urgent request of his mother, who had married her old lover, the Count of Marche, engaged in a second war with Louis; but this expedition was still more unfortunate and disgraceful than the former. After being

beaten by Louis in a succession of actions, he was glad to get home again, with the loss of army, money, baggage, and everything. A new truce for five years was then agreed to between the two countries. These events of course did not tend to put the nation in better humor with the king, or to dispose the Parliament to greater liberality. In 1253 he, however, succeeded in obtaining a grant of money by consenting to a solemn ratification of *Magna Charta*. Sir Edward Coke states that this document has been ratified in all thirty-two times. Grievances accumulated and excited continual efforts on the part of the nobles and people to enforce redress. Henry's unadvised acceptance of the crown of Sicily, offered him by the Pope, involved him in vast debts, which he in vain applied to the Parliament to discharge.

In consequence of this continued misgovernment, the Barons at length revolted under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the king's brother-in-law. His desertion of Henry, together with the departure for Germany of Richard, the king's younger brother, who had greatly distinguished himself in the Fourth Crusade, and had just been created King of the Romans, shook the throne, and raised the hopes of those who desired its overthrow. At Westminster the Barons came to the council in full armor; and, when they again assembled at Oxford, June 11, 1258, in what is called the "Mad Parliament," they placed the whole authority of the State in the hands of a committee of government, consisting of twelve persons appointed by the barons and as many by the king. This committee enacted—1. That four knights should come to Parliament to represent the freeholders of every county; 2. That sheriffs should be chosen annually by vote; 3. That accounts of the public money should be given every year; 4. That Parliament should meet three times a year—in February, June, and October.

But reform was delayed by disunion among the Barons; and St. Louis, King of France, being chosen umpire, decided in Henry's favor. This kindled the civil war. Leicester held London, and when the great bell of St. Paul's rang out, the citizens flocked round his banner with riot, and revelled in the pillage of foreign merchants and the murder of unhappy

Jews. On the 14th of May, 1264, Henry was defeated, at Lewes, in Sussex, and taken prisoner. Prince Edward gave himself up next day. A convention ensued, called the Mise of Lewes, which provided for the future settlement of the government by arbitration, and for the liberation of the king. This was never fulfilled, Henry and his two sons remaining in close custody. Early in the following year, a Parliament was called by Leicester, to which he summoned, along with the prelates, barons, and knights of the shire, representatives from cities and boroughs. This was the first outline of the present British Parliament, the first two classes corresponding to the House of Lords, the last two to the House of Commons. Prince Edward, having escaped from his guards, met Montfort at Evesham, in Worcestershire. The battle raged long and bloodily. The king, then in the hands of the rebels, was placed by them in the front of the battle. He fell slightly wounded, and would have been killed if he had not cried out, "I am Harry of Winchester, the king," when his voice was heard by his son, who came up and rescued him. The rebels were defeated, and the body of Leicester, who died fighting over his dead son, was mutilated by the victors.

Henry, though replaced upon the throne, was still insignificant, and the departure of his brave son for the Holy War was a signal for the renewal of domestic commotions. The death of his brother Richard added to his disconsolate feelings, and was not long after followed by his own decease, at Westminster, on the 16th of November, 1272. Henry III. reigned fifty-six years, the longest in the annals of British history, with the exception of the reigns of George III. and Victoria, the present sovereign of Great Britain.

THE BARONS' WAR.

The barons having agreed to refer their grievances to the arbitration of King Louis, King Henry took Eleanor with him to France, and left her there in October, 1264, with her children, at the court of her sister Marguerite. The decision of St. Louis did not satisfy the barons, and England was forthwith involved in the flames of civil war. After Henry had thus placed his queen in security, and taken a tender leave of

her and her young children, he returned to England to encounter the storm. On Passion Sunday, Henry gained a great victory at Northampton over the barons, and took his rebellious nephew, the Earl of Leicester's eldest son, prisoner, together with fourteen of the leading barons.

So well had the royal cause prospered in the commencement of the struggle, that when the rival armies were encamped within six miles of each other, near Lewes, the barons sent word to the king that they would give him thirty thousand marks if he would consent to a pacification. Prince Edward, who was burning to avenge the insults which had been offered to the queen, his mother, dissuaded Henry from accepting these terms, and the battle of Lewes followed. It was lost through the reckless fury with which the fiery heir of England pursued the flying Londoners, in order to avenge their incivility in pelting his mother at their bridge. He followed them with his cavalry, shouting the name of Queen Eleanor, as far as Croydon, where he made a merciless slaughter of the hapless citizens. On his return to the field of battle with his jaded cavalry, he found his father had been captured, with his uncle the King of the Romans; and Edward had no other resource than surrendering himself also to Leicester, who conveyed him, with his other royal prisoners, to the Castle of Wallingford. The remnant of the royal army retreated to Bristol Castle, under the command of seven knights, who reared seven banners on the walls. The queen was said by some to be safe in France, but really privately in the land, for the purpose of liberating her brave son.

Simon de Montfort transferred all his royal prisoners, for safer keeping, to Kenilworth Castle, where Edward's aunt, his countess, was abiding. Lord Roger Mortimer had, much against the wishes of his lady, given his powerful aid to Leicester; but having received some affront since the victory of Lewes, he now turned a complacent ear to the loyal pleadings of Lady Maud in behalf of the queen and her son. Lady Maud Mortimer having sent her instructions to Prince Edward, he made his escape by riding races with his attendants till he had tired their horses, when he rode up to a thicket, where dame Maud had ambushed a swift steed. Mounting his

gallant courser, Edward turned to his guard, and bade them "commend him to his sire the king, and tell him he would soon be at liberty," and then galloped off; while an armed party appeared on the opposite hill a mile distant, and displayed the banner of Mortimer.

Eleanor had borrowed all the money she could raise on her jewels. When she heard of her son's escape, she proceeded to muster forces and equip a fleet. While she remained wind-bound on the coast of France, the battle of Evesham was fought and won by her son, Prince Edward. Leicester mistook Prince Edward's army for that of his own son, Simon de Montfort, which the prince had intercepted and dispersed. When Leicester discovered his error, he was struck with consternation, and exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls! for our bodies are the prince's." Leicester exposed his former benefactor, King Henry, to the shafts of his own friends, by placing him in the front of the battle, where he was wounded with a javelin in the shoulder, and was in imminent danger of being slain by a royalist soldier. "Slay me not; I am Henry of Winchester, your king," exclaimed the royal prisoner. An officer, hearing this, ran to his assistance, rescued him from his perilous situation, and brought him to Prince Edward, who, greeting him with the tenderest affection, knelt and implored his blessing; and then, leaving a strong guard for his protection, pursued his victorious career, gaining the battle, August 4, 1265. There was not a single drop of blood shed on the scaffold. Henry, with all his faults and follies, was tender of human life.—A. STRICKLAND.





AMONG the early champions and martyrs of English liberty was the Frenchman Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. He was the son of Count de Montfort, who is notorious in church history and in the annals of France as the fierce and relentless persecutor of the Albigenses in the south of France in the twelfth

century. The elder Montfort had striven by his zeal against heresy to commend himself to the favor of the church and to secure his own aggrandizement. It is necessary to consider the father's career, if we would understand the work and worth of the son.

Count de Montfort married, about 1190, a lady of the highest French nobility, Alice de Montmorency. She bore her husband three daughters and four sons, of whom Simon, the youngest, was born in 1208. It was in right of his mother that Simon eventually became Earl of Leicester. Of his youth nothing is known except that he was brought up in the Castle of Montfort. The nobles of France had long seen with impatience the growth of the royal power, and now raised a rebellion against the Queen-mother, Blanche of Castile, during the minority of Louis IX. Blanche succeeded in defeating them, and young Simon de Montfort, who was one of those who had opposed her, was driven from France and took refuge in England, where he was kindly received by Henry III., who gave him in 1230 a pension of 400 marks. On August 18, 1231, Simon did homage to the King of Eng-

land for the honors of his earldom of Leicester, and became thereby an Englishman.

On January 7, 1238, Simon was privately married to Eleanor, a sister of King Henry. Henry himself gave the bride away. The English barons opposed the union on the ground that Simon was of foreign birth, and on the secret marriage becoming known, expressed the deepest indignation. The king's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, put himself at the head of the discontented barons. A conference was held, and the barons contented themselves with Simon's expulsion from the king's council, and a few promises of amendment on the king's part. The Princess Eleanor had been married before, and on her first husband's death had made a vow of chastity in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Chichester. At the age of twenty-six, however, she had become the wife of Simon de Montfort. His enemies, on this ground, now declared his marriage illegal, and the clergy took the strict view of the binding character of her vow. Eleanor was subjected at court to such daily annoyances that she was compelled to retire to the Castle of Kenilworth, which the king had assigned to her as a residence. Henry was afraid to show any further favor to the earl. His marriage had taken place in January, and on March 10th he obtained from Pope Gregory IX. a dispensation, saying that there was no invalidity in the marriage. The enemies of the earl, however, eventually procured his banishment; but he was given the government of Guienne, where he ruled for a time with a firm hand. The hatred of his foes even followed him here, and he was removed from his government. Simon took refuge in his native country.

On the 1st of April, 1240, Simon returned to England, and was honorably received by the king and his court. He set out in company with Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and William, Earl of Salisbury, on a crusade; but of his exploits in the Holy Land we hear nothing. On his return, for five years, Simon and his Countess lived at Kenilworth Castle in peace and quietness. They had now five sons, whose education was entrusted to Robert Grosseteste, the bishop of Lincoln, who had always remained a staunch friend to the earl. Simon

contented himself with watching silently the condition of England under Henry III.'s misgovernment. Barons, clergy and people were alike oppressed and disconcerted. Henry, surrounded with foreigners, carried on his government without paying heed to the native nobles.

Many reasons determined Simon to throw in his lot with Henry's opponents. Although he owed to the king his position in England, and also his royal marriage, these favors had been cancelled by insults and suspicion. The personal insults of Henry to the Countess Eleanor had been as marked as they had been to her husband. The barons came to the council at Westminster in full armor. Earl Simon accused Henry for his extravagance towards Italian favorites, and his contempt of his English nobles. He ended by urging that the king's excesses demanded special measures of repression. On June 11, 1258, the barons again assembled at Oxford in what is called the "Mad Parliament;" they appointed a committee of twenty-four to reform the State.

The venerated St. Louis, King of France, being chosen umpire in the dispute between King Henry and the barons, gave decision in Henry's favor. A civil war at once began. Simon de Montfort held London, and the citizens flocked round his banner. At Lewes, in Sussex, Henry was defeated and taken prisoner. Prince Edward gave himself up next day. The king and his two sons remained in close custody. Early in 1265 Simon de Montfort assembled a parliament at Leicester. He summoned, along with the prelates, barons, and knights of the shire, representatives from cities and boroughs. Prince Edward escaped from his guards and met Simon de Montfort at Evesham in Worcestershire. A desperate battle ensued. The captive king had been taken into the fight by Simon, and would have been killed by his friends if he had not cried out, "I am Henry of Winchester." He was joyously led off the field by his son. Simon de Montfort fought with the utmost bravery. Thicker and thicker the royalists pressed round him, and called on him to surrender. "Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers; but to God alone," was Simon's answer. He was wounded by a blow from behind, and sank amid the crowd of his assailants.

The body of Earl Simon was given over to the vengeful spirit of his foes. The hands and feet were cut off, and the head, fearfully mutilated, was sent to the wife of Roger Mortimer, at Wigmore. Some parts of the body were sent to different towns to be exposed; but the trunk was buried by the monks of Evesham, with due respect, in front of the high altar.

Simon de Montfort exhibited in his character three distinct traits: personal piety, great military talents and patriotic devotion to the rights of England. His foreign birth, his domineering temper, his personal hostility to the king were things against him. He, however, opposed a weak king misled by sycophantic foreign favorites. To rid the land of aliens, and free the church from robbery, were the objects of Simon's endeavors. His motto was "England for the English," and he spared no pains and refused no sacrifices to give it due effect.

THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM.

In song my grief shall find relief;
Sad is my verse and rude;
I sing in tears our gentle peers
Who fell for England's good.
Our peace they sought, for us they fought,
For us they dared to die:
And where they sleep, a mangled heap,
Their wounds for vengeance cry.
On Evesham's plain is Montfort slain;
Well skilled he was to guide;
Where streams his gore, shall all deplore
Fair England's flower and pride.

Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run
Our noblest chiefs had bled:
While rush'd to fight each gallant knight,
Their dastard vassals fled;
Still undismay'd, with trenchant blade
They hew'd their desperate way:
Not strength or skill to Edward's will,
But numbers give the day.

Yet by the blow that laid thee low,
Brave earl, one palm is given;

Not less at thine than Becket's shrine
Shall rise our vows to heaven !
Our church and laws, your common cause ;
'Twas his the church to save,
Our rights restored, thou generous lord,
Shalt triumph in thy grave.

Dispenser true, the good sir Hugh,
Our justice and our friend,
Borne down with wrong, amidst the throng
Has met his wretched end.
Sir Henry's fate need I relate,
Or Leicester's gallant son,
Or many a score of barons more,
By Gloucester's hate undone?

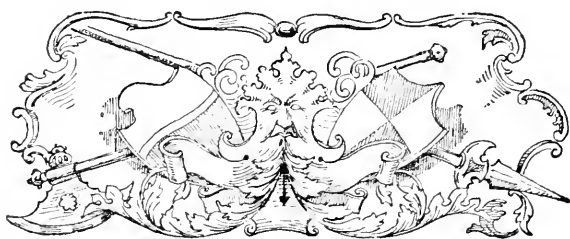
Each righteous lord, who brav'd the sword
And for our safety died,
With conscience pure shall aye endure
The martyr'd saint beside.
That martyr'd saint was never faint
To ease the poor man's care :
With gracious will he shall fulfill
Our just and earnest prayer.

On Montfort's breast a haircloth vest
His pious soul proclaim'd ;
With ruffian hand the ruthless band
That sacred emblem stain'd :
And to assuage their impious rage,
His lifeless corpse defaced,
Whose powerful arm long saved from harm
The realm his virtues graced.

Now all draw near, companions dear,
To Jesus let us pray
That Montfort's heir his grace may share,
And learn to Heaven the way.
No priest I name ; none, none I blame,
Nor aught of ill surmise :
Yet for the love of Christ above
I pray, be churchmen wise.

No good, I ween, of late is seen
By earl or baron done ;
Nor knight or squire to fame aspire,
Or dare disgrace to shun.
Faith, truth, are fled, and in their stead
Do vice and meanness rule ;
E'en on the throne may soon be shown
A flatterer or a fool.

Brave martyr'd chief! no more our grief
For thee or thine shall flow !
Among the blest in Heaven ye rest
From all your toils below.
But for the few, the gallant crew,
Who here in bonds remain,
Christ, condescend their woes to end,
And break the tyrant's chain.
—*Anglo-French Ballad, translated by G. ELLIS.*





EDWARD I., of England, was a truly national king, a typical representative in body and mind of the race he ruled, and he was, therefore, to his subjects an object of intense admiration. He was the eldest son of Henry III., and was born at Winchester in 1239. The contests between his father and the discontented barons of his kingdom early called him forth

to active life, and his military and political talents proved the chief support of the tottering throne.

In 1270 Edward was led by the persuasions of Louis IX. of France to make an expedition against the Saracens in Africa. On his arrival at Tunis he found the French king dead; but he himself proceeded with his forces to the Holy Land, where he signalized his valor in several actions. Such was the terror he excited that an assassin was employed to murder him, who gave him a wound in the arm. A doubtful tradition relates that, upon suspicion of its being poisoned, it was sucked by his faithful spouse Eleanor of Castile; but those who were present mention no such devotion. He left Pales-

time after a stay of eighteen months, and was in Sicily when he heard of his father's death; but his homeward journey was delayed by a disturbance in Guienne. Here a tournament, between Edward and the Count of Chalons, ended in a serious affray, in which the English knights were victors. Two years elapsed before he reached England, when he and his queen were crowned at Westminster in 1272.

Edward's first cares, after assuming the reins of government, were to restore order and justice throughout the kingdom, to repress the violences of the great, and punish the corruption of the judges. He prosecuted these objects with vigor, but with somewhat of an arbitrary spirit. It seemed no small part of his purpose to fill his coffers with the fines of culprits. His conduct towards the Jews was cruel in the extreme. A large number of these people had resorted to England after his mother's marriage, and had given a great impulse to trade and industry; but their prosperity excited the envy of the natives. Edward shared the national prejudice, and executed a great number of the Jews for alleged adulteration of the coin. He then expelled all the remainder of this devoted people, and confiscated their effects.

In 1276 Edward summoned Llewellyn, a native prince of Wales, to do him homage; and upon his refusal, except upon certain conditions, he marched next year into that country, and, driving Llewellyn to the mountains, reduced him, through want of subsistence, to surrender at discretion, and imposed upon him very humiliating terms. The indignation of the Welsh soon after incited them again to take up arms; but the event of their brave struggle was, that Llewellyn was slain while defending the passage of the Wye; his brother David put into the king's hands through treachery and executed as a rebel; and the independence of the country completely destroyed in 1282. It was thenceforth annexed to England, and nominally placed under common laws and government, but the actual union was not achieved till centuries later. The glory conferred on Edward's name by this acquisition was sullied, according to tradition, by his barbarous massacre of the Welsh bards, of the effect of whose animating strains, in reviving the national spirit, he was jealous.

The death of Margaret, daughter of Eric, King of Norway, and grand-daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland, confused the succession to the Scottish crown. There arose not less than thirteen claimants; but the demands of two—John Baliol and Robert Bruce—were superior. These were descendants of David, a younger brother of William the Lion, Baliol being the grandson of the eldest daughter; Bruce, the son of the second. Edward claimed a right to interfere, on the ground that William the Lion, when the captive of Henry II., had acknowledged himself a vassal of the English crown, and that Richard I. had no right to sell the deed of vassalage, since it was not his property, but that of all English sovereigns. On this pretence Edward appointed Baliol king. He did fealty to King Edward as sovereign lord of the realm of Scotland. Baliol soon felt the consequence of this disgraceful vassalage, as every suitor who was dissatisfied with the king's decision, appealed to Edward as his superior lord; and in the first year of his reign he was served with four citations to answer in the Court of England. He resorted to arms; but his feeble resistance was soon subdued. Edward deposed Baliol and confined him in the Tower of London. After three years the royal captive was allowed to retire into Normandy, where he died in 1305.

Edward made a tour through Scotland exacting homage; and on his departure left the Earl of Surrey guardian of the land. War soon broke out again. The oppressions of the English government roused the patriotic indignation of William Wallace, whose warlike successes inspired a large number of his countrymen with resolution to throw off the yoke. In 1298 Edward hastened to the border with an army of 100,000 men. He penetrated to Falkirk, where the Scottish army, under the command of the Steward of Scotland, of Comyn, and of Wallace, was posted to stop his further progress. A battle ensued, in which the Scots were defeated with great slaughter, Wallace alone preserving his division unbroken. Edward afterwards was obliged to return for want of provisions.

The Scotch insurgents gradually recruited their strength, and, in 1303, fell upon the English forces, foraging in three

divisions near Roslyn, and successively defeated them. The English king, however, entering Scotland with an irresistible force, reduced it to deeper subjection than before. Wallace was betrayed, and was sent to London, where he was tried and executed as a traitor. But the spirit of the nation was still unsubdued; and Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor for the crown, was able, in 1306, to place himself at the head of a new conspiracy for freeing his country. The news that Bruce had been crowned at Scone roused the old warrior of England, and the last effort of his life was to reach Scotland. He was upon the point of passing the border, when he was stopped by sickness at Burgh-on-Sands, near Carlisle, where he expired on July 7th, 1307. His last wish was, that his bones should be carried at the head of the army as it marched onward.

His first wife, Eleanor of Castile, who died in 1290, left four sons. The title "Prince of Wales," borne by the eldest son of the British sovereign, was first given to the eldest of these, who was born at Caernarvon, and was afterwards Edward II. Edward I., on the death of Eleanor, married Margaret of France, who bore him a daughter and two sons.

Few princes have exhibited more vigor in action, or policy in council, than Edward I., or have obtained more of that glory which arises from success independently of justice. He was a brave soldier, a sagacious and successful statesman; but cruelty, revenge, and excessive ambition seem to have been inseparable from the character of the early Plantagenets. The laws of the realm obtained so much additional order and precision during his reign, that he has been called the English Justinian. He first instituted the office of justice of the peace. He was vigilant to guard against clerical usurpations, and is reckoned the first Christian prince who passed an act of mortmain. His manners were courteous; his person majestic, though the length and smallness of his legs gave him the popular appellation of Longshanks. His passionate desire was to be a model of chivalry, and this led him into numerous adventures. It also narrowed his sympathy to the nobles, and caused him to despise the peasants and craftsmen who were eager to serve him. He also learned from St. Louis to esteem

his position as king as involving that "sacred majesty" which had belonged to the Roman emperors. This notion gave ground for some of the most arbitrary acts of his reign.

THE EXPULSION OF JEWS FROM ENGLAND.

Jewish traders had followed William the Conqueror from Normandy, and had been enabled by his protection to establish themselves in separate quarters or "Jewries" in all larger English towns. The Jew had no right or citizenship in the land. The Jewry in which he lived was exempt from the common law. He was simply the king's chattel, and his life and goods were at the king's mercy. But he was too valuable a possession to be lightly thrown away. If the Jewish merchant had no standing-ground in the local court, the king enabled him to sue before a special justiciar; his bonds were deposited for safety in a chamber of the royal palace at Westminster; he was protected against the popular hatred in the free exercise of his religion, and allowed to build synagogues and to manage his own ecclesiastical affairs by means of a chief rabbi. The royal protection was dictated by no spirit of tolerance or mercy. To the kings the Jew was a mere engine of finance. The wealth which he accumulated was wrung from him whenever the crown had need, and torture and imprisonment were resorted to when milder means failed. It was the gold of the Jew that filled the royal treasury at the outbreak of war or of revolt. It was in the Hebrew coffers that the foreign kings found strength to hold their baronage at bay.

That the presence of the Jew was, at least in the earlier years of his settlement, beneficial to the nation at large, there can be little doubt. His arrival was the arrival of a capitalist; and, heavy as was the usury he necessarily exacted, in the general insecurity of the time, his loans gave an impulse to industry. The century which followed the Conquest witnessed an outburst of architectural energy which covered the land with castles and cathedrals; but castle and cathedral alike owed their erection to the loans of the Jew. His own example gave a new vigor to domestic architecture. The buildings which, as at Lincoln and Bury St. Edmund's, still

retain their name of "Jews' Houses," were almost the first houses of stone which superseded the mere hovels of the English burghers. Nor was their influence simply industrial. Through their connection with the Jewish schools in Spain and the East they opened a way for the revival of physical sciences. A Jewish medical school seems to have existed at Oxford; Roger Bacon himself studied under English rabbis.

But the general progress of civilization now drew little help from the Jew, while the coming of the Cahorsine and Italian bankers drove him from the field of commercial finance. He fell back on the petty usury of loans to the poor, a trade necessarily accompanied with much of extortion, and which roused into fiercer life the religious hatred against their race. Wild stories floated about of children carried off to be circumcised or crucified, and a Lincoln boy who was found slain in a Jewish house was canonized by popular reverence as "St. Hugh." The first work of the Friars was to settle in the Jewish quarters and attempt their conversion, but the popular fury rose too fast for these gentler means of reconciliation. When the Franciscans saved seventy Jews from hanging by their prayer to Henry the Third, the populace angrily refused the brethren alms.

But all this growing hate was met with a bold defiance. The picture which is commonly drawn of the Jew as timid, silent, crouching under oppression, however truly it may represent the general position of his race throughout mediæval Europe, is far from being borne out by historical fact on this side the Channel. In England the attitude of the Jew, almost to the very end, was an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance. He knew that the royal policy exempted him from the common taxation, the common justice, the common obligations of Englishmen. Usurer, extortioner, as the realm held him to be, the royal justice would secure him the repayment of his bonds. A royal commission visited with heavy penalties any outbreak of violence against the king's "chattels." The Red King actually forbade the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith; it was a poor exchange, he said, that would rid him of a valuable property and give him only a subject.

We see in such a case as that of Oxford the insolence that grew out of this consciousness of the royal protection. Here as elsewhere the Jewry was a town within a town, with its own language, its own religion and law, its peculiar commerce, its peculiar dress. No city bailiff could penetrate into the square of little alleys which lay behind the present Town Hall; the Church itself was powerless to prevent a synagogue from rising in haughty rivalry over against the cloister of St. Frideswide. Prior Philip of St. Frideswide complains bitterly of a certain Hebrew who stood at his door as the procession of the saint passed by, mocking at the miracles which were said to be wrought at her shrine. Halting and then walking firmly on his feet, showing his hands clenched as if with palsy, and then flinging open his fingers, the Jew claimed gifts and oblations from the crowd that flocked to St. Frideswide's shrine, on the ground that such recoveries of life and limb were quite as real as any that Frideswide ever wrought. Sickiness and death in the prior's story avenge the saint on her blasphemer; but no earthly power, ecclesiastical or civil, seems to have ventured to deal with him.

Up to Edward's day, indeed, the royal protection had never wavered. Henry the Second granted the Jews a right of burial outside every city where they dwelt. Richard punished heavily a massacre of the Jews at York, and organized a mixed court of Jews and Christians for the registration of their contracts. John suffered none to plunder them save himself, though he once wrested from them a sum equal to a year's revenue of his realm. The troubles of the next reign brought in a harvest greater than even the royal greed could reap; the Jews grew wealthy enough to acquire estates, and only a burst of popular feeling prevented a legal decision which would have enabled them to own freeholds. But the sack of Jewry after Jewry showed the popular hatred during the Barons' War, and at its close fell on the Jews the more terrible persecution of the law.

To the cry against usury and the religious fanaticism which threatened them was now added the jealousy with which the nation that had grown up round the Charter regarded all exceptional jurisdictions or exemptions from the

common law and the common burthens of the realm. As Edward looked on the privileges of the Church or the baronage, so his people looked on the privileges of the Jews. The growing weight of the Parliament told against them. Statute after statute hemmed them in. They were forbidden to hold real property, to employ Christian servants, to move through the streets without the two white tablets of wool on their breasts, which distinguished their race. They were prohibited from building new synagogues, or eating with Christians, or acting as physicians to them. Their trade, already crippled by the rivalry of the bankers of Cahors, was annihilated by a royal order which bade them renounce usury under pain of death.

At last persecution could do no more, and Edward, eager at the moment to find supplies for his treasury, and himself swayed by the fanaticism of his subjects, bought the grant of a fifteenth from clergy and laity by consenting to drive the Jews from his realm. No share of the enormities which accompanied this expulsion can fall upon the king, for he not only suffered the fugitives to take their personal wealth with them, but punished with the halter those who plundered them at sea. But the expulsion was none the less cruel. Of the sixteen thousand who preferred exile to apostasy, few reached the shores of France. Many were wrecked; others robbed and thrown overboard. One ship-master turned out a crew of wealthy merchants on to a sand-bank, and bade them call a new Moses to save them from the sea.—J. R. GREEN.

THE BARD.

[This Ode was founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And wave with bloody hands the tissue of their line.

“Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, affords
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born!
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
Close by the regal chair,
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :

The bristled boar in infant-gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate,

(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove. The work is done.)

Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest'd, unpitied here to mourn :

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,

Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,

All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue hail!

“ Girt with many a baron bold,

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,

Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play!

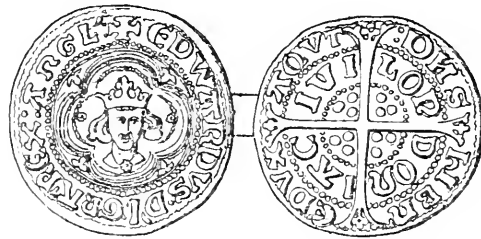
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

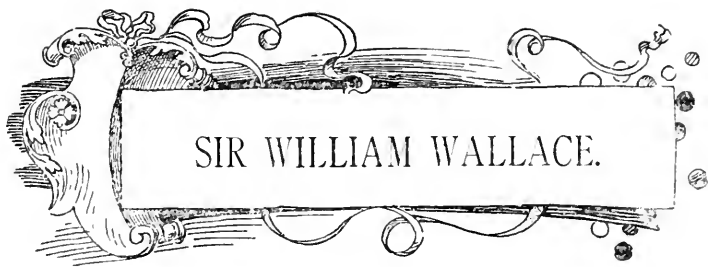
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,

Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,

Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-color'd wings.

“ The verse adorn again
Fierce war and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me ; with joy I see
The diff'rent dooms our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and scept'red care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.
— T. GRAY.





SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.



WILLIAM WALLACE, the hero of Scotland, was probably born about the year 1270. His family was one of some distinction, and he was the younger of the two sons of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie and Auchinbothie, in the neighborhood of Paisley. His mother, Margaret, who was Sir Malcolm's second wife, was the daughter of Sir Hugh Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. The history of Wallace, down to the year 1297, is entirely legendary, and only to be found in the rhymes of Blind Harry, or Harry the Minstrel, whose work confesses itself not to be limited to the strict rules of history. Blind Harry professes, however, to translate from a Latin account, written by Wallace's friend and chaplain, John Blair.

Wallace, according to this story, was carefully educated by his uncle, a wealthy churchman, at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and was afterwards sent to the Grammar-school of Dundee. Here his first memorable act is said to have been performed. The son of Selby, the English Governor of Dundee Castle, having offended him by some insult, Wallace struck the young man dead with his dagger upon the spot. This must have happened in the year 1291, after Edward I. of England had obtained possession of all the places of strength throughout Scotland. After committing this bold deed, Wallace, in making his escape, is said to have laid several of Selby's attendants as low as their master. He was immediately proclaimed an outlaw. Wallace sought refuge in the

southern Highlands, and then resolved to call his countrymen to throw off the English yoke. He commenced an incursive war against the English garrisons, and his daring enterprise and local knowledge rendered him successful in these encounters. No persons of rank ventured to join him, but he became the hero of his countrymen and the terror of their oppressors.

Wallace fell in love with the orphan daughter of Sir Hugh de Bradfute, the heiress of Lannington, having first seen her in a church in the neighborhood of Lanark. The Scotch writers affirm that this lady, whom he appears to have married, a year or two after forming her connection with Wallace, fell into the hands of his enemies, and was barbarously executed by the orders of Hazelrig, the English sheriff of Lanark, while her husband was doomed to witness the spectacle from a place where he lay in concealment. Such private injuries were well fitted to raise his public hatred to an unextinguishable flame.

In 1297 Wallace found himself strong enough to plan an attack upon the English justiciary Ormsby, who was holding court at Scone; but the latter, apprised of the danger, sought safety by flight, and the other English officers followed his example. Many of the barons now openly countenanced the designs of Wallace, and Robert Bruce secretly favored the same cause. Warenne, Earl of Surrey, who had been intrusted by Edward with the government of Scotland, collected in the north of England an army of 40,000 men, and, advancing into Annandale, struck such an alarm that many of the Scotch nobles submitted and others joined the English army.

After the alarm caused by Warenne's army, Wallace with his partisans retired northward, and when the English commander reached Stirling, he found the Scottish chief encamped at Cambuskenneth, on the opposite bank of the Forth. Cressingham, the English treasurer, was led by his precipitation to cross the river with his troops. Wallace, having suffered such a number as he thought proper to pass over, made a fierce attack upon them while yet in disorder, and defeated them with great slaughter, Cressingham, a brave leader, being slain in the action. Warenne thereupon retreated, and withdrew

his remaining troops into England. Availing himself of this panic, Wallace pursued the fugitives across the border, and, putting himself at the head of a numerous force, entered England on the 18th of October, 1297, and, remaining until the 11th of November, wasted the country from sea to sea with fire and sword, and proceeded as far south as the walls of Newcastle. These successes so much enhanced the reputation of Wallace that he was declared Regent of the kingdom under the captive Baliol.

The English king now marched with a host of 90,000 men to the northern frontier. Wallace, sensible that his elevation had caused envy and discontent among the great nobility, resigned his authority as Regent, and only retained command over his own particular followers. The Scotch, under the Steward of the kingdom and Cumming [or Comyn] of Badenoch, awaited the approach of Edward at Falkirk, in the summer of 1298. A battle ensued, in which the superior force of the English and the wonderful skill of their archers obtained a complete and sanguinary victory. Wallace, however, kept his separate command unbroken, and retired in good order with it behind the banks of the Carron. Here it is related that a conference took place between the chieftain and young Bruce, then serving in Edward's army, which terminated in his winning the latter secretly to the cause of his country. But the historian Hume observes that two English officers of credit affirm that Bruce was not at that time with Edward.

After the defeat at Falkirk, no force remained in Scotland capable of resisting the English arms, and Wallace appears to have once more taken to the fastnesses of the country. He still, however, retained an unsubmitting spirit, and asserted his independence with the few partisans he could muster. He is said to have hung upon the English army in another expedition northwards, in 1303; but he found few opportunities of acting to advantage. So high, however, was his name that Edward could not consider his conquest as secure whilst such a patriot was living. He employed various arts to discover the retreat of Wallace and obtain possession of his person, and at length succeeded, through the treachery, it is said, of Sir

John Monteith. Yet all Monteith really did was to forward the captive to England, after he had been brought as a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, of which Sir John was governor. Edward indulged an ignoble spirit of animosity against his brave enemy. He caused him to be conveyed to London, where, though he had never sworn fealty to the English sovereign, he was condemned and executed as a traitor, August 23, 1305. According to the barbarous custom of the times, his body was "drawn and quartered." His right arm was set up at Newcastle, his left at Berwick, his right leg at Perth, his left at Aberdeen, and his head on London Bridge.

Sir William Wallace, according to the traditions of his country, was possessed of an undaunted courage, a gigantic frame of body, and a constitution capable of enduring every hardship. He was gifted with eloquence, a wonderful sagacity, with other high mental powers and accomplishments. His career displays magnanimity and devoted attachment to Scotland. His memory is still revered in his native country and by the lovers of freedom in every land. A national monument to him has been erected on Abbey Craig, near Stirling.

THE BATTLES OF STIRLING AND FALKIRK.

Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these were Sir William Douglas and Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army, he had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warene," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the king of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on—we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skillful soldier, and he saw that, to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham, the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Lundin gave way to his opinion.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English treasurer.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland

after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions; some of which are no doubt true, while other are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavored to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Indeed, it appears that though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women, and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much, as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland, the English had placed a garrison in the strong castle of Dunottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place is almost inaccessible, Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while

others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea, and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter, within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country, that he only laughed at the contrition of his soldiers. "I will absolve you all myself," he said. "Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands?" So deep-seated was Wallace's feeling of national resentment, that it seems to have overcome, in such instances, the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered; for which purpose he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be governor, or protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the king of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army, for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched

boldly against the king of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English king, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart, of Benkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance."

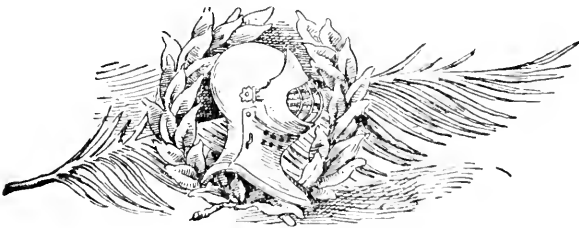
The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly at full gallop.

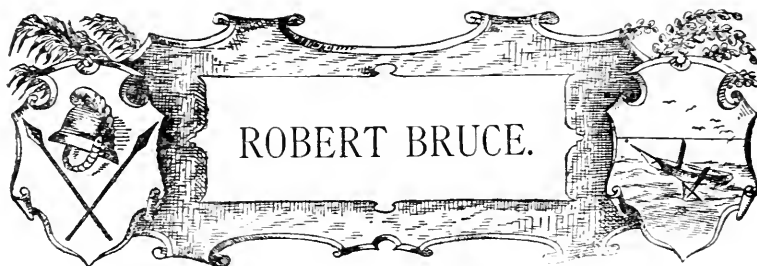
The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who wore armor, and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset, of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, bishop," answered Basset, contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling,

unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but on the contrary, fled away from the battle. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these, approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the discharge. It happened at the same time that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight. This fatal battle was fought upon July 22, 1298.

—SIR W. SCOTT.





ROBERT THE BRUCE, or, as he is commonly called, Robert Bruce, is to Scotchmen what Alfred the Great is to Englishmen, an early champion of national independence. He was born on the 21st of March, 1274. His father was Robert, Earl of Carrick and Lord of Annandale, with whom the son appears to have served in the army of Ed-

ward I., King of England, siding with him against Baliol.

After the death of Queen Margaret, "the Maid of Norway," the daughter of Alexander III., there were several competitors for the Scottish throne, chiefly among those adventurous Norman knights who were collaterally connected with the royal family of Scotland. Among these was a Robert Bruce, (supposed to be a corruption of Bruix, his ancestral domain in Normandy), whose claim was that he was the son of Isabel, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and there were a dozen other claimants. Edward supported Baliol's pretensions, but afterwards made him captive.

Young Robert was the grandson of that Bruce who had been one of the original claimants. He had been attending the Court of Edward, but after some hesitation was at length, partly by accident, driven to take up his position as the kingly leader of the Scots. He had joined Sir William Wallace in his first movements for Scottish independence, but with other

noblemen submitted to Edward in 1297. He took no part in the battle of Stirling, nor was he concerned in the defeat of Falkirk. Yet afterwards he began again to push his claims to the kingdom. He had been concocting with Comyn, who had similar claims, a plan for one or the other of them striving for the crown, and receiving the assistance of the other, who should be largely rewarded with the private estates of both. Comyn is said by some to have revealed the project, and Bruce, secretly warned, escaped from the English Court to Scotland. Comyn met the fugitive in the Church of the Franciscans in Dumfries. Hot words passed, and Bruce in his fury stabbing him, he was dispatched by an attendant.

The deed of sacrilegious violence, while it occasioned Bruce's excommunication by the Pope, drove him in desperation to raise the banner of Scottish nationality. Bruce immediately proceeded to seize the Castle of Dumfries, to confine the English judges assembled there, to assert his claims to the crown, and summon all the friends of his family to his assistance. He was soon at the head of a body of troops, with which he penetrated as far as Perth, the English everywhere flying before him; and in March, 1306, he was solemnly crowned at Scone in the presence of some bishops and nobles, and a great number of gentlemen. King Edward I., highly enraged at the news of these events, ordered all the forces of the northern counties to enter Scotland, and join the family of Comyn, in order to take vengeance on the rebel, as he was termed.

In consequence of this command General Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, marched to Perth, where he surprised and defeated Bruce's troops at Methven, in June, their leader himself escaping with difficulty. The broken remnant of his army was again routed by Lord Lorne, the nephew of Comyn; and Bruce, dismissing his few followers, was constrained to take refuge in an unfrequented island of the Hebrides. His family and friends partook of his adverse fortune. Three of his brothers, and several of his principal adherents, were taken and executed as traitors; and his wife, his daughter and two sisters, were made captives and committed to prison. Neither friends nor foes were acquainted

with the fate of Bruce, when he suddenly appeared at his estate of Carrick, at the head of a small, but resolute band, with which he surprised Lord Percy, who had obtained a grant of that property. But on the approach of a detachment of the English army, he retreated to the Highlands. In the meantime Edward was preparing for an expedition into Scotland with a force which was to reduce it to entire submission. The undaunted chief, however, again coming down from his mountain retreat in the spring of 1307, with augmented force, defeated Aymer de Valence, and besieged the Earl of Gloucester in the Castle of Ayr. He was soon afterwards delivered from the most formidable of his foes by the death of Edward I., near Carlisle, at Burgh-on-Sands, just as he was about to enter Scotland, with a great army.

His weak son Edward II., though he obeyed his father's dying injunction of marching into Scotland, pursued the war with no vigor, and soon returned to England to join his favorite, Gaveston. Bruce, who had reduced the western counties, left them in charge of his gallant friend, Sir James Douglas, and proceeded against his enemies in the north. A long illness with which he was attacked for some time impeded his progress, and he was besieged by the Comyns in one of his castles. His brother Edward, however, won several successes in the field; and at length Robert himself returned to action, and defeated the enemy at Old Meldrum. He afterwards made himself master also of Inverness and the north, and, at length, having taken the Castle of Forfar, and the town of Forth, he brought the whole of Scotland, except a few fortresses, to acknowledge his authority.

In 1312, finding his authority established at home, and that Edward II. was sufficiently employed by the dissensions which had sprung up in his own country, Bruce resolved by an invasion of England to retaliate in some measure the miseries which it had inflicted on his kingdom. He advanced accordingly into England as far as Durham, laying waste the country with fire and sword, and giving up the whole district to the unbounded license of his soldiery. Edward at first complained to the Pope, but soon afterwards made advances towards negotiating a peace with Scotland. Robert,

however, knowing the importance of following up the successful career that had opened upon him, refused to accede to his proposals, and again invaded England in 1313. He also captured various fortresses in his kingdom, which had hitherto remained in possession of the enemy. The last of these fortresses was Stirling Castle, upon which the hopes of the English now depended, and Edward accordingly collected all his forces for its defence. It was on this occasion that the famous battle of Bannockburn was fought, on the 24th of June, 1314, when Bruce completely defeated the English army.

The troubles in England prevented any effectual attempt to revenge the day of Bannockburn, and the papal interest was resorted to for mediating a peace between the two nations; but as the legates employed would not give Robert the regal title, he rejected their proposals with scorn, and would not even consent to a truce. He was then engaged in preparations for the siege of the important town of Berwick, which he took in 1318, and afterwards made a destructive inroad as far as Yorkshire. In the following year Edward brought a great force to endeavor the recovery of Berwick, which he closely invested by land and sea. The Scots made no attempt to relieve it; but Sir James Douglas penetrated into England as far as Yorkshire, where he defeated the Archbishop of York at the head of some new levies. The siege of Berwick was at length given up, and a truce of two years was concluded between the two countries. On its expiration, Edward, who had for a period quieted his domestic affairs, resolved upon a new expedition against Scotland; and in 1322 advanced without opposition as far as Edinburgh, Robert having contented himself with carrying away all provisions from the districts through which the enemy was to pass. Want of supplies forced the English to return, whilst Robert with a picked body of troops hung upon their rear, cutting off the stragglers. He even surprised part of the army, took the king's baggage, and pursuing him as far as York, carried devastation into that county. Both parties were now desirous of repose, and a truce for thirteen years was concluded in 1323, which left Robert in full possession of Scotland.

About this period a conspiracy against Robert, headed by

a powerful baron, Lord Soules, was discovered, and all who were concerned in it suffered as traitors: its grounds and objects are little known. The deposition and death of Edward II., in 1327, gave rise to a breach of the truce on the part of the Scottish king, who seems not to have considered himself as bound to the new government. In reality, however, he was tempted by the disordered state of England to renew hostilities, for which he had been some time preparing. Young Edward III. was not a prince to suffer an insult without resistance and retaliation; and learning that the Scotch, under Douglas and Murray, were making dreadful ravages in Northumberland, he assembled a powerful army and marched thither. They, however, eluded all attempts to bring them to action, and retired to their own country.

In the same year a peace was agreed upon between the two nations, by an article of which the King of England renounced all claim to superiority over the kings or kingdom of Scotland; and thus the great object of Robert's reign, the independence of his country, was finally established. Robert was now nearly worn out with the cares and fatigues of his active life; and on the 7th of June, 1329, at his Castle of Cardross, he expired at the age of fifty-four. His heart was extracted and embalmed with a view to its being carried, according to his request, to the Holy Land; and his remains were interred in the Abbey Church of Dumferline.

Robert Bruce left a name eternally memorable in the annals of his country. By his courage and wisdom he rescued his country from a foreign yoke, and restored it to its proper rank among nations. At a later period a union of Scotland with England was brought about peaceably, which has proved advantageous to both parties.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

When Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the king that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before mid-summer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and a shame to permit the fair conquest

which Edward I. had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was resolved that the king should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a king of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from France,—many Irish, many Welsh,—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the king of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen ; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time ; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, which were better trained than any others in the world. Both these disadvantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brush-wood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it

appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted his nephew, Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June, 1314, the king of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching

Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault ; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish. I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly ; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt," said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day ; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done ; especially as Randolph and Douglas were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe

made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war by killing King Robert. The king, being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall, powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness."—"Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might,

as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and, as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

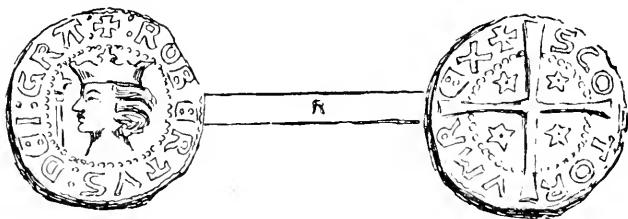
On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp, who had been sent behind the army to the Gillies' hill, when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to maintain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that, he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of "Argentine!" "Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

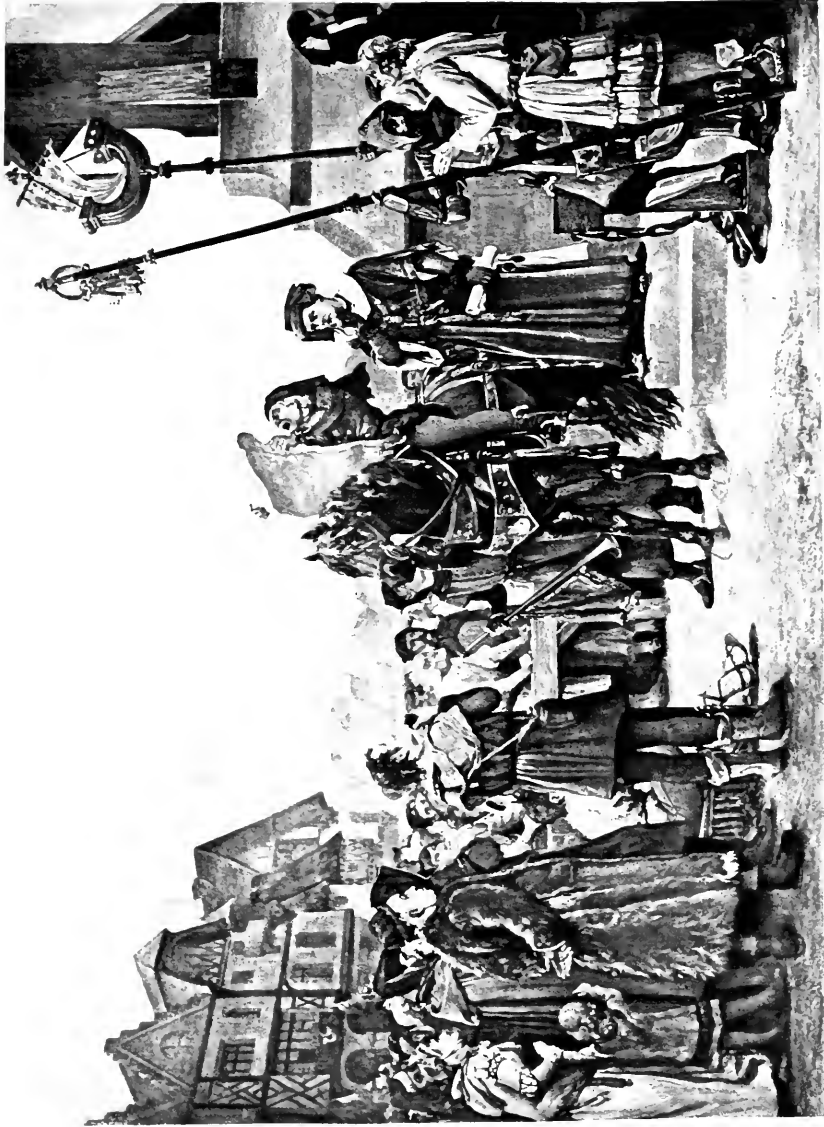
The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him; but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the

fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: as Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Lawrence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Lawrence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English king was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

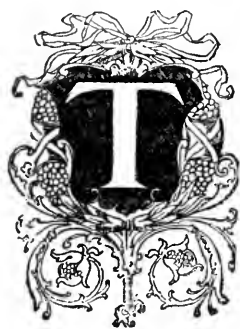
Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing-skiff, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles. The English, never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance.—SIR W. SCOTT.





G. L. POILLEUX SAINT-ANGE, PINX.

MARCHET'S GREAT ORDINANCE READ TO THE PEOPLE



THE story of Etienne Marcel is connected chiefly with that document of liberty which in French history approaches nearest to the Magna Charta of England. The difference between the two and their supporters marks the difference between French and English ideas of liberty, just as does the still greater difference between the American and French Revolutions of the eighteenth century. The French aim at an ideal impracticable at the time, if not forever; the English and their descendants in America are content to secure the utmost which is practicable at the time, and has therefore the greater assurance of continuing in existence.

Of the early life of Etienne Marcel we know nothing; but from 1356 to 1360 he was provost of the merchants of Paris under the reign of John the Good, the unfortunate king who became the captive of Edward III., of England, at Poitiers. The people of Paris, angered at the mismanagement of the government during the king's captivity, demanded the institution of a council of prelates, knights, and burgesses from the several states to assist the Dauphin in the administration of the kingdom. The States of the North responded promptly and met in Paris on October 17, 1356. Etienne Marcel, more aspiring than his colleagues, became the chief leader of the "third estate," which comprised about four hundred persons. The barons and even the bishops could appear only by proxy;

many of them were prisoners. France was exposed to all the perils of anarchy. The impetuous conduct of the reformers produced the Great Ordinance of 1357. It satisfied the virtuous and peace-loving part of the nation; but its sudden sweeping away of old-established forms and usages made many regret the disturbance thus caused. Even many of the third estate refused to follow Marcel and his adherents.

The unstable Dauphin soon seized an opportunity to shake off the yoke which had been imposed on him, and visited many of the provincial towns in order to solicit assistance. His mission was a failure; for at the end of six weeks he returned to Paris, and again put himself in the power of Marcel and his party. The times were very critical. There was danger of the restoration of an inefficient government, the renewal of extravagance, the neglect of national defence, and general anarchy. Then Marcel, at a secret meeting with a few of his trusty friends—officers of the city of Paris—decided on bringing about the release of Charles of Navarre, in the hope that his influence might be a counterpoise to that of the regent. It was the chief object of Marcel to bring about a reconciliation of the two Charleses. He urged the regent to come to terms with Navarre, and to give to him his rights, which was promised. Marcel performed this act from a patriotic desire for the relief of the sufferings of France, not seeking self-advancement. But his effort was foredoomed to failure; his instruments being princes in whom no trust could be placed.

Immediately after this, the regent, Charles the Wise, threw off his disguise, assuring the Parisians of his good will, and stating that he was gathering troops to fight their foes. He further accused Marcel and the popular party of keeping for their own use the funds and supplies. At this Marcel grew provoked, and all Paris, at the provost's order, rose again to resist the regent. Seeing the importance of the work the capital was trying to do, the towns around Paris also took up arms on behalf of their rights, and assumed the civic cap of red and blue, the colors of Paris.

Marcel, with some armed citizens, entered the Regent's quarters, after calling out the city militia to support him.

He sharply addressed the Regent, and bade him take heed to the business of the country. The Dauphin replied that he would gladly do it, but that he was kept penniless and could not; that those who took the money ought to defend the laws and land, meaning the provost and his party. At this Marcel became enraged, and with his men slew all the marshals who surrounded the prince. The Regent, thinking that his hour was come also, fell on his knees and begged that his life might be spared. Marcel placed the civic cap on his head and ordered him to be without fear. The bodies of the murdered marshals were thrown to the people in the street.

The revolutionist Marcel now became the actual head of the government. He sat as President of the "Thirty-six" in Paris, and organized similar bodies to govern the provinces. He also bought the "Place de Grève," called the "House on Pillars," and there established the headquarters of the municipal government; thus Marcel is the true founder of the Parisian Hotel de Ville, destined to be the scene of many stirring and tragic acts in the later history of the French nation. For a short period only did this government work successfully, as the too rapid revolution of Paris did not command sympathy and secure support throughout France. Nor did other large cities in any number come to Marcel's help; on the contrary, ill-will broke out; the towns were jealous of the capital; the States when they met were jealous of Marcel, and even in Paris factions sprang up against him.

In March, 1358, the Dauphin was named regent of the kingdom. Seizing this opportunity, he escaped from his half-captivity and fled from Paris to Meaux. Here he made efforts against Marcel. The provost, with what power he had left, fortified Paris, but the Dauphin's army cut off the city supplies. Marcel, seeing growing ill-will appear, sought help from the outside. He sent for Charles of Navarre, who was no more a friend to Paris than the regent. Between the two princes there was soon made a deal to betray the city into the hands of the royal party. Charles of Navarre consequently refused all offers of Marcel. Paris was now penniless; famine-stricken, the burghers soon grew suspicious; with no soldiers, and having little hold on the citizens, the provost was driven to

write and invite the regent to return to Paris and assist him. Almost heart-broken, Marcel received answer that he could not re-enter Paris while the murderer of his marshals lived.

The last and only remaining step for the provost to take was to call Charles of Navarre back, and give him entry into the city by night, promising to proclaim him king of France at the Hotel de Ville. To this appeal Charles of Navarre listened. It was at this attempt that one of the sheriffs at St. Antoine, by the name of Mailort, with some partisans, fell on Marcel and killed him.

Thus perished this ill-starred attempt to build up France on civic liberties. With it fell Etienne Marcel, a man who, with happier fortunes, might have rescued France from the miseries that were before her.

THE GREAT ORDINANCE OF 1357.

Four hundred deputies from the good cities, and at their head Etienne Marcel, provost of the merchants, met and constituted the States of the North, on the 17th of October, 1356. As the barons were mostly prisoners, they could only appear there by proxy, and so with the bishops. All the power rested with the deputies from the towns, and especially with those from Paris. In the memorable result of the meeting of these States—the Ordinance of the year 1357—the revolutionary spirit, and, at the same time, the administrative genius of the great commune, are striking. The clearness and unity of the views which characterize this act are susceptible of no other explanation. France would have done nothing without Paris.

The States, who at first assembled in the parliament house, and then at the Franciscan convent, nominated a committee of fifty deputies to inquire into the state of the kingdom. They desired "to have further information as to what had become of the immense sums levied on the kingdom in time past, by tenths, maltoltes, subsidies and minting of coin, and extortions of every kind, with which their folk had been vexed and harassed, and the soldiers ill-paid, and the kingdom badly guarded and defended—but no one could render an account of it."

All that was known was, that there had been monstrous prodigality, malversation, and shock to general credit. When the public distress was at its height, the king had given fifty thousand crowns to one of his knights. Not one of the royal officers had clean hands. The committee gave the dauphin to understand that in full assembly they would demand of him to prosecute his officers, to set the king of Navarre at liberty, and to associate with himself thirty-six deputies of the States, twelve from each order, in the government of the kingdom.

The dauphin could hardly place the kingly power in the hands of the States on this fashion. He adjourned the sitting of the States, alleging letters that he had received from the king and emperor, and then recommended the deputies to return and consult their fellow-townsmen while he would advise with his father.

The States being again assembled on the 5th of February, 1357, Marcel and Robert le Coq, Archbishop of Laon, laid before them a schedule of grievances, and it was resolved that each deputy should communicate the same to the province which sent him; and this communication, which was made with exceeding rapidity for that age, especially taking into account the season of the year, occupied no longer than a month. The schedule was handed in to the dauphin on the 3d of March, by Robert le Coq, formerly a lawyer of Paris, and who, having filled the offices of counsellor to Philippe de Valois, and president of the parliament, had become bishop-duke of Laon, and enjoyed the independence of the great dignitaries of the church. Le Coq, at once the king's man and the commons' man, mediated between the two, and was counsellor to both parties. He was likened to the carpenter's twibill, which cuts at both ends. After he had spoken—the lord of Pequigny on behalf of the nobles, a lawyer of Bâville on behalf of the commons, and Marcel on behalf of the burgesses of Paris, declared their concurrence in all he had just said.

This remonstrance of the States was at once a harangue and a sermon. They began with exhorting the dauphin to fear God, to honor him and his ministers, and to keep his commandments. He was to dismiss evil counsellors, and to

transact nothing through the medium of the young, simple, and ignorant. He could not, he was told, possibly entertain any doubt as to the States expressing the sentiments of the people at large, since the deputies were nearly eight hundred in number, and had advised with the provinces which had sent them. As to what he had been told of the plot of the deputies to make way with his counsellors, it was, they assured him, a calumnious falsehood.

They required him to take to assist him in the government of the kingdom, during the intervals of the sittings of the States, thirty-six deputies chosen by the States, twelve from each order; and others were to be sent into the provinces with almost illimitable powers, to condemn without the formality of trial, to borrow, to constrain, to decree, to pay, to chastise the king's officers, to assemble provincial states, etc.

The States voted an aid for the equipment of thirty thousand men-at-arms. But they made the dauphin promise not to levy or expend the aid by his own officers, but by good, prudent, loyal, solvent men, appointed by the three States. A new coinage was to be issued, after the pattern and models in the hands of the provost of the merchants of Paris. No change was to be made in the coin, without the consent of the States.

Truces were not to be entered into or the *arrière-ban* called out, without their authorization.

Every man in France is to provide himself with arms.

The nobles are not to quit the kingdom on any pretext. They are to suspend all private war. "In case of infringement of this regulation, the authorities of the place, or, if need be, the good people of the country, do arrest such peace-breakers . . . and compel them, by imprisonment and fines, to make peace, and cease to carry on war." Here are the barons subjected to the supervision of the commons.

The right of *prisage* is to cease. The collectors may be resisted, and the people assemble against them by summons, or by tolling the bell.

No more gifts out of the royal demesnes; and all such gifts from the days of Philippe-le-Bel to the present time are to be revoked. The dauphin promises to put a stop to all

superfluous and voluptuous outlay in his own expenses. He is to exact an oath from his officers that they will ask him for no grants, save in the presence of grand council.

One office is to content any individual. The number of officers of justice is to be reduced. Provostships and viscountships are no longer to be farmed out. Provosts, etc., are not to be appointed to the districts in which they were born.

No more commissions are to be issued for trials. Criminals are not to be allowed to make composition, but "full justice is to be done."

Although one of the principal framers of the ordinance, Le Coq, had been an advocate and president of the parliament, it deals severely with magistrates. They are prohibited from carrying on trade, from entering into understandings with each other, and from encroaching on each others' jurisdiction. They are upbraided with their idleness. In some cases their salaries are reduced. These reforms are just; but the language in which they are couched is rude, and its tone bitter and hostile. It is evident that the parliament refused to abet the States and the communes.

The presidents, and other members of the parliament, who sit on courts of inquiry, are to take only forty sous a day. "Many have been wont to take too large a salary, and to use four or five horses, whereas, had it been at their own expense, they would have been contented with two or three."

The grand council, the parliament, and the chamber of accounts are accused of negligence. "Decrees, which ought to have been pronounced twenty years ago, are still to pronounce. The counsellors assemble late, their dinners are long, their afternoons unprofitable. The officers of the chamber of accounts are to swear on God's holy gospels, that they will expedite the causes of the good people well, loyally, and in due order, without keeping them waiting." The grand council, the parliament, and chamber of accounts, are to meet at sunrise. Those members of the grand council also who shall not be present betimes in the morning, shall lose their day's salary. Notwithstanding their high office, these members are treated unceremoniously by the burgess legislators.

This Great Ordinance of 1357, which the dauphin was

compelled to sign, was much more than a reform. It effected a sudden change of government. It placed the administrative power in the hands of the States, and substituted a republic for the monarchy. It gave the supreme authority to the people, while as yet there was no people. To construct a new government in the midst of such a war, was as singularly perilous an operation, as for an army to change its order of battle in the presence of an enemy. The odds were that France would perish in thus putting about.

The ordinance destroyed abuses. But it was on abuses the crown lived. To destroy them was to destroy authority, to dissolve the state, to disarm France.

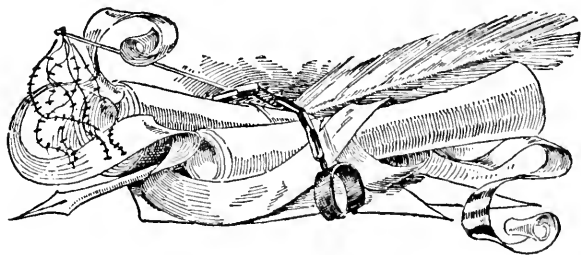
Did France really enjoy a political personality; could one attribute one common will to it? All that can be affirmed is, that authority seemed to it wholly vested in the crown. It desired only partial reforms. In all probability the ordinance approved by the States was only the work of one commune, of one great and intelligent commune, which spoke in the name of the kingdom at large, but which would be abandoned by the kingdom in the hour of action.

The dauphin's noble counsellors, full of baronial contempt for the burgesses, and of provincial jealousy of Paris, instigated their master to resistance. It was March when he signed the ordinance presented to the States; and, by the 6th of April, he forbade payment of the aid which the States had voted. On the 8th, on the representations of the provost of the merchants, he revoked this prohibition. Thus the young prince fluctuated between two impulses, following the one to-day, the other the day after; and both, perhaps, sincerely at the time. There was large room for doubt at this obscure crisis. All doubted; none paid. The dauphin was left disarmed; the States as well as public authority was defunct; there was nor king, nor dauphin, nor States.

Without strength, expiring as it were, and losing all self-consciousness, the kingdom lay prone like a corpse. Gangrene had set in, the worms swarmed—by worms, I mean brigands, English and Navarrese. In this general decay and corruption, the members of the poor body fell away from each other. The States General of the kingdom were talked of; but there

were no longer any States that could be truly termed general: there was nothing general; no communication, and no roads to carry it on. The roads were cut-throats; the country, a battle-field, the combat raging in every direction, and no possibility of distinguishing friend from foe.

In the midst of this dissolution of the kingdom, the commune remained living. But how could the commune live alone, unassisted by the surrounding country? Paris, not knowing where to lay the blame of her distress, accused the States. The dauphin, taking courage, declared that he would govern, and would henceforward dispense with a guardian. The commissioners of the States took their leave. But he was only the more embarrassed. He endeavored to raise a little money by selling offices; but the money did not come. He quitted Paris; the country was in flames. There was no town in which he would not risk being carried off by brigands. He returned to hide himself in Paris, and throw himself into the hand of the States.—J. MICHELET.





LORENZO, surnamed the Magnificent, son of Pietro and grandson of the famous Cosimo de' Medici, was born on the 1st of January, 1448, and was therefore but twenty-one years of age when his father died in 1469, leaving the reins of government in the hands of his two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano (1453-1478). The elder brother at once seized the tiller of the state with a firm grasp, and prepared to pursue

the same policy as his grandsire—one not free from danger. His brother, in fact, fell a victim to it, for the two were attacked at the instigation of the Pazzi, their most bitter enemies, on April 26, 1478, while they were attending high mass in the cathedral of Florence. Giuliano was mortally stabbed; but Lorenzo succeeded in beating back his assailants and making good his escape.

Lorenzo, when he had secured his power, wreaked dire vengeance upon his enemies, killing or exiling many of them. The Archbishop of Pisa, one of the accomplices in the attack, was hung from his palace window in his pontifical robes. But the Pope excommunicated the Medici, and, aided by the King of Naples, made war against Florence. Lorenzo succeeded, however, in making peace with the Neapolitan King, Ferdinand of Aragon, and thus strengthened his hold upon the city. An ever-present difficulty was the conciliation of the various elements which made up the party upon which

he depended and through which he had to govern. To have a "balia" elected favorable to his aim always implied hard manœuvring, and therefore, in 1480, he caused the institution of a new council of seventy, which was *de facto* a permanent balia, formed of his adherents. Thus he was more secure in his position than ever. Florence, nominally a republic, was in fact ruled by Lorenzo with absolute power.

But while the nation was debased politically, the individual was soothed in an atmosphere of voluptuous refinement, "a policy of calculated enervation," that served to blind him to the loss of his independence. Art and literature were encouraged: Lorenzo's palace and gardens became the resort of illustrious men,—Pulci, Michael Angelo (who made his first studies in sculpture here), and many others. Lorenzo himself was not only a patron and promoter of intellectual activity, but was himself a prominent participant in the same. He was a prose writer and poet of elegance and originality, and he initiated the movement towards the revival of Italian literature by the cultivation of the native language. He was thus instrumental in bringing the mother tongue into esteem with the learned, for though prominent, and, indeed, often the master spirit, in the councils of the latter, he was anything but a pedant. Moreover, and in direct line with the Medici policy of siding with the proletariat, he mixed freely with the people, especially in carnival time, entering with zest into those spectacular pageants, those masques and revels which moved Savonarola to indignation. He became the poet of the people in these festivals, an exponent of the refined immorality current.

He was versatile, and in him were combined the finest qualities of his people, as well as all of the moral weakness of his time. In a word, he was truly representative of his age and his nation, in their virtues and their vices.

Florence at this time had about 100,000 inhabitants, and resembled in many respects Athens in its most flourishing period. It is true that Florence made no attempt to extend its small territory, and was rather disposed to avoid war. The Medici depended on diplomacy rather than arms. But in equality and pride of citizenship, in intellectual activity and

artistic genius, in popular appreciation of art, in refinement of manners, cheerfulness of disposition and gayety of social life, the Florentines approached more closely to the Athenians than any modern people.

While far superior to Cosimo in literary talent, in politics Lorenzo was perhaps less prudent, and he was certainly his inferior as a financier. So much so, indeed, that he became practically bankrupt, with no hope of retrieving his fortunes except by gaining full control of the public purse. Nevertheless, to use the words of a noted author, he "succeeded in so clinching the power of the Casa Medici, that no subsequent revolutions were able to destroy it."

Lorenzo died on April 8, 1492, of a painful disorder, and was succeeded by his son Pietro (born 1472), an incapable man, who, when Charles VIII., of France, invaded Italy, basely surrendered to him the fortresses of Leghorn and Pisa. The people of Florence, incensed at his treachery, formally deposed the family of the Medici, which was completely restored to power, however, with the elevation of Lorenzo's son Giovanni to the papal chair, under the title of Leo X.

THE FLORENTINE DESPOT.

On the death of Piero, in 1469, the chief men of the Medicean party waited upon Lorenzo, and, after offering their condolences, besought him to succeed his father in the presidency of the State. The feeling prevailed among the leaders of the city that it was impossible, under the existing conditions of Italian politics, to carry on the commonwealth without a titular head. Lorenzo, then in his twenty-second year, entered thus upon the political career in the course of which he not only maintained a balance of power in Italy, but also remodelled the internal government of Florence in the interests of his family, and further strengthened their position by establishing connections with the Papal See. While bending all the faculties of his powerful and subtle intellect to the one end of consolidating a tyranny, Lorenzo was far too wise to assume the bearing of a despot. He conversed familiarly with the citizens, encouraged artists and scholars to address him on terms of equality, and was careful to adopt no titles.

His personal temperament made the task of being in effect a sovereign, while he acted like a citizen, comparatively easy. His chief difficulties arose from the necessity under which he labored, like his grandfather Cosimo, of governing through a party composed of men distinguished by birth and ability, and powerful by wealth and connections. To keep this party in good temper, to flatter its members with the show of influence, and to gain their concurrence for the alterations he introduced into the State machinery of Florence, was the problem of his life. By creating a body of clients, bound to himself by diverse interests and obligations, he succeeded in bridling the Medicean party and excluding from offices of trust all dangerous and disaffected persons. The good will of the city at large was secured by the prosperity at home and peace abroad which marked the last fourteen years of his administration, while the splendor of his foreign alliances contributed in no small measure to his popularity. The Florentines were proud of a citizen who brought them into the first rank of Italian powers, and who refrained from assuming the style of sovereign. Thus Lorenzo solved the most difficult of political problems—that of using a close oligarchy for the maintenance of despotism in a free and jealous commonwealth. None of his rivals retained power enough to withhold the sceptre from his sons when they should seek to grasp it.

The roots of the Medici clung to no one part of Florence in particular. They seemed superficial; yet they crept beneath the ground in all directions. Intertwined as they were with every interest both public and private in the city, to cut them out implied the excision of some vital member. This was the secret of their power in the next generation, when, banished and reduced to bastards, the Medici returned from two exiles, survived the perils of the siege and Alessandro's murder, and finally assumed the ducal crown in the person of the last scion of their younger branch. The policy so persistently pursued for generations, so powerfully applied by Lorenzo, might be compared to the attack of an octopus, which fastens on its victim by a multitude of tiny tentacles, and waits till he is drained of strength before it shoots its beak into a vital spot.

In one point Lorenzo was inferior to his grandfather. He had no commercial talent. After suffering the banking business of the Medici to fall into disorder, he became virtually bankrupt, while his personal expenditure kept continually increasing. In order to retrieve his fortunes it was necessary for him to gain complete disposal of the public purse. This was the real object of the constitutional revolution of 1480, whereby his Privy Council assumed the active functions of the State. Had Lorenzo been as great in finance as in the management of men, the way might have been smoothed for his son Piero in the disastrous year of 1494.

If Lorenzo neglected the pursuit of wealth, whereby Cosimo had raised himself from insignificance to the dictatorship of Florence, he surpassed his grandfather in the use he made of literary patronage. It is not paradoxical to affirm that in his policy we can trace the subordination of a genuine love of arts and letters to statecraft. The new culture was one of the instruments that helped to build his despotism. Through his thorough and enthusiastic participation in the intellectual interests of his age, he put himself into close sympathy with the Florentines, who were glad to acknowledge for their leader by far the ablest of the men of parts in Italy. According as we choose our point of view, we may regard him either as a tyrant, involving his country in debt and dangerous wars, corrupting the morals and enfeebling the spirit of the people, and systematically enslaving the Athens of the modern world for the sake of founding a petty principality; or else as the most liberal-minded noble of his epoch, born to play the first part in the Florentine republic, and careful to use his wealth and influence for the advancement of his fellow-citizens in culture, learning, arts, amenities of life. Savonarola and the Florentine historians adopt the former of these two opinions. Sismondi, in his passion for liberty, arrays against Lorenzo the political assassinations he permitted, the enervation of Florence, the national debt incurred by the republic, the exhausting wars with Sixtus carried on in his defence. His panegyrists, on the contrary, love to paint him as the pacificator of Italy, the restorer of Florentine poetry, the profound critic, and the generous patron.

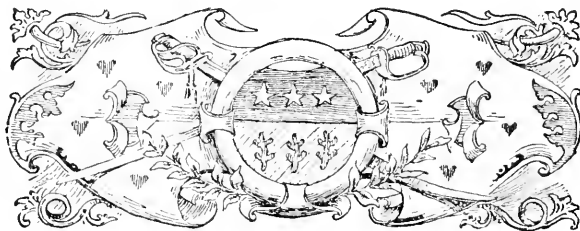
The truth lies in the combination of these two judgments. Lorenzo was the representative man of his nation at a moment when political institutions were everywhere inclining to despotism, and when the spiritual life of the Italians found its noblest expression in art and literature. The principality of Florence was thrust upon him by the policy of Cosimo, by the vote of the chief citizens, and by the example of the sister republics, all of whom, with the exception of Venice, submitted to the sway of rulers. Had he wished, he might have found it difficult to preserve the commonwealth in its integrity. Few but doctrinaires believed in a *governo misto*; only aristocrats desired a *governo stretto*; all but democrats dreaded a *governo largo*. And yet a new constitution must have been framed after one of these types, and the Florentines must have been educated to use it with discretion, before Lorenzo could have resigned his office of dictator with any prospect of freedom for the city in his charge. Such unselfish patriotism, in the face of such overwhelming difficulties, and in antagonism to the whole tendency of his age, was not to be expected from an oligarch of the Renaissance, born in the purple, and used from infancy to intrigue.

Lorenzo was a man of marvellous variety and range of mental power. He possessed one of those rare natures, fitted to comprehend all knowledge and to sympathize with the most diverse forms of life. While he never for one moment relaxed his grasp on politics, among philosophers he passed for a sage, among men of letters for an original and graceful poet, among scholars for a Grecian sensitive to every nicety of Attic idiom, among artists for an amateur gifted with refined discernment and consummate taste. Pleasure-seekers knew him as the libertine, who jousted with the boldest, danced and masqueraded with the merriest, sought adventures in the streets at night, and joined the people in their May-day games and Carnival festivities. The pious extolled him as an author of devotional lands and mystery plays, a profound theologian, a critic of sermons. He was no less famous for his jokes and repartees than for his pitily apothegms and maxims, as good a judge of cattle as of statues, as much at home in the bosom of his family as in the riot of an orgy, as ready to discourse

on Plato as to plan a campaign or to plot the death of a dangerous citizen.

An apologist may always plead that Lorenzo was the epitome of his nation's most distinguished qualities, that the versatility of the Renaissance found in him its fullest incarnation. It was the duty of Italy in the fifteenth century not to establish religious or constitutional liberty, but to resuscitate culture. Before the disastrous wars of invasion had begun, it might well have seemed even to patriots as though Florence needed a Mæcenas more than a Camillus. Therefore the prince who in his own person combined all accomplishments, who knew by sympathy and counsel how to stimulate the genius of men superior to himself in special arts and sciences, who spent his fortune lavishly on works of public usefulness, whose palace formed the rallying-point of wit and learning; whose council chamber was the school of statesmen, who expressed his age in every word and every act, in his vices and his virtues, his crimes and generous deeds, cannot be fairly judged by an abstract standard of public morality.

It is nevertheless true that Lorenzo enfeebled and enslaved Florence. At his death he left her socially more dissolute, politically weaker, intellectually more like himself, than he found her. He had not the greatness to rise above the spirit of his century, or to make himself the Pericles instead of the Pisistratus of his republic. In other words, he was adequate, not superior, to Renaissance in Italy.—J. A. SYMONDS.





ONE of the most interesting figures in Florence in the fifteenth century was an humble Dominican friar, who, by the power of his eloquence, for a short time fairly controlled the destinies of the city; this was Girolamo Savonarola, who, in his writings as in his sermons, made an uncompromising stand for purity and justice. Born September 21, 1452, at Ferrara, Savonarola was originally intended for the profession of his grandfather, Michele Savonarola, an eminent phy-

sician. A diligent student, he became learned even in youth, and his thoughtfulness early led him into sad musings on the iniquities of man. His melancholy and retired life was temporarily interrupted by a dream of love; but the young Florentine girl who had fired the youth's heart was the daughter of a Strozzi, whose family pride would not permit a union with one so much lower in the social scale.

To one of his character, what more natural than the thought of fleeing to the seclusion and rest that the life of a monk seemed to offer? In 1475 he entered a Dominican convent at Bologna, leaving behind him a paper on *Contempt of the World*. Here, however, he hardly found that truth which he sought, for, as lecturer at his convent, he had to thresh over again those philosophical theorizings of which he was so weary. And the corruption of the Church was brought home to him more clearly than ever before.

After seven years, came his removal to the Convent of St. Mark's in Florence, where for some time he was, as at Bologna, instructor of the novices. But the state of affairs in that proud city, with its pseudo-classical literary spirit and its moral rottenness, was calculated to urge the young monk to energetic public protest against the degeneracy of the times. The pulpit was evidently the place for him, even though he was for a time disregarded: his manner, his Lombard accent, and his subject were alike distasteful to pseudo-classical Florence, that beautiful and proud city, rotten morally, and blinded to its loss of liberty by the pomp and display of the strong government of Lorenzo de' Medici. But this man's preaching was bound soon to arouse discussion and dispute; though careless of the traditional elegancies of oratory, his natural eloquence and earnestness could not fail to make a deep impression. There was no spirit of compromise or temporizing in his sermons; from the very first he appeared as the inspired seer, the servant of God, preaching his Master's vengeance in prophetic language, announcing the three points upon which he ever afterward laid stress, and undoubtedly believed to have been specially revealed to him: that the Church would be scourged, and then renovated, and that this would take place soon.

At first the new prophet of woes found no hearers in Florence, to which city his warnings had a very direct and practical application, and which he loved with intense fervor. For four years he was absent from Florence, and during this time he was heard by Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, a learned courtier of Lorenzo's following, who prevailed upon Lorenzo to recall him permanently to the city. This may be regarded as the turning-point of his life. Once back in Florence, he soon found the convent church crowded whenever he preached, and the increasing throng of auditors made it necessary for him to deliver his discourses in the Duomo, where he preached for the remainder of the eight years which, as he had foretold, marked the duration of his mission upon earth. The growing and violent diversity of feelings which he aroused appears to have resulted at one time in a passing weakness—a resolve to modify or change his sermons. But

this hesitation, this fear, was only momentary; his fierce indignation burst forth with greater force than ever. Lorenzo, who had become interested in him, found it impossible either to wheedle or intimidate him; when he was elected prior of San Marco, he refused, in opposition to a time-honored custom, to pay his respects to Lorenzo, and when the latter made various efforts to approach him, he was not even met half way by the stern and obdurate monk. But, not long afterward, Lorenzo felt his end drawing near (Savonarola is said to have correctly foretold his death, as well as that of Pope Innocent VII), and, despair seizing upon him at the thought of certain misdeeds, he begged the friar to come to him. This one solemn interview of theirs ended sadly enough, we are told. The conditions imposed by the priest, as the price of God's mercy, involved the restoration of freedom and republican government to Florence, and the proud prince turned his face to the wall at this bitter thought of the overthrow of his life-work; upon which the padre sadly departed, without granting absolution.

Piero, the son of Lorenzo, roused the Florentine people to fury by basely surrendering to Charles of Anjou, who was invading Italy. But when the frenzied populace crowded around the one man whom they knew they could trust, he took no worldly advantage of his power. "Repent," cried he, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" the scourge of God had descended; the new Cyrus, whose advent he had foretold, was come to punish Florence for her sins. His devout and stirring appeal calmed the inflamed minds of the people. The French entered the city, and remained there for over a week; but these dangerous visitors were finally got rid of with much less trouble than was feared, for the Florentines were resolute and even well prepared for resistance, despite their peaceful demeanor. Besides, the whole affair had resulted in a bloodless revolution,—the Medici were driven out, and Florence was once more free. In the ensuing discussion as to new and better forms of government, Savonarola was prompted to take part, urging the adoption of an honest and wise political system, yet without for an instant forgetting his position as a messenger of God.

During the few years that he held his strange ascendancy, Savonarola was a distinct power for good; he was, indeed, "the mind, the conscience, and the will of Florence." The climax of his career was reached in 1495, when the Conciglio Maggiore (Greater Council) was appointed by his advice, and the whole city hung upon his lips. Some time after this, the infamous Pope Alexander Borgia attempted, unsuccessfully, to purchase his silence by the offer of a cardinal's hat, and two years later excommunication was launched against him. For about half a year he kept the silence imposed by the same, and then resumed his preaching, now giving much attention to his personal position, which was gradually growing more desperate. Then there came a challenge from the Franciscans, who proposed an ordeal by fire—certainly not made in good faith—for Fra Domenico, the devout and faithful henchman of Savonarola, waited in vain all day for the champions of the other side to make their appearance in the great square, where all of Florence seemed to have assembled. But the would-be and disappointed spectators of a thrilling spectacle laid the blame for the failure unjustly on Savonarola (who had refused this ordeal and looked upon it with disfavor), and the enraged mob hooted him as he returned to the convent with his monks. The prophet had fallen indeed! His enemies had long been plotting against him; but now his people had joined their ranks. The end was soon to come.

On the following Sunday—Palm Sunday—a riot broke out, which was quickly directed to an attack on San Marco. Savonarola still counseled peace; but the few laymen present, as well as some warlike friars, organized a brave, but useless, defence. During a lull in the fight, the Signoria sent for Fra Girolamo, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro, with the promise of liberation after being questioned. But Savonarola, with a reminder of earlier examples of the ingratitude of Florence, took a touchingly calm farewell of his brethren. Thus did he pass into the power of his enemies, who were unrestrained now by any fear of the public opinion which he had once created and directed. Through the howling, furious, insulting mob, he was brought to the Palazzo, thence to emerge again, after six weeks of mental and bodily torture,

to meet his death, murdered, as his Lord had been, by those for love of whom he had sacrificed everything. Insult was added to injury in an energetic attempt to soil his memory by a most shameless falsification of the records; but, even in his moments of excruciating pain, weakened by the torture, no confession seems to have been wrung from him that cast any doubt on his belief in the divine inspiration of his prophecies.

On the 22d of May, 1498, was finally published the sentence of death, and on the following day these three monks devoutly and bravely ascended the scaffold, where they were first strangled and then burned. Savonarola's calm faith shone forth in his answer to the Bishop of Vasona, whose office it was to declare him separated from the Church militant, and who in his confusion added the words "and triumphant." "From the Church militant, yes," said he; "but from the Church triumphant, no; that is not yours to do." There, on that heap of fagots, was consumed the hope of Florence; recognition of the wisdom of his political policy came too late; the hated Medici again gained control, and for many years the city groaned under various forms of tyranny. The very course of subsequent events has vindicated the character of this great and good man—great and good as well in his triumph as in his hour of woe.

SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Before Savonarola was made Prior of San Marco, he seems to have had no direct intercourse with the magnificent Lorenzo. But after his elevation to that dignity, the circumstances of his new position brought him into a connection with the prince which could not be altogether overlooked. This the Prior well understood, and from the outset he followed a deliberate course which revealed the radical differences of principle and character between the two men. There never could be, in the nature of things, anything like honest fellowship between men so utterly opposed to each other, with respect to all matters that really entered into the life purposes which they had chosen for themselves. Nor was it long before the mind of Savonarola was drawn out in unmistakable action.

It was the custom for a newly-elected Prior of San Marco to go to the palace, and do homage to the head of the family who had built the convent. But Savonarola, to the astonishment, if not alarm, of his brethren, refused to follow this custom, on the ground that he had received his appointment from God, and that to Him alone, therefore, thanks ought to be given. "See," exclaimed Lorenzo, when he heard of the Prior's resolution, "See, here is a stranger who has come to live in my house, and yet will not be at the trouble to wait upon me." The assumption implied in the words, "*my house*" would grate on the ear and heart of the "stranger," and would rather tend to strengthen than weaken the purpose. To him the house of which he had become the ecclesiastical superior could only be "none other than the house of God."

There can be no doubt that Lorenzo tried hard to conciliate Savonarola, and the efforts that he made may be fairly taken as expressing the high estimation he had formed of his personal qualities. He is reported to have said, in answer to the complaints and scoffings of certain courtiers, that the monk they were defaming was the only true monk he had ever met. If the Prior will not go to the Prince, the Prince must go to the Prior; and so, Lorenzo frequently appeared at mass in the Convent-church, and sauntered in the gardens afterwards, in the hope of meeting the man of whom he wished to make a friend. He was not unconscious of the charm of his own manners when he desired to impress and win, and we have every reason to believe that making all deductions from the language of court sycophants that charm was very great. Why should this friar who had cultivation, genius, real greatness of mind, be insensible to the influence of the proffered friendship of such a man as Lorenzo? If he could get him into something like intimacy, would not he become, like all others, a Ficino, a Politian, and a Mirandola, if not his flatterer, at least his confessed admirer and partisan? But here for once Lorenzo failed. Savonarola would not be entrapped. He had ideas and aims of his own with which he knew the Prince could have little sympathy. One day, while he was engaged in study, the tidings was brought to him, that

Lorenzo was walking in the gardens. "Has he asked for me?" was the quiet answer. "No," said the messenger. "Well, let him continue his walk, so long as he finds it pleasant," and with that he resumed his work.

This was not encouraging; but Lorenzo, evidently becoming interested in the sort of tacit contest, tried other means of gaining the Prior. His next attempt was still more unfortunate. It could hardly be distinguished from direct bribery. Unusually large gifts found their way into the convent treasury, and it was known by all that they could only come from the Prince. The Prior's resentment at this conduct was expressed in a sermon in which these strong and somewhat rough words occurred:—"A good dog always barks as the guardian of its master's house; and if a robber throws it a bone, or the like, it may take it, but it nevertheless continues to bark and bite." But there was the alms' box, which might be used to the same end without being open to the same charge. Gold began to appear among the contents of the box. Savonarola, however, read its meaning; knew how and why it was put there; and separating it from coins of less value, he sent it to the "Good Men of St. Martin," to be distributed by them amongst the poor, saying to the Frati about him, whose falling countenances spoke their inward regret, that "silver and copper suffice our needs."

Meanwhile the preacher preached; and just because of his independent bearing towards Lorenzo he could preach freely. Many began to talk of him as mad, but there was a method in his madness, and no one, perhaps, discerned more clearly the meaning of that method than Lorenzo himself. His discourses ranged widely over subjects that affected all classes. Nothing escaped him. The corruptions of the Church, with the horrid inconsistencies of its highest dignitaries; the corruptions of the State and of society, with the oppressions and immoralities of their accepted rulers—all had their due place in his vivid pictures of existing evil, and his overwhelming blasts of a judgment that was sure and soon to come. He did not name the Medici, but he so fully described the aims they sought, and the arts they employed, and the evils they encouraged, that the whole of Florence became perfectly

aware of the utter and necessary antagonism of his principles and designs to those of the reigning house.

So intolerable did his plain-speaking become to those about the court, that it was agreed to send to him a deputation of five honorable and influential citizens, for the purpose of trying to persuade him to change the style and direction of his preaching. The names of these five men are given by one of his biographers, and the notable thing about them is, that most of them became subsequently fast friends and followers of Savonarola. It is more than likely that Lorenzo had something to do with the choice of them, and that his choice was determined by his knowledge that they had already shown sympathy with the courageous preacher. The Prince was still wishful to gain the allegiance and friendship of the strange Prior; though, of course, on conditions of his own making.

The ambassadors were received kindly in the little bare cell of the monk. They delivered their message; not, however, without some shamefacedness, as they met the gaze of the simple man whom they addressed. The reply they got was crushing. "You do not come to me of your own will. You are the agents of Lorenzo. You are asking me to betray my rightful and beloved Master and King, and to enslave myself, after your example, to an earthly prince who has much to repent of, and on whose family heavy judgments are about to fall. I care nothing for your threats of banishment. Tell Lorenzo from me, that though he is the first in the state, and I a foreigner and a poor brother, it will nevertheless happen that I shall remain after he is gone." This prediction startled and confused the honorable deputies; and it did not lessen the prophet's influence when, a few years later, it seemed to be fulfilled in the early death of the greatest of the Medici.

The Prior of San Marco was a patriot. He did not deem it inconsistent with his profession to take an active interest in everything that had to do with the good of his country. What are called *secular* affairs were the very things which, according to his mind, religion was intended to sanctify or make sacred; or, in other words, to bring under the govern-

ment of God. He was not a native, it is true, of the city with which his name is associated; but if not a Florentine, he was an Italian; and as such he had a just estimate of Florence as the centre of influences which affected all Italy and the entire civilized world. It would seem that he early acquired for his adopted city that peculiar intensity of patriotic feeling which distinguished so many of his countrymen, from Dante downwards. Now, whatever respect he may have had for the many high qualities of Lorenzo, he nevertheless regarded him as a usurper, and as a destroyer of the liberties of which Florence had once been proud. He knew well the arts by which the Medici had gained their ascendancy, and the tortuous skill which Lorenzo had displayed in consummating the family design. The splendid accomplishments and lavish generosity of the prince might blind the eyes of others; but the preacher of Christ penetrated behind the mask, and saw clearly that the policy which many so loudly extolled, was simply destructive of social purity and political freedom. And with his clear vision, and passionate hatred of all wrong, it was impossible for him to accept the patronage or friendship of a man, however highly endowed, whose whole life had been spent in the effort to establish his own power on the ruins of virtue and liberty.

But Savonarola was a Christian as well as a patriot. To this title Lorenzo had little claim. The Prior and the Prince were here separated by an awfully wide chasm. Savonarola was remarkable for the fervor of his piety and the purity of his life. Few men, even amongst the most saintly, have risen into fuller contact with the spiritual and unseen. None ever doubted the holiness of his life. In his personal habits he was extremely simple, even austere. He loathed the immorality that was so common in all classes, and especially in the highest, and mourned over the luxury of living which commercial prosperity had everywhere excited. Apart from the testimony of his friends, which is very full and emphatic, even a slight acquaintance with his sermons and other writings is enough to show how his heart was wrung with horror at the unblushing wickedness that was rampant on every side, and how in his inner and higher exercises of thought

and feeling he could rise into wonderful fellowship with the Spirit of God.

But Lorenzo undeniably presents us with a very different picture. There could hardly be imagined a stronger contrast than that between him and the minister of Christ whom he had so incautiously invited to Florence. It can only be admitted by his most ardent admirers, that he neither cultivated religion in his heart nor practiced morality in his life. His usurpation of an almost despotic power was the result and evidence of an unscrupulous ambition. The holocaust of victims which he sacrificed in revenge for his brother's death, his sacking of the town of Volterra in opposition to the milder counsels of others, and his seizing the dower of the orphan girls in order to provide funds for the war against Volterra—prove that he could, when occasion seemed to demand, rival the worst Italian despot in the measures he adopted to gratify a personal feeling, or to attain a selfish end. Besides all this, the testimony, both of his contemporaries and of his own writings, convicts him, not only of luxurious extravagance, but of undisguised sensuality. What concord could there be between such a man and the pure-souled priest of God? How could the patriot love the betrayer of his country's liberties; how could the Christian preacher consort with the worldly and voluptuous prince? It is only through a misunderstanding of the character of Savonarola, or by wishing to rob him of an uprightness, a fidelity to holy principle, a devoted loyalty to his heavenly Lord, whose name was to him the symbol of perfect truth and good—things so strange and so grand in that time of religious infidelity and moral disorder—that men can blame him for his lonely and resolute refusal to have any other intercourse with Lorenzo than such as befitted his profession as a servant of God. In the light of what followed, when Lorenzo was no more, we see, with sufficient clearness, the motive forces which kept separate these two eminent men.

Lorenzo and his partisans ceased to trouble the Prior of San Marco. And, indeed, there was a special reason, besides the discouragement of past failures, for this cessation of attempts to reduce the bold preacher to submission. Lorenzo

had been for some time failing in health. Constitutional causes, aggravated by reckless habits, had gradually undermined his physical strength; and about this time an attack of illness, brought on by folly, laid him on what proved to be his death-bed in his beautiful villa at Careggi. His friends, Politian, Mirandola and Ficino, were in constant attendance; and all was done that wealth and power could command to soothe his passage from this world to the next. But before dying the mind of the prince turned to the man who alone had ventured to refuse his friendship. He whispered into some ear by his bed-side that he wished to see Savonarola. A message was sent to the convent, and before long the Prior and the Prince were alone together. The dying man having confessed his sins, especially the bloody retribution with which he followed the Pazzi conspiracy, the sack of Volterra, and the plundering of the *Monte delle Doti*, Savonarola told him that the mercy of God was great, but that to obtain mercy he must give the signs of true repentance. These signs were three: *first*, he must have faith in God; *secondly*, he must restore, or cause to be restored, whatever he had wrongly appropriated; and *thirdly*, he must give back to Florence the republican liberty of which he and his family had deprived her. To the first two of these demands Lorenzo signified his assent; but on hearing the last he scornfully turned his face away from the faithful confessor, and would speak no more. He could not listen without anger to a proposal that he should undo the work of his life, and by one act extinguish the glory of his house, which it had taken three generations to acquire. Nothing was left Savonarola but sorrowfully to depart. He could not in conscience grant the dying Lorenzo the absolution which he craved.—W. DINWIDDIE.

THE FLORENTINE PROPHET.

As Savonarola is now launched upon his vocation of prophecy, this is the right moment to describe his personal appearance and his style of preaching. We have abundant material for judging what his features were, and how they flashed beneath the storm of inspiration. Fra Bartolommeo,

one of his followers, painted a profile of him in the character of St. Peter Martyr. This shows all the benignity and grace of expression which his stern lineaments could assume. It is a picture of the sweet and gentle nature latent within the fiery arraigner of his nation at the bar of God. In contemporary medals the face appears hard, keen, uncompromising, beneath its heavy cowl. But the noblest portrait is an intaglio engraved by Giovanni della Corniole, now to be seen in the Uffizi at Florence. Of this work Michael Angelo, himself a disciple of Savonarola, said that art could go no further. We are therefore justified in assuming that the engraver has not only represented fully the outline of Savonarola's face, but has also indicated his peculiar expression.

A thick hood covers the whole head and shoulders. Beneath it can be traced the curve of a long and somewhat flat skull, rounded into extraordinary fullness at the base and side. From a deeply sunken eye-socket emerges, scarcely seen, but powerfully felt, the eye that blazed with lightning. The nose is strong, prominent, and aquiline, with wide nostrils, capable of terrible dilation under the stress of vehement emotion. The mouth has full, compressed, projecting lips. It is large, as if made for a torrent of eloquence; it is supplied with massive muscles, as if to move with energy and calculated force and utterance. The jaw-bone is hard and heavy, the cheek-bone emergent; between the two the flesh is hollowed, not so much with the emaciation of monastic vigils as with the athletic exercise of wrestling in the throes of prophecy. The face, on the whole, is ugly, but not repellent; and, in spite of its great strength, it shows signs of feminine sensibility. Like the faces of Cicero and Demosthenes, it seems the fit machine for oratory. But the furnaces hidden away behind that skull, beneath that cowl, have made it haggard with a fire not to be found in the serenest features of the classic orators. Savonarola was a visionary and a monk.

The discipline of the cloister left its trace upon him. The wings of dreams have winnowed and withered that cheek as they passed over it. The spirit of prayer quivers upon those eager lips. The color of Savonarola's flesh was brown; his nerves were exquisitely sensitive yet strong; like a network

of wrought steel, elastic, easily overstrained, they recovered their tone and temper less by repose than by the evolution of fresh elasticity. With Savonarola fasts were succeeded by trances, and trances by tempests of vehement improvisation. From the midst of such profound debility that he could scarcely crawl up the pulpit steps, he would pass suddenly into the plenitude of power, filling the Dome of Florence with denunciations, sustaining his discourse with no mere trick of rhetoric that flows to waste upon the lips of shallow preachers, but marshaling the phalanx of embattled arguments and pointed illustrations, pouring his thought forth in columns of continuous flame, mingling figures of sublimest imagery with reasonings of severest accuracy, at one time melting his audience to tears, at another freezing them with terror, again quickening their souls with prayers and pleadings and blessings that had in them the sweetness of the very spirit of Christ.

His sermons began with scholastic exposition ; as they advanced, the ecstasy of inspiration fell upon the preacher, till the sympathies of the whole people of Florence gathered round him, met and attained, as it were, to single consciousness in him. He then no longer restrained the impulse of his oratory, but became the mouth-piece of God, the interpreter to themselves of all that host. In a fiery *crescendo*, never flagging, never losing firmness of grasp or lucidity of vision, he ascended the altar-steps of prophecy, and, standing like Moses on the mount between the thunders of God and the tabernacles of the plain, fulminated period after period of impassioned eloquence. The walls of the church re-echoed with sobs and wailings, dominated by one ringing voice.

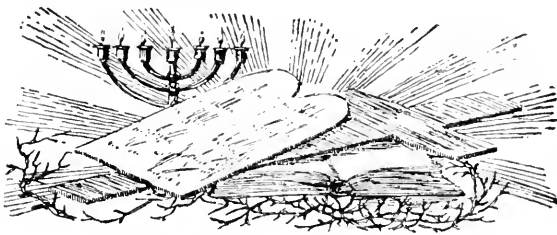
The scribe to whom we owe the fragments of these sermons at times breaks off with these words : " Here I was so overcome with weeping that I could not go on." Pico della Mirandola tells us that the mere sound of Savonarola's voice startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom ; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end, as he listened. Another witness reports : " These sermons caused such terror, alarm, sobbing, and tears,

that every one passed through the streets without speaking, more dead than alive."

Such was the preacher, and such was the effect of his oratory. The theme on which he loved to dwell was this: "Repent! A judgment of God is at hand. A sword is suspended over you. Italy is doomed for her iniquity—for the sins of the Church, whose adulteries have filled the world—for the sins of the tyrants who encourage crime and trample upon souls—for the sins of you people, you fathers and mothers, you young men, you maidens, you children that lisp blasphemy!" Nor did Savonarola deal in generalities. He described in plain language every vice; he laid bare every abuse; so that a mirror was held up to the souls of his hearers, in which they saw their most secret faults appallingly betrayed and ringed around with fire. He entered with particularity into the details of the coming woes. One by one he enumerated the bloodshed, the ruin of cities, the trampling down of provinces, the passage of armies, the desolating wars that were about to fall on Italy. You may read pages of his sermons which seem like vivid narratives of what afterward took place in the sack of Prato, in the storming of Brescia, in the battle of the Ronco, in the cavern-massacre of Vicenza. No wonder that he stirred his audience to their centre. The hell within them was revealed. The coming down above them was made manifest. Ezekiel and Jeremiah were not more prophetic. John crying to a generation of vipers, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" was not more weighty with the mission of authentic inspiration.

"I began," Savonarola writes himself with reference to a course of sermons delivered in 1491—"I began publicly to expound the Revelation in our church of St. Mark. During the course of the year I continued to develop to the Florentines these three propositions: That the Church would be renewed in our time; that before that renovation God would strike all Italy with a fearful chastisement; that these things would happen shortly." It is by right of the foresight of a new age, contained in these three famous so-called conclusions, that Savonarola deserves to be named the Prophet of the Renaissance. He was no apostle of reform; it did not

occur to him to reconstruct the creed, to dispute the discipline, or to criticise the authority of the Church. He was no founder of a new order; unlike his predecessors, Dominic and Francis, he never attempted to organize a society of saints or preachers; unlike his successors, Caraffe the Theatine, and Loyola the Jesuit, he enrolled no militia for the defense of the faith, constructed no machinery for education. Starting with simple horror at the wickedness of the world, he had recourse to the old prophets. He steeped himself in Bible studies. He caught the language of Malachi and Jeremiah. He became convinced that for the wickedness of Italy a judgment was imminent. From that conclusion he rose upon the wings of faith to the belief that a new age would dawn. The originality of his intuition consisted in this, that while Italy was asleep, and no man trembled for the future, he alone felt that the stillness of the air was fraught with thunder, that its tranquillity was like that which precedes a tempest blown from the very nostrils of the God of hosts.—J. A. SYMONDS.





PETER THE GREAT.



PETER I. of Russia has made a greater impression on the popular imagination than even his great work in the world might alone have won. By bringing Russia within the circle of European powers he altered the balance of empire. For Russia itself he introduced a new civilization, which has scarcely yet really amalgamated with the old. But his own eccentricity, or combination of civilization with barbarism, has made him a picturesque figure in the annals of the world. Yet the epithet "Great" cannot be justly denied to the man who gave his

country seaports, commerce, fleets, and manufactures, arts and educational institutions; and who changed the despised and barbarous Muscovy into the Russia, with whose ambitious schemes and preponderating force all Europe is deeply concerned. The exploits which Peter achieved were mainly due to his own force of character, rather than to the favorable coincidence of circumstances. If it be true that the secret of greatness lies in energy of the will, in resolute endurance, and in self-sacrifice, there are few historical personages in whom its elements have been more strongly developed than in the imperial organizer of the Russian power.

Peter the Great was the third son of the Czar Alexis





Michaelovitch, and was born at Moscow on the 30th of May, 1672. On the death of his eldest brother, the Czar Feodor, in 1682, Peter was nominated to the succession, in exclusion of his brother Ivan, who was set aside on account of incapacity. Soon after, a terrible mutiny of the guards—secretly fomented, it has been said, by the Princess Sophia, the adult sister of Ivan and Peter—effected a revolution in court by massacring the Nariskins, Peter's maternal kindred and adherents; and after much bloodshed and threats of a civil war, the two princes were nominated joint czars, under the tutelage of Sophia. She held the regency, and strove not only to keep Peter as long as possible from the exercise of power, but to render him unfit for it, by giving him a purposely defective education, and by placing in his way, as he grew up, every temptation to idleness and sensuality. Much of the coarseness, the vice, and the savage violence which deformed Peter's career in after life, may be traced to the taints thus early given to his moral system.

Peter grew dissatisfied with the rule of Sophia, who, with considerable abilities, displayed great ambition. When eighteen he married against her will, and claimed a seat at the council-board, from which, on account of violent altercations between them, she procured his exclusion, and an open rupture was the consequence. Peter took the resolution of arresting and imprisoning his sister, who, on her part, is said to have formed a conspiracy with Prince Vassili Galitzin against her brother's life, or, at least, against his liberty. The chief of the guard, with six hundred of his men, was engaged in the plot, and Peter with difficulty escaped to the monastery of "The Trinity." He was there joined by loyal subjects from all quarters, so that he was soon enabled to seize all the suspected persons. By force of torture a confession of the conspiracy was obtained; Sophia was confined for life in a nunnery; Galitzin was banished to Siberia; and in 1689 Peter took the reins of the government in his own hands.

He now strove hard to repair the defects of his education; he acquired, almost entirely by self-teaching, a knowledge of several foreign languages; he studied earnestly the mechanical

arts, especially such as related to shipbuilding, his ultimate object being to give Russia ships and commerce, though, when he began his reign, she possessed no seaport except Archangel, in the White Sea. He endeavored also to form a body of troops on the model of the armies of the civilized nations of western Europe. He exercised them in hostilities against the Turks and Tartars on the south-eastern frontier, during which he gained the important city of Azoph. In 1697, having provided for the safety of his empire, and left troops under the best foreign officers who had aided him in his reforms, so as to curb any revolutionary movements of the discontented part of his subjects, he resolved by foreign travel to learn in various countries the arts which he thought most essential to the state, especially naval and military tactics.

The first country in which he made any stay was Holland. At Amsterdam he took up his quarters in the Admiralty-yard, in order to survey all that was passing in that scene of business. In the disguise of a Dutch skipper he went to the famous ship-building village of Zaandam, where he worked as a common carpenter and blacksmith, clad and fed like his fellow-workmen. He did not, however, confine himself to the mechanical arts. He often went to Amsterdam to attend the anatomical lectures of the celebrated Ruysch. He studied natural philosophy, astronomy and geography; and he sought out able men in various professions, whom he sent into Russia. Nor was he inattentive to what was passing on the Continent in war and politics. He engaged to support the election of Augustus of Saxony to the throne of Poland, and issued orders to his armies on the Turkish frontier.

In 1698 he paid a visit to England, where he was treated with politic attention by King William III. He took up his lodgings and worked in the English government dock-yard at Deptford. Here he obtained valuable instruction in naval affairs, but without neglecting other useful matters. The variety of religious sects in England and Holland attracted his notice, and probably gave him those ideas of the benefits of religious toleration upon which he always acted in his intercourse with foreigners. When leaving England, King Wil-

liam made him a present of a fine yacht, completely equipped. He returned in it to Holland, carrying with him a number of naval officers, and other persons distinguished in various arts and professions. Thence he proceeded with his ambassadors to Vienna, for the purpose of viewing the military discipline of the Austrians, and strengthening his alliance with that court against the Turks.

During his absence from Russia the old Muscovite soldiers had mutinied, but were put down by the Scotch General Gordon, whom Peter had left in command of his new troops. Peter hurried back to Russia. His first care was to inquire into and punish the rebellion; and this he performed with the most unrelenting severity. Two thousand of the rebels were executed, many of whom were hung in front of the apartments of Sophia. No evidence of being concerned in the outbreak could be obtained against this princess by all the efforts of promises and torture; yet she was obliged to take the veil, and passed the remainder of her life in strict confinement.

Peter now proceeded with renewed vehemence in the changes of manners and dress, as well as the introduction of useful arts, which he forced upon his barbarous subjects. He sought to put an end to the Oriental seclusion of women, and the Oriental dress of men. For the full beard and long caftan were substituted the close-shaved face and the frock-coat of Western Europe. In his zeal for doing good he was frequently injudicious in choosing times and seasons for the work; and the least show of opposition irritated him into ferocity, which was fearfully aggravated by the habit of drunkenness, which he had acquired during his neglected youth.

In 1700, Frederic of Denmark, Augustus of Poland and Peter of Russia united in forming that confederacy against Charles XII., the young King of Sweden, which proved a source of so much glory to himself, and of so many disasters to his enemies. Peter's motive in taking a part in it was to recover the provinces of Ingria and Carelia, which had formerly belonged to Russia. For this purpose he marched a large army, with which he laid siege to Narva. Charles hastened to its relief with a very inferior force, but of excellent troops, whereas the Russians were mostly an undisciplined

crowd; and he obtained a complete victory. The dethronement of the Czar was the Swedish king's avowed object; but, said Peter, "Though my brother Charles affects to act the Alexander, I trust he will not find me a Darius." Peter was not of a character to be dispirited by a single failure. He melted down the great bells of his churches to repair his lost artillery, and exerted himself with vigor to recruit and discipline his troops. He likewise fitted out a flotilla to command the lake Peipus and its borders, which proved highly serviceable.

Charles XII. neglected the coast of the Baltic; and Peter took advantage of this to pour his troops into Ingria, Carelia, Livonia, and Esthonia. The place where the river Neva enters the Gulf of Finland appeared to him a proper spot for a port, by means of which he might obtain a share of the navigation of the Baltic. A morass surrounded with forests, in 60° north latitude, was the uninviting site which he chose for a new capital of his empire. The first erection was a fortress on an island, the foundation of which was laid in May, 1703. A hut for his own residence on a neighboring island, a larger wooden-house for his favorite Mentchikoff, and an inn, were the first buildings of St. Petersburg. Such was the eagerness with which he pursued his design, with all the resources of despotic power, that in less than nine years from these rude commencements the seat of empire was transferred from Moscow to St. Petersburg. No less than 100,000 lives are said to have been sacrificed in raising the future capital of Russia among the swamps, where with characteristic pertinacity of purpose and indifference to human suffering, he urged on the completion of the work, though made aware of its perils and its difficulties.

In 1704, the Czar took Narva by assault. On this occasion, his soldiers committed the usual excesses in a captured town, but he was active in restraining them and restoring order. Entering the town-house, whither many of the citizens had retired for refuge, he laid his bloody sword upon the table, crying, "My sword is not stained with the blood of the people of Narva, but with that of my own soldiers, which I have shed to preserve your lives." It does not appear, indeed, that

he was ever cruel to a vanquished foe. In 1709 he defeated Charles XII. in the decisive battle of Pultowa. The war between Sweden and Russia, however, was not ended till the peace of Nystad in 1721, when Russia added to her dominions Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia. Her empire was thus firmly planted along the coast of the Baltic; and her influence upon Poland, and other Eastern countries of Europe, was developing itself into paramount ascendancy.

Peter was less fortunate in his wars against the Turks. In his campaign on the Pruth, in 1711, his army was surrounded by the enemy; and he was only saved by the dexterity of Catherine, who succeeded in either bribing or persuading the grand Vizier of the Turks into a negotiation, by which the Russian army was permitted to retire and peace was restored, though at the price of the restoration of Azof.

In 1717, the Czar, accompanied by Catherine, now his wife, visited France, where they were received with flattering attentions. He opened to the Regent, Duke of Orleans, a plan calculated for the advantage both of France and Russia, in which were comprised peace with Sweden, the humiliation of Denmark, and the disturbance of England; but that prince's close connection with the English king prevented his concurrence in it.

Soon after Peter's return a domestic event took place, which was one of the calamities of his reign, and has left a foul stain on his memory. His son Alexis, born in 1690, was the sole offspring of his first marriage with Eudocia Lopukin. Peter seems never to have felt any affection for him, and treated him with a harshness that rendered him always uneasy in his presence. He compelled Alexis to renounce all claim to the succession; for that prince, trained to sympathize with his mother's fondness for the old Russian ways, had declared his intention that, should he come to the crown, he would abolish all that his father had done. He was tried on a charge of high treason and was condemned to death. Two days after this, Alexis died in prison. It was said that he sickened when sentenced, and that his illness was natural. Many mysterious circumstances, however, attended his death; and there are strong grounds to suppose that he was poisoned.

Peter's second and favorite wife, Catherine, was a Livonian peasant girl, who married a Swedish soldier and became a prisoner of war to Peter's favorite general, Mentchikoff. The captor made her his mistress, but Peter saw her and fell in love with her; this love was redoubled after she had saved his life and he openly married her. He thought proper to give a public demonstration of his affection and gratitude to his beloved Catherine, by the august ceremonial of placing upon her head with his own hands the imperial crown. This coronation took place at Moscow, in May, 1724, with extraordinary pomp.

Peter had undergone a severe attack of illness some time before this period, the effects of which seem never entirely to have left him. His activity, however, was unremitted; and he was particularly assiduous in forming useful and ornamental establishments for his new capital, one of which was an Academy of Science. He died on the 28th of January, O. S., 1725. The Swedish peasant whom he had married ruled Russia after his death.

Peter the Great was of lofty stature, and of commanding but rude and ferocious countenance. It is easy to collect anecdotes of coarse debauchery, of almost frantic cruelty, and injudicious obstinacy from the acts of his long reign. But to estimate him fairly, he and his deeds must be taken for all in all, and their grand result upon his country's fortune must be considered. Russia at his accession did not possess a single ship of war, and he left it with forty ships of the line and four hundred galleys. He converted a seditious and half-disciplined militia into a regular army, capable of meeting the best troops in Europe. He introduced a police into the great towns, which rendered them secure and comfortable abodes. He was the creator of a great number of institutions for the promotion of learning and the useful arts and sciences, among which may be mentioned colleges at the principal cities, an academy of marine and navigation, a medical college, a botanical garden, an astronomical observatory, and an imperial library. His last words were, "I trust that in respect of the good I have striven to do my people, God will pardon my sins."

THE CIVILIZER OF RUSSIA.

Peter Alexiovitch had received an education that tended still more to increase the barbarity of this part of the world. His natural disposition led him to caress strangers, before he knew what advantages he might derive from their acquaintance. Lefort, a Swiss adventurer, was the first instrument he employed to change the face of affairs in Muscovy. His mighty genius, which a barbarous education had hitherto checked, but not destroyed, broke forth all of a sudden. He resolved to be a man, to command men, and to create a new nation. Many princes before him had renounced crowns, wearied out with the intolerable load of public affairs; but no man had ever divested himself of the royal character, in order to learn the art of governing better: this was a stretch of heroism which was reserved for Peter the Great alone.

He left Russia in 1698, having reigned as yet but two years, and went to Holland, disguised under a common name, as if he had been a menial servant of that same Lefort, whom he sent in quality of ambassador-extraordinary to the States-General. As soon as he arrived at Amsterdam, he enrolled his name among the shipwrights of the admiralty of the Indies, and wrought in the yard like the other mechanics. At his leisure hours he learned such parts of the mathematics as are useful to a prince,—fortification, navigation, and the art of drawing plans. He went into the workmen's shops, and examined all their manufactures: nothing could escape his observation. From thence he passed over into England, where having perfected himself in the art of ship-building, he returned to Holland, carefully observing every thing that might turn to the advantage of his country. At last, after two years of travel and labor, to which no man but himself would have willingly submitted, he again made his appearance in Russia, with all the arts of Europe in his train. Artists of every kind followed him in abundance. Then were seen, for the first time, large Russian ships in the Baltic, and on the Black Sea and the ocean. Stately buildings, of a regular architecture, were raised among the Russian huts. He founded colleges, academies, printing-houses and libraries.

The cities were brought under a regular police. The dress and customs of the people were gradually changed, though not without some difficulty; and the Muscovites learned by degrees the true nature of a social state. Even their superstitious rites were abolished; the dignity of the patriarch was suppressed; and the Czar declared himself the head of the Church. This last enterprise, which would have cost a prince less absolute than Peter both his throne and his life, succeeded almost without opposition, and insured to him the success of all his other innovations.

After having humbled an ignorant and a barbarous clergy, he ventured to make a trial of instructing them, though, by that means, he ran the risk of rendering them formidable; but he was too conscious of his own power to entertain any apprehension from that quarter. He caused philosophy and theology to be taught in the few monasteries that still remained. True it is, this theology still savors of that barbarous period in which Peter civilized his people. A gentleman of undoubted veracity assured me that he was present at a public disputation, where the point of controversy was whether the practice of smoking tobacco was a sin? The respondent alleged that it was lawful to get drunk with brandy, but not to smoke, because the holy Scripture saith, "That which proceedeth out of the mouth defileth a man, and that which entereth into it doth not defile him."

The monks were not satisfied with this reformation. Hardly had the Czar erected his printing-houses, when these pious drones made use of them to publish declamations against their sovereign. One of them affirmed in print that Peter was Anti-christ; and his arguments were, that he deprived the living of their beards, and allowed the dead to be dissected in his academy. But another monk, who had a mind to make his fortune, refuted this book, and proved that Peter could not be Anti-christ, because the number 666 was not to be found in his name. The libeller was broken upon the wheel, and the author of the refutation was made Bishop of Riazan.

The reformer of Muscovy enacted a very wholesome law, the want of which reflects disgrace upon many civilized nations. By this law, no man engaged in the service of the

State, no citizen established in trade, and especially no minor, was allowed to retire into a convent.

The Czar not only subjected the Church to the State, after the example of the Turkish emperors, but, what was a more masterly stroke of policy, he dissolved a militia of much the same nature with that of the janizaries: and what the sultans had attempted in vain, he accomplished in a short time: he disbanded the Russian janizaries, who were called Strelitz, and who kept the czars in subjection. These troops, more formidable to their masters than to their neighbors, consisted of about thirty thousand foot, one-half of which remained at Moscow, while the other was stationed upon the frontiers. The pay of a Strelitz was no more than four roubles a year; but this deficiency was amply compensated by privileges and extortions. Peter at first formed a company of foreigners, among whom he enrolled his own name, and did not think it below him to begin the service in the character of a drummer, and to perform the duties of that mean office; so much did the nation stand in need of examples! By degrees he became an officer. He gradually raised new regiments; and, at last, finding himself master of a well-disciplined army, he broke the Strelitz, who durst not obey.

The cavalry were nearly the same with that of Poland, or France, when this last kingdom was no more than an assemblage of fiefs. The Russian gentlemen were mounted at their own expense, and fought without discipline, and sometimes without any other arms than a sabre or a bow, incapable of obeying, and consequently of conquering.

Peter the Great taught them to obey, both by the example he set them, and by the punishments he inflicted; for he served in the quality of a soldier and subaltern officer, and as czar he severely punished the Boyards, that is, the gentlemen, who pretended that it was the privilege of their order not to serve but by their own consent. He established a regular body to serve the artillery, and took five hundred bells from the churches to found cannon. In the year 1714 he had thirteen thousand brass cannon. He likewise formed some troops of dragoons, a kind of militia very suitable to the genius of the Muscovites, and to the size of their horses, which are

small. In 1738 the Russians had thirty regiments of dragoons, consisting of a thousand men each, and well accoutered.

He likewise established the Russian hussars, and had even a school of engineers, in a country where, before his time, no one understood the elements of geometry.

He was himself a good engineer; but his chief excellence lay in his knowledge of naval affairs: he was an able sea-captain, a skillful pilot, a good sailor, an expert shipwright, and his knowledge of these arts was the more meritorious, as he was born with a great dread of the water. In his youth he could not pass over a bridge without trembling: on all these occasions he caused the wooden windows of his coach to be shut; but of this constitutional weakness he soon got the better by his courage and resolution.

He caused a beautiful harbor to be built at the mouth of the Don, near Azof, in which he proposed to keep a number of galleys; and some time after, thinking that these vessels, so long, light and flat, would probably succeed in the Baltic, he had upwards of three hundred of them built at his favorite city of Petersburg. He showed his subjects the method of building ships with fir only, and taught them the art of navigation. He had even learned surgery, and, in a case of necessity, was able to tap a dropsical person. He was well versed in mechanics, and instructed the artists.

Yet the revenue of the czar, when compared to the immense extent of his dominions, was very inconsiderable. It never amounted to four-and-twenty millions livres of our money. But a man may always be accounted rich who has it in his power to accomplish great undertakings. It is not the scarcity of money that weakens a State; it is the want of hands, and of able men.

Russia, notwithstanding the women are fruitful and the men robust, is far from being populous. Peter himself, in civilizing his dominions, unhappily contributed to their depopulation. Frequent levies in his wars, which were long unsuccessful; nations transported from the coasts of the Caspian Sea to those of the Baltic, destroyed by fatigue, or cut off by diseases; three-fourths of the Muscovite children dying of the small-pox, which is more dangerous in those climates

than in any other ; in a word, the melancholy effects of a government savage for a long time, and even barbarous in its policy ;—to all these causes it is owing that in this country, comprehending so great a part of the continent, there are still vast deserts. Russia, at present, is supposed to contain five hundred thousand families of gentlemen ; two hundred thousand lawyers ; something more than five millions of citizens and peasants, who pay a sort of tax ; six hundred thousand men who live in the provinces conquered from the Swedes ; the Cossacks in the Ukraine, and the Tartars that are subject to Muscovy, do not exceed two millions :—in fine, it appears that in this immense country there are not above fourteen millions of men ; that is, a little more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of France.

While Peter was employed in changing the laws, the manners, the militia, and the very face of his country, he likewise resolved to increase his greatness by encouraging commerce, which at once constitutes the riches of a particular state, and contributes to the interest of the world in general. He resolved to make Russia the centre of trade between Asia and Europe. He determined to join the Düna [Dwina], the Volga, and the Don, by canals, of which he drew the plans ; and thus to open a new passage from the Baltic to the Euxine and Caspian seas, and from these seas to the Northern Ocean.

The port of Archangel, frozen up for nine months in the year, and which could not be entered without making a long and dangerous circuit, he did not think sufficiently commodious. From the year 1700, he had formed a design of building a fort upon the Baltic Sea that should become the magazine of the North, and of raising a city that should prove the capital of his empire.

He was already attempting to find out a northeast passage to China, and the manufactures of Pekin and Paris were designed to embellish his new city.

A road of seven hundred and fifty-four versts long, running through marshes that were to be drained, led from Moscow to his new city. Most of these projects were executed by his own hands, and the two empresses who have successively followed him have even improved upon his schemes, when

they were practicable, and abandoned none but such as it was impossible to accomplish.

He was always traveling up and down his dominions, as much as his wars would allow him; but he traveled like a legislator and natural philosopher, examining nature everywhere, endeavoring to correct or perfect her; sounding with his own hands the depths of seas and rivers, repairing sluices, visiting docks, causing mines to be searched for, assaying metals, ordering accurate plans to be drawn, in the execution of which he himself assisted.

He built, upon a wild and uncultivated spot, the imperial city of Petersburg, which now contains sixty thousand houses, and is the residence of a splendid court, where all the refined pleasures are known and enjoyed. He built the harbor of Cronstadt, on the Neva, and Sainte-Croix, on the frontiers of Persia; erected forts in the Ukraine and Siberia; established offices of admiralty at Archangel, Petersburg, Astrakhan, and Azof; founded arsenals, and built and endowed hospitals. All his own houses were mean and executed in a bad taste; but he spared no expenses in rendering the public buildings grand and magnificent.

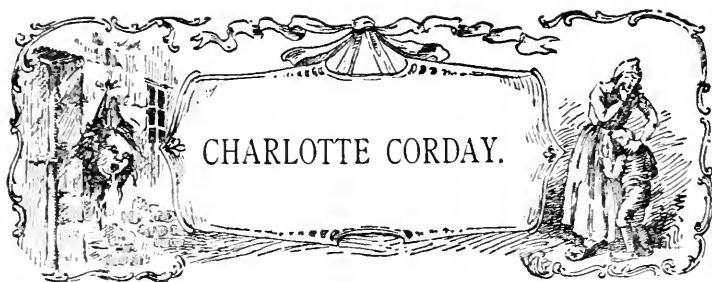
The sciences, which in other countries have been the slow product of so many ages, were, by his care and industry, imported into Russia in full perfection. He established an academy on the plan of the famous societies of Paris and London. The Delisles, the Bulfingers, the Hermanns, the Bernouillis, and the celebrated Wolf, a man who excelled in every branch of philosophy, were all invited and brought to Petersburg at a great expense. This academy still subsists; and the Muscovites, at length, have philosophers of their own nation.

He obliged the young nobility to travel for improvement, and to bring back into Russia the politeness of foreign countries; and I have seen some young Russians who were men of genius and of knowledge. Thus it was that a single man changed the face of the greatest empire in the universe. It is, however, a shocking reflection that this reformer of mankind should have been deficient in that first of all virtues, the virtue of humanity. Brutality in his pleasures, ferocity in

his manners, and cruelty in his punishments, sullied the lustre of so many virtues. He civilized his subjects, and yet remained himself a barbarian. He would sometimes, with his own hands, execute sentences of death upon the unhappy criminals; and, in the midst of a revel, would show his dexterity in cutting off heads.

There are princes in Africa, who, with their own hands, shed the blood of their subjects; but these kings are always detested as barbarians. The death of a son, whom he ought to have corrected, or at most disinherited, would render the memory of Peter the object of universal hatred, were it not that the great and many blessings he bestowed upon his subjects were almost sufficient to excuse his cruelty to his own offspring.—VOLTAIRE.





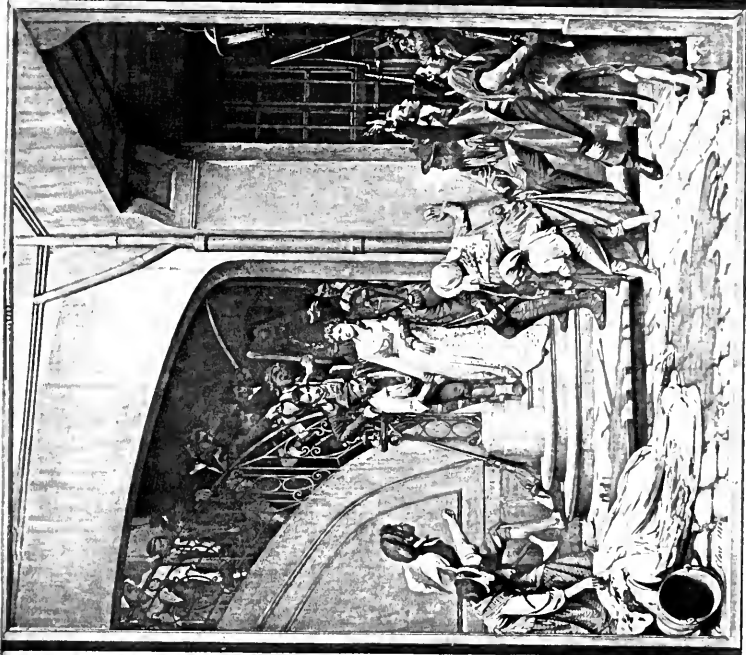
CHARLOTTE CORDAY was one of the most remarkable figures of the French Revolution. Her full name was Marianne Charlotte Corday d'Armans, which shows that she belonged to the upper class of society. She was born at St. Saturnin, near Séez, in Normandy, 1768, and was educated in the retirement of a convent. Being possessed of a fine understanding and indomitable spirit, she followed the bent of

her own genius, and in that curious classical revival of the eighteenth century, she formed her mind to the models of antiquity.

The inauguration of the Revolution aroused her enthusiasm in the hope of the restoration of an ideal republic, guided by Plutarch's men. By the dispersion of the Girondins, the romantic visions of this republican dreamer were rudely disappointed. Her attention was excited by the spectacle of the squalid, bloodthirsty Marat presiding at the sacrifice of all that was noblest and worthiest in her poor country. It has been charged that she struck the blow which has rendered her name immortal in revenge of her lover, M. Belsunce, an officer in the garrison of Caen. But her resolve was formed, as she declared at the bar of Fouquier Tinville, after the proscriptions of the 31st of May, 1793. The murder of M. Belsunce had occurred in 1790, and the appalling manner of his death must have affected her with a lasting horror of sansculottism.

Charlotte left home secretly, and arrived at Paris on the

Le Crime fait la honte
et non pas l'helland



Seule tu fis un homme
tu es en les humains



9th of July, with an introduction to Duperret, with whom, in the course of the next day or two, she transacted some business connected with certain family papers. On Saturday, the 13th, she purchased a large knife, and at seven o'clock in the evening procured admittance to Marat with this weapon concealed under her garments. She had obtained this interview by writing to him that she was from the seat of rebellion, and would "put it in his power to do France a great service." Marat was in his bath, with his stool by his side to write upon, and entering into conversation with Charlotte, he penned with ferocious joy the fresh list of victims with which she pretended to supply him. At the instant when he turned aside, muttering of the chastisement they should receive, Charlotte pulled forth her knife, and with desperate determination plunged it into his heart. Her aim was so sure that the monster could only exclaim as he choked with blood, "*A moi, ma chère amie, Je me meurs!*" (Help, my dear friend, I am killed!), and immediately expired.

Charlotte at once surrendered herself to the gendarmes. Her self-possession, sincerity, and maidenly modesty at the trial, were marvellous, in the midst of the tumult that agitated Paris. The evidence was prepared, and Tinville commenced the proceedings by addressing some formal questions to the prisoner: "All these details of form are needless," she said. "It was I who killed Marat." "What instigated you?" "His crimes," was the reply. "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The ills that he has done to France since the revolution, and which he would yet do." "By whom was this assassination suggested to you?" "I alone resolved upon it." "What are the refugee deputies doing at Caen?" "They are waiting till the end of anarchy shall enable them to return to their posts." "Was it to a sworn or unsworn priest that you were accustomed to confess at Caen?" "I confessed neither to one nor the other." "What end did you propose to gain by killing Marat?" "To put an end to the troubles of the French people." "How long since did you form this project?" "Since the proscription of the deputies of the people on the 31st of May." "It is from the journals, then, that you have judged Marat to be an anarch-

ist?" "Yes; I knew that he had brutalized the French." And then, raising her voice to prevail over the confusion which arose in the hall: "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a ferocious beast to give repose to my country." Continuing, she said: "I was a republican before the revolution; I never wanted energy." "What do you mean by energy?" asked the judge. "I mean by energy, the feeling of those who are willing to forget their own interests for the sake of their country."

Such answers astonished the court, and under the circumstances they are the signs of no ordinary understanding. She was sentenced to death; many took off their hats as she went to the place of execution, clothed as a murderess in a red gown. One young man proposed the erection of a monument to her memory, with the inscription, "Greater than Brutus!" She was guillotined 17th of July, 1793, four days after she had freed France from a wretch who had drenched the country in blood, and whose political murders have filled the civilized world with horror. The death of Marat was only hastened a few days by his assassination, for he was already consumed by a disgusting malady.

In a period of national insanity, Charlotte Corday testified an insane patriotism, sacrificing to the interests of her country herself and what she loved above self. Her mad deed, interpreted by the motives of her heart, awakens a mingled feeling of horror and admiration.

THE BEAUTIFUL ASSASSIN.

About eight on the Saturday morning, Charlotte Corday purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen: which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte; hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short

Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont; this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is a yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastile day,—when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready-money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-

choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-Friend is ended: the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whitherward*. He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot, pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte,"—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies,

praises the grave firmness of Deperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

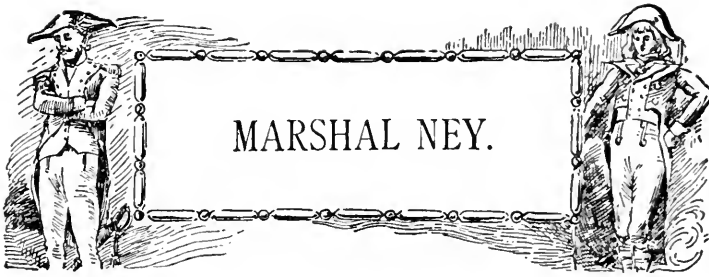
On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." "What tempted you, then?" "His crimes!" "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely, as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tip-toe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene; so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what earth but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame over-

spreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices and Death well-earned? That twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both.—T. CARLYLE.





MARSHAL NEY.



MARSHAL NEY, "the bravest of the brave" among those who clustered round Napoleon, was doomed, after a glorious life, to an inglorious death. Yet, like his great master, he remains in the world's memory as he appeared in the zenith of his career, rather than at its close. He is the typical general of cavalry.

Michael Ney was the son of an old soldier who had fought at

Rosbach, but had afterwards returned to his trade of cooper at Sarre-Louis, on the border of Lorraine. Here Michael was born on the 10th of January, 1769. After receiving a fair education, he was placed with a public notary; but, on account of his dislike for the tame drudgery of this occupation, his father sent him to the mines of Assenwider. Two years spent here only strengthened his strong desire for military life, and finally the willful lad ran away and enlisted in a regiment of hussars. Ney was tall, well-proportioned and vigorous, with fiery red hair, which caused his comrades to call him "the Red Lion." He was a subaltern at the outbreak of the French Revolution; but he soon attracted the

attention of his commanders, especially Kléber and Hoche, by his desperate valor and skill in the campaigns against the armies of Austria, and was rapidly promoted, until, in 1798, he had attained the rank of general-of-division. Ney shared in the glories of Masséna's campaign in Switzerland, in 1799, and had the satisfaction of returning to his native town with all the pomp of a victorious general. In the year following he aided, under Moreau, in gaining the victories of Moeskirch and Hohenlinden.

Napoleon afterwards employed him as minister plenipotentiary to complete the submission of the Swiss to French ascendancy, a task which was performed with such success, that thenceforth he stood high in the great leader's favor. While commanding the camp at Montreuil he begged, in the name of the army, that Napoleon should declare himself emperor. On the organization of the Empire, in 1804, Ney was created marshal. In the campaign of 1805 against Austria, he commanded the French at the victory of Elchingen, for which service he was made Duke of Elchingen. Ney contributed greatly to the overthrow of the Prussians at Jena, and to the defeat of the Russians at Friedland. Such, indeed, had been his conduct during the campaign of 1806-7, that the veteran conquerors of the Continent of Europe unanimously awarded him the title of "Bravest of the Brave." As a general, Ney had the good fortune to have as his chief of staff Baron de Jomini, whose treatises on the art of war as exemplified in Napoleon's campaigns have long been standard military text-books. What Jomini suggested, Ney executed.

In 1808 Marshal Ney was transferred to the Spanish Peninsula, and for some time commanded in Galicia, and on the northern frontier of Portugal. In 1810 he acted under Masséna in the invasion of Portugal, which was baffled by the genius of Wellington, and the lines of Torres Vedras. During that invasion, and in the subsequent retreat of the French army, Ney, according to Sir William Napier, displayed "a happy mixture of courage and skill." But the altercations between him and Masséna were frequent and violent, and at last Ney was deprived of his command.

In 1812 Ney served again under Napoleon, and took part in the invasion of Russia. He had command of the French centre at the battle of Moscow, and gained from that victory a new title, "Prince of Moskwa." His heroic bravery was still more signally displayed during the awful retreat from Moscow. His honorable task was to protect the French rear. On leaving Smolensko, Ney, at the head of about 7,000 men, found his path barred, near the river Losmina, by a large Russian army under Milaradovich. Being summoned to surrender, he replied: "A Marshal of France never surrenders," and he led his men on with the bayonet against the Russian batteries. Driven back repeatedly with fearful carnage, Ney countermarched the remnant of his column, and wheeling to the left, under shelter of the night eluded the Russian pursuit. He reached the bank of the Dnieper at a spot where the river was frozen over, but so thinly that the ice bent and often broke beneath the soldiers' tread. The perilous passage was, however, accomplished, but was followed by a succession of desperate contests with other Russian forces that strove to intercept him. With 1,500 of his men Ney fought his way through to Orcha, where Napoleon was encamped with the wreck of the main army. Napoleon's joy was almost rapturous when the intrepid marshal rejoined him, for all had believed that he had been slain, or made prisoner.

After Napoleon left the army, Ney still continued to fight in the rear against the advancing Russians. Thrice did the rear guard, which he commanded, melt away beneath him by death, captivity, or flight; and as often was it reorganized by the indomitable marshal. At last, Ney, with about thirty men under him, defended the gate of Kowno, the last place in the Russian dominions through which the French retreated, against the pursuing enemy, whilst his comrades escaped to the other side of the town. He himself was the last man to retire; with his own hand he fired the last shot against the foe, threw the musket into the river Niemen, plunged into the neighboring forests to baffle the enemy who held him in chase; and, after a series of almost incredible personal adventures, rejoined his comrades in the Prussian territory.

In the campaign of 1814, Ney was present at the victories of Lützen and Bautzen; but he was defeated with great loss by Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, at Dennewitz. This defeat brought upon him Napoleon's displeasure, and he was little employed during the rest of the struggle against the Allies, which ended in Napoleon's first abdication. On the first return of the Bourbons, Ney professed, and probably felt, great willingness to serve them loyally. When, in 1815, the news reached Paris of Napoleon's escape from Elba, Ney took command of the army which was sent to oppose him. He promised Louis XVIII. that he would bring the ex-emperor to Paris "like a beast in a cage." There seems no reason to doubt Ney's sincerity in this critical moment of his career. But as he advanced against the emperor, he received a letter from Napoleon, who summoned him by the magic name of "the bravest of the brave" to join his old master beneath the old banner. The army which Ney was leading, showed, both officers and soldiers, their strong desire to fight under Napoleon. Ney caught the contagion, and passed over with all his troops to the emperor, who received him with expressions of the warmest welcome.

But, though Ney had thus deeply committed himself against the Bourbons, Napoleon appears to have mistrusted him, and to have long hesitated as to employing him in the campaign of 1815. It was only on the night of the 11th of June, that Ney received at Paris an order to join the French army in Belgium. Hurrying forward to the frontier, Ney met Napoleon on the 15th at Charleroi, after active operations had commenced. Napoleon gave him the command of the left wing, and sent him to seize the post of Quatre Bras, and oppose the English. Ney's want of promptness in this eventful campaign has been censured; but it should be remembered that the marshal had been so suddenly appointed to his command, that he did not know the strength of the regiments placed under him, or even the names of their commanding officers. On the 16th Ney attacked the Allies at Quatre Bras, but after many hours' hard fighting was repulsed; though he succeeded in preventing the English from marching to the help of the Prussians, who were being defeated by the

emperor at Ligny. On the 18th Ney acted as the emperor's lieutenant at Waterloo. He led in person several of the fiercest assaults upon various parts of the English line, and especially the final charge of the "Old Guard." Never was his valor more grandly, though unsuccessfully, displayed. His horse was killed under him in the last great attack, and he was seen on foot, striving, sword in hand, first to urge his men forward, and at last to check their flight. But his exertions were in vain, and the day was lost.

On the second restoration of the Bourbons, Ney, foreseeing the consequences of his defection from Louis, secreted himself with one of his relatives at the Château of Bessaris, but was discovered. After an unsuccessful attempt to have him tried by a council of war composed of the marshals of France, he was brought before the Chamber of Peers, and, under express directions of the king's ministers, he was found guilty of treason. He was sentenced to be shot, December 7th, 1815, and died with the greatest intrepidity, his severest trial having been the parting from his wife and children. His father, who had rejoiced in the glory of his son, lived to the age of one hundred, dying in 1826.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

After the battle of Fleurus, in June, 1794, Kléber, the commander of the left wing of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, being desirous to reconnoitre a position, sent for an escort; and, entering into conversation with the officer who commanded it, was so much struck by his remarks, that, after returning home, he sent his aide-de-camp with an order of appointment for this officer to his staff. It was Ney; who, however, declined the offer. Shortly after, at an engagement near Pellemberg, Ney, hearing the firing, changed the route he was following, and came upon the ground at a critical moment. The men under his command were, however, too much fatigued by a long march to follow him. He put himself at the head of a few dragoons, rushed upon the Austrians and routed them. Kléber, who was an eye-witness of this daring charge, spoke of it thus, in his dispatch to the commissioner: "Captain Ney, acting adjutant-general, performed prodigies

of valor. At the head of thirty dragoons, and a few chasseurs acting as orderlies, he charged two hundred of the Blanckestein hussars, and threw them into the greatest disorder." In consequence of this report, Gillet, the representative in attendance, appointed Ney, on the 1st of August, 1794, lieutenant-colonel and adjutant-general; the duties of which latter office he had been for some time performing.

Toward the close of the same month, Ney, at the head of his daring troopers, was making brilliant forays through the country, carrying off stores, intercepting convoys, and keeping the enemy in constant alarm. On the 27th of August, when he had advanced toward the village of Werdt, and had become separated from the rest of the army, a trooper, who had deserted, gave the enemy information of the position and strength of Ney's party, and a large company of Prussian dragoons immediately placed themselves in his rear. Becoming apprised of his peril, Ney set out to return; but his scouts soon brought him word that the road was completely beset, that the enemy's cavalry flanked it right and left, and that it was impossible to pass. "Impossible!" cried Ney. "Sound the charge!" With sword in hand, Ney rushed forward at the head of his men, broke the ranks drawn up to intercept him, and cleared the passage in safety. The plain, however, was full of Austrian troops; and, as he approached Eyndhoven, another considerable body of cavalry debouched in front of them. Regardless of superior numbers, Ney threw himself headlong into their ranks, dispersed them, and took prisoner their commander, who proved to be the Baron Homspech. For this service, Ney was promoted to the rank of chief of brigade.

During the remainder of the campaign, Ney was employed under Bernadotte, who led the van of the army, in the boldest and most daring enterprises against detachments of the enemy, which were crowned with brilliant success. During the siege of Maestricht, Ney's valor in forcing the passage of the Roer, won him especial distinction. Bernadotte, in reporting his success to Kléber, said: "Great praise is due to the brave Ney: he seconded me with the ability which you know he possesses; and I am bound to add, in strict justice, that he

greatly contributed to the success we have obtained." The same commander wrote a day or two afterward to Ney himself: "The general who commands an army in which you are employed is a fortunate man. I have that good luck, and I fully appreciate it. Continue to pursue and *hussar* the enemy." It is not the least striking, of the strange changes in position which the incidents of the time brought about, that, twenty years after, this same Bernadotte, as King of Sweden, should gain a great victory over this same Ney, as the marshal of an empire yet undreamed of. Ney's vehemence and ardor were of signal value in the siege of Maestricht, which finally capitulated on the 4th of November, 1794. Gillet, the representative, wrote to his colleagues: "Ney is a distinguished officer, and is necessary to our large body of cavalry. Men of his stamp are not common."

In January, 1795, while the siege of Mayence was proceeding, Ney, being near a redoubt which the enemy had thrown up and manned hastily, and having under him some troops from the army of the Rhine, and some from that of the Sambre and Meuse, was desirous to give the former a specimen of the valor which he wished them to emulate. He therefore assembled a few dragoons and voltigeurs for the attack of the position. "I am going," said he, "to show you a trick after the manner of Sambre and Meuse." Sending his voltigeurs against the front of the redoubt, he passed round to the rear with his dragoons, and approached along the pass which the redoubt defended. His men hesitated and hung back, so that he entered the redoubt alone. Single-handed, he cut his way through the midst of the enemy, repassed the ditch, and escaped, after a severe wound in his arm. A species of lock-jaw ensued, and his health became completely shattered. At this time, he was appointed general of brigade; but, believing that he had not yet sufficiently earned that promotion, he wrote to the board of war declining the appointment, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, persisted in refusing to accept it.

Merlin, the representative in attendance upon the army, advised him to try his native air for the benefit of his wound. "My brave friend," he wrote to him, on the 7th of January,

1795, "go, and complete your cure at Sarre-Libre, your birth-place. I have dispatched an order to a surgeon of the first-class, Bonaventure, to send one of his pupils with you. Return soon, and lend us your powerful aid against the enemies of your country." Kléber, at the same time, gave him a certificate, stating that he had commanded, with distinction, various bodies of cavalry during the campaign, and "that, in every operation intrusted to him, he displayed the most consummate skill and bravery, particularly at the siege of Maestricht, where, by his valor, he did eminent service to the republic." Ney, accordingly, returned home, and resigned himself, reluctantly, to the tedious delay of convalescence; but, in the autumn of 1795, he was again with the van of the army when it crossed the Rhine, and was exhibiting anew his characteristic energy and hardihood.—J. T. HEADLEY.

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last great effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye.

At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of the column, the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle concealed it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out on every side, "*La garde recule, La garde recule,*" make us, for the moment, forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.

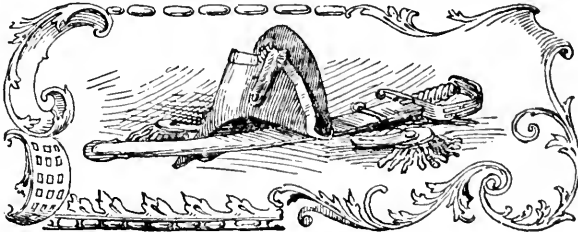
Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of the grand column to the assault.

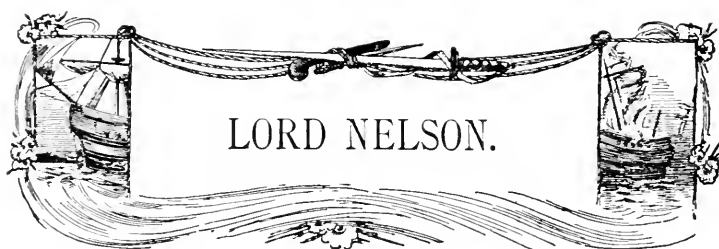
That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe ; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment, the artillery opened, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink down; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing, one after another, in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another, before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men.

In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass; up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillery-men from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But, at that moment, a file of soldiers, who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

The fate of Napoleon was writ. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the bravest of the brave had fought his last battle.—J. T. HEADLEY.





LORD NELSON.

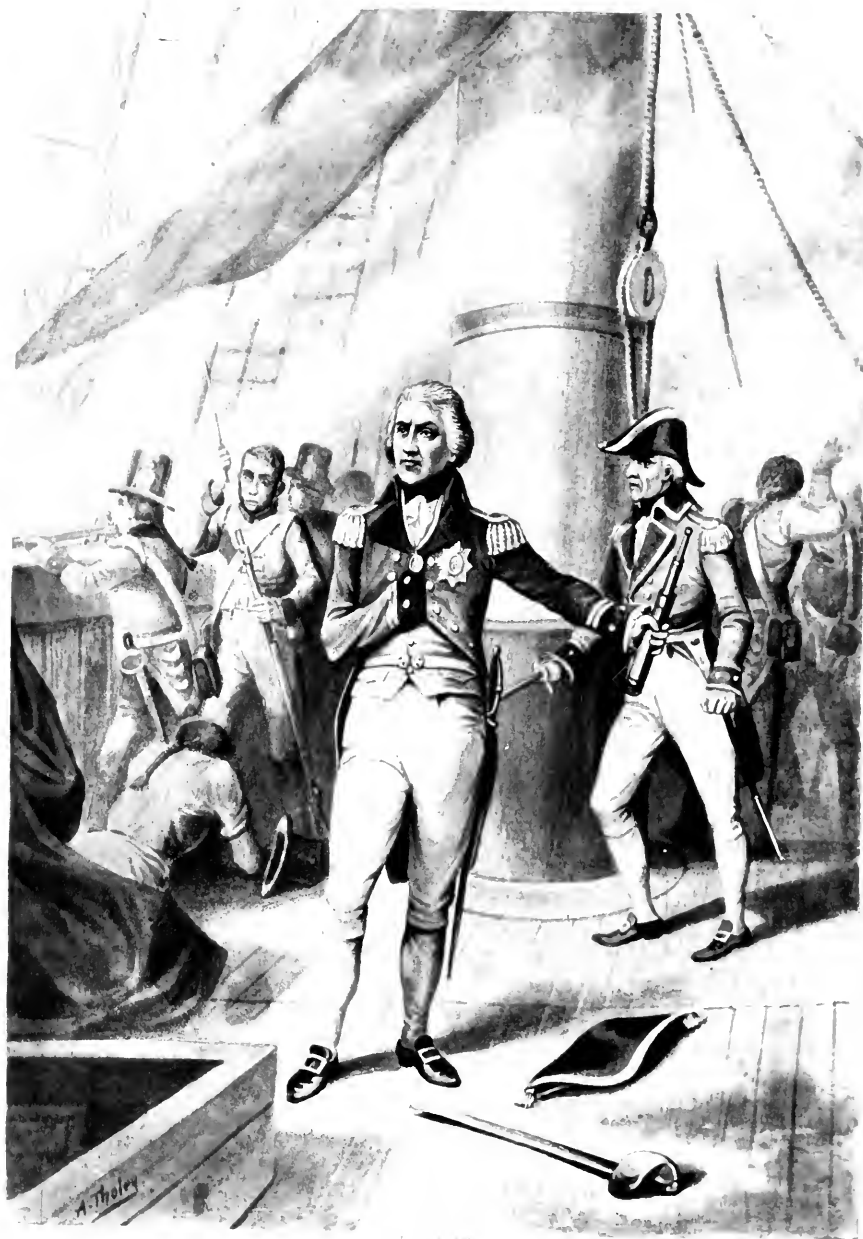


NELSON bears the most glorious name in British naval history. His whole career supports his fame, and his heroic death after his greatest victory appears a fitting close to the impressive tragedy of his life.

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, England. He was the fifth son of Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of that parish. He received a grammar-school education, but at the early age of twelve became midshipman on board the "Raisonné," a 64-gun ship, commanded by his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling. Horatio returned

from his first voyage in 1772, and in the next year served in an expedition to the Polar seas under Commodore Phipps. His uncle next procured him a station under Captain Farmer, on a ship in a squadron destined for the West Indies under the conduct of Sir Edward Hughes. The climate proved unfriendly to his constitution, and it was found necessary to send him home, where he arrived in 1776.

Though now only in his eighteenth year, his naval experience was considerable; and in September, 1776, he was appointed as acting lieutenant of the "Worcester," 64 guns,



NELSON AT TRAFALGAR

then going as convoy to the Mediterranean in command of Captain Robinson. Returning to England in April, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenancy, and immediately received his commission as second lieutenant of the "Lower-stoffe," 32 guns, under the command of Captain Locker. He afterwards requested and obtained the command of the schooner attached to the frigate, with which he gained a complete knowledge of the intricate passages among the Florida Keys. In 1778, Sir Peter Parker, being favorably impressed with Nelson's character, took him on board his flag-ship as third lieutenant, and in a short time raised him to the first lieutenancy. Near the close of the same year, Sir Peter appointed him to the command of the "Badger," an armed brig, with which he was to cruise for the protection of the Bay of Honduras and the Mosquito shore. In June, 1779, he was made a post-captain, and obtained the command of the "Hinchinbrooke" of 28 guns. He distinguished himself in some desperate attacks on the Spanish forts in Nicaragua, and served on the American coast till the general peace in 1783.

In March, 1784, Nelson was nominated to the command of the frigate "Boreas," bound for the Leeward Islands, as a cruiser, under the orders of Sir Edward Hughes, commander-in-chief. In that station he seized several American ships for alleged violation of the Navigation Act. His conduct in this matter received little support from the admiral, and incurred the enmity, as well of the English planters, as of the American traders. The latter prosecuted him for detention and false imprisonment, and laid their damages at a very heavy sum. Captain Nelson was obliged to remain a sort of prisoner on board his ship to avoid arrest; he, however, gained his cause at court. While in the West Indies he married Mrs. Nesbit, the widow of a physician.

In 1793, when England began to take part in the wars of the French Revolution, Nelson was appointed to the "Agamemnon," a 64-gun ship. His views of a British seaman's duty are shown by his remarks about this time to a new midshipman, the son of a friend, who was a staunch Whig. He thus admonished the lad: "There are three things, young

gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

Nelson sailed to the Mediterranean under the command of Lord Howe, by whom he was sent, in August, 1793, with dispatches to Sir William Hamilton, British envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at Naples. There he contracted that intimate connection with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, especially with the latter, which is so conspicuous in the history of his private life. After conveying some Neapolitan troops to Toulon, he proceeded to the coast of Corsica, where he was very active both on sea and land, while co-operating with Paoli and the patriotic party in that island against the French. He assisted greatly at the reduction of Bastia and Calvi, where he commanded the seamen. At the siege of the latter he had the misfortune to lose the sight of an eye, in consequence of some gravel forcibly driven into it by a shot which struck the ground near him.

In February, 1797, Nelson bore a distinguished part in Jervis's victory over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. Being in command of the "Captain," 74 guns, he boarded and captured two of the enemy's largest ships. He bravely led the boarders himself from the first of these prizes to the other, shouting the well-known words, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" He was now knighted and advanced to the rank of rear-admiral. In July of the same year, Nelson led an attack on the Island of Teneriffe, which was beaten off with severe loss to the assailants. He himself lost his right arm, and his life was saved with the greatest difficulty by his stepson, Lieutenant Nesbit. In a memorial which he was required to present, as a matter of form, after the action, to entitle him to a pension of £1,000 per annum, he gave the following catalogue of his services. He had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, in three cutting-out expeditions, and in taking three towns. He had served ashore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries in

two sieges. He had assisted in the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers, and fifty sail of merchantmen. He had been actually personally engaged with the enemy one hundred and twenty times, in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and received several severe wounds and contusions in the body.

In the following December Nelson received orders to hoist his flag on board the "Vanguard" and proceed to the Mediterranean, where, in April, 1798, he joined Lord St. Vincent, off Cadiz. The object of this expedition was to watch the preparations of the French expedition for the conquest of Egypt. Nelson did not arrive off Egypt in time to prevent Napoleon's army from landing, but he found the French fleet in Aboukir Bay on the 1st of August, and although it far outnumbered his own, he instantly attacked it, and by skillful manœuvres outgeneraled it. The action began at sunset, and lasted until the break of day. Nelson was severely wounded in the head by a splinter of iron. The French flag-ship, "L'Orient," blew up during the battle, with the admiral and his crew of 1,000 men. Of thirteen French men-of-war, nine were taken and two burned; and of four frigates two escaped. By this brilliant victory the French army was imprisoned amidst the sands of Egypt. This battle of the Nile was, as Nelson himself said, not a mere victory, it was a conquest. Napoleon, in his *Memoirs*, bears ample testimony to its decisive effects on his Egyptian expedition. Honors of every kind were heaped by the British government upon the victorious admiral. He was elevated to the peerage by the appropriate title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of £2,000 was awarded him.

Nelson returned to Naples to assist in restoring the royal family of Naples to the throne. His intimacy with Lady Hamilton, who was a companion of the Neapolitan Queen, led to his separation from his wife. He also sullied his fame by lending his aid to the cruel reprisals which the cowardly Bourbons of Naples took on the chiefs of their lately insurgent subjects. He landed at Yarmouth, England, on the 6th of November, 1800, after an absence of three years from his native country. On the first day of 1801, he was raised to

the rank of vice-admiral of the blue, and soon after hoisted his flag on board the "San Josef," 112 guns, his own prize at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Nelson was second in command of the expedition which was sent to Denmark. On the second of April he led an advanced squadron of the fleet against the Danish capital, and fought the desperate battle of Copenhagen. He refused to obey the signal to retire, which the commander-in-chief, alarmed at his peril, displayed; and continued the action till the Danish line of defences was nearly destroyed. A flag of truce was sent by him, and after some negotiation the King of Denmark submitted to the requisitions of the English government.

On the renewal of the war between England and France, after the breach of the peace of Amiens, in 1803, Nelson received the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and for his past services was rewarded by the dignity of Viscount. He blockaded Toulon for many months, but while his fleet was driven off temporarily by a storm, the French squadron under Admiral Villeneuve escaped to sea, and effected a junction with the Spanish ships off Cadiz. The combined fleets now sailed for the West Indies, and thither and back again to Europe did Nelson follow them, twice traversing the Atlantic in unremitting chase. He returned to England in September, 1805, and at once sailed with the "Victory" to join Admiral Collingwood with the fleet off Cadiz. He arrived there on his birthday, and on the 19th of October the enemy's admiral came out of port. They were deceived by Nelson's skillful tactics, as to the number of the English ships, and they hoped to crush him with an overwhelming force. Even as it was they had 33 sail of the line and 7 frigates, against 27 of the line and 5 frigates under Nelson. The British admiral had already laid out a plan of attack, in which he was confident of success, and which was admired by his officers as a masterpiece of skill. He bore down in two columns on the enemy's fleet, which was drawn up in the form of a crescent, and divided their line in such a manner that every ship had her own single antagonist. One of the columns Nelson led himself on the "Victory," while Collingwood led the other on the "Royal Sovereign." His concluding signal to his fleet has become

an imperishable part of Britain's glory: "England expects every man will do his duty!"

Nelson burst through the double line of French and Spaniards, and brought on the close and general action. In four hours twenty of the enemy had struck; others were flying in despair; and the navy on which Napoleon had relied for the invasion of England was annihilated. But the victory was dearly bought at the expense of the chief victor's life. About a quarter past one, in the heat of the fight, Nelson was shot through the back by a musket ball. He survived long enough to know that the victory was complete; he died in the arms of his comrade, Captain Hardy; almost his last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty." Then he added tenderly, "Kiss me, Hardy." His body found its final resting place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The funeral was one of the most solemn and magnificent spectacles of the kind ever beheld in England.

Nelson's strong sense of duty to his king and country gave him the keenest incentive to exertion, and a never-failing stay and support amid the vicissitudes of fortune. His frank and familiar manners, not refined above the quarter-deck pitch, and seasoned with good nature, were admirably calculated to gain the affections of his sailors. He was free from all petty jealousy, and was always ready to give merited honor to those who were associated with him in his commands. His victories were due to his thorough knowledge of his profession in all its details, to his quick discernment of the thing necessary to be done, and to his devotion of all his powers to the accomplishment of his aim. The blots and stains on his private life are hidden in the blaze of glory of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The block-

ade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want.

On the 9th of October Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in : but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you ; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronte." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle : the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their rear : he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said, "That his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of Nelson's last orders was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman and marine who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the patriotic fund, that the case might be taken into consideration, for the benefit of the sufferer, or his family.

Soon after daylight, on the 21st of October, Nelson came upon deck. It was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Capt. Suckling, in the "Dreadnought," with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates. Nelson, with

that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also ; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west—light breezes with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines ; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the “Royal Sovereign,” led the lee line of thirteen ships ; the “Victory” led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer :

“May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it ; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet ! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me ; and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully ! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen.”

[He added a remarkable statement concerning Lady Hamilton and his daughter, Horatia, commending them to the care of his country.]

Blackwood went on board the “Victory” about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but calm ; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into the battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen : he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack ; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done : and Nelson, aware of all the advantages it gave, made a signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skillful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being

about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Capt. Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure:—Nelson's last signal:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them."

A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light

winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and splendor of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

The French admiral, from the "Bucentaure," beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line ; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the "Victory," and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Capt. Prowse, of the "Sirius," to repair to their respective frigates, and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that if, by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz ; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the "Royal Sovereign," as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the "Santa Anna," three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side. "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action !" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the

heat of the fire, and knowing the feeling of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the "Victory," to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other.

"Terms!" said Nelson, "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying,—"Look; yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the "Victory," till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the "Santissima Trinidad," Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the "Victory" to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the "Victory." The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked: "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the four brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed

between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other ; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The "Victory" had not yet returned a single gun ; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships ; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied : "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the "Victory" ran on board the "Redoutable," just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside ; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops ; he had a strong dislike to the practice ; not only because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Capt. Harvey, in the "Téméraire," fell on board the "Redoutable" on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the "Téméraire," so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the "Victory," seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the "Téméraire." And because there was danger that the "Redoutable" might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fire-man of

each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the "Victory" from both sides, her larboard guns playing upon the "Bucen-taure" and the huge "Santissima Trinidad."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the "Redoutable," supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet, even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was

to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the "Victory" hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the 'Victory.' I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Capt. Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should

please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings : "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy ; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson ; and, being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The "Redoutable" struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire—in her fore-chains and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use, in this, of fire-balls and other combustibles ; implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honor and humanity, have laid aside, which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat ; which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the "Redoutable," to some ropes and canvas on the "Victory's" booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cock-pit ; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion. The men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized ; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy's by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the "Redoutable" had struck it was not practicable to board her from the "Victory ;" for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways, and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant

Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows and get up there, but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the "Santissima Trinidad" did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the "Victory," whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard and swam to the "Victory," and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The "Argonauta" and "Bahama" were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the "San Juan Nepomuceno" lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck; but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined—a gale came on from the southwest; some of the prizes went down; some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not perhaps

have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honor of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France.

All the honors which a grateful country could bestow, were heaped upon the memory of Nelson.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

—R. SOUTHEY.





MADAME DE STAËL has been pronounced the most celebrated authoress of modern times, yet her works are now little read. She was certainly a woman of great genius, and living in the brilliant era of the French Empire, she shone with a splendor due partly to her intellectual powers and partly to her circumstances.

This famous woman was the only child of Necker, the distinguished French financier, her original name being Anne Louise Germaine Necker. She was born in Paris on the 22d of April, 1766. Her mother, Susanna Curchod, was a governess, the daughter of a Swiss pastor of the Reformed Church, and with her, Gibbon, the historian, had been in love, though he was prevented by his father's command from marrying her. In his Autobiography he declares "her wit and beauty were the theme of universal applause." The education of Mademoiselle Necker was directed by her mother, who was a strict and rigid Calvinist, and wished to make her daughter like herself. Her character was better appreciated by her more congenial father, whom she loved more than any other person. In the latter years of the reign of Louis XVI., before the Revolution eclipsed its glory, Madame Necker's *salon* in Paris was the resort of eminent literary men, including Buffon, Diderot, d'Alembert and Marmontel.

Even in childhood, Anne Louise began to associate and

converse with the authors who met at her home. She was very precocious, and her vivacity and vehemence, both of intellect and temperament, baffled all her mother's efforts at regulation and control. Her health was impaired by hard study and her mother's strict regimen, and when she was nearly fifteen, the physicians ordered her to rest. When Madame Necker found her daughter's constitution could not sustain her rigid system, she gave the work of education into the hands of her husband. In her mature life Madame de Staël said, "I owe the frankness of my manners and the ingenuousness of my character entirely to my father's penetration."

Between 1781 and 1787 M. Necker and his family resided at Coppet, in Switzerland. In compliance with the will of her parents, the brilliant girl was married, in 1786, to Eric, Baron de Staël-Holstein, a Swedish diplomatist, for whom she had little or no affection. Her mother preferred him to other suitors because he was a Protestant. The union was not a happy one, but for a time the Baroness de Staël-Holstein seemed specially favored by fortune. Her father became prime minister in September, 1788. Aspiring to literary fame, she published her first work in 1789, "Letters on the Character and Writings of J. J. Rousseau." She formed friendships with Lafayette, Talleyrand, Narbonne, and other prominent statesmen and popular leaders. In the Reign of Terror, being protected by her husband's diplomatic position, she made brave and successful efforts to save several proscribed persons. At last she was obliged to seek refuge in exile in England in 1793. She lived near Richmond with Talleyrand and Narbonne. In 1795 she returned to Paris, and used her great political influence as an advocate of constitutional liberty. She published in 1800 an "Essay on Literature Considered in its Relations with Social Institutions."

Her influence excited the jealousy of Bonaparte, to whom she felt a strong antipathy. She said, "I could never breathe freely in his presence. Nothing could overcome my invincible aversion to what I perceived in his character." She became his active and determined opponent, and was in consequence banished from Paris in 1804. Her husband had died

in 1802, and in the same year, she published her equivocal novel "Delphine." She afterwards visited Germany, where she associated with Goethe, Schiller and other authors, some of whom listened to her conversation with great admiration, while some experienced not a little fatigue. "She whisked through their skies like a meteor, before they could bring the telescope of their wits to a right focus for observation." It was a severe punishment for her to be banished from Paris, the society of which she deemed indispensable to her happiness.

After the death of her father, in 1804, Madame de Staël-Holstein traveled in Italy, where she spent a year. Having returned in 1805 to Coppet, she produced "Corinne," her most celebrated work, in 1807. It was received with great applause throughout Europe. In form it is a novel; but it is a most eloquent tribute to the antiquities and scenery of Italy. She had returned to Paris, but the Emperor Napoleon, irritated by her success, banished her from France in 1807, after which she lived several years at Coppet in the society of Madame Récamier, B. Constant and Sismondi.

In 1810 she produced her excellent and most ambitious work on Germany, "De l'Allemagne." It was printed in Paris; but under the despicable tyranny of Napoleon the sheets were seized by the police, and the work did not appear till some years later in London. Of this work Sir James Mackintosh has said, "For variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, it is unequalled among the works of women."

Madame de Staël-Holstein was privately married in 1811 to M. Rocca, a young Italian officer. The persecutions of Napoleon did not cease. While she lived in exile at Coppet, several of her friends were persecuted and banished by Napoleon for visiting her. In 1813 she visited London, where she made a prodigious sensation, and was humorously described as "a hurricane in petticoats." Byron wrote to the publisher Murray, "She beats all your natives hollow as an authoress." Murray, however, did not find her works financially profitable. Among her later works are autobiographic memoirs entitled, "Ten Years of Exile." After the abdication of Napoleon, she returned to her well-beloved Paris.

There she died in July, 1817. Her son, Baron Auguste de Staël, edited her complete works. Her second son, Albert, had fallen in a duel in 1813. Her only daughter became the Duchess de Broglie.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROME.

At this moment St. Peter arose to their view ; the greatest edifice which man has ever raised, for the Pyramids themselves are of less considerable elevation. "I would perhaps have done better," said Corinne, "to have taken you to the most beautiful of our edifices last ; but that is not my system. I am convinced that, to render one alive to the charm of the fine arts, we should commence with those objects which awaken a lively and profound admiration. When once that sentiment has been experienced, a new sphere of ideas is awakened, which renders us susceptible of the impression produced by beauties of an inferior order ; they revive, though in a lesser degree, the first impression which has been received. All these gradations in producing emotion are contrary to my opinion ; you do not arrive at the sublime by successive steps ; infinite degrees separate it from the beautiful."

Oswald experienced an extraordinary emotion on arriving in front of the façade of St. Peter's. It was the first occasion on which a work of human hands produced on him the effects of one of the marvels of nature. It is the only effort of human industry which has the grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of the Creator. Corinne rejoiced in the astonishment of Oswald. "I have chosen," said she, "a day when the sun was shining in all its splendor to show you this monument for the first time. I reserve for you a more sacred religious enjoyment, to contemplate it by the light of the moon ; but at this moment it was necessary to obtain your presence at the most brilliant of our fêtes, the genius of man decorated by the magnificence of nature."

The Place of St. Peter is surrounded by columns, which appear light at a distance, but massy when seen near. The ground, which rises gently to the gate of the church, adds to the effect it produces. An obelisk of eighty feet in height, which appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's, is

in the middle of the place. The form of obelisks has something in it which is singularly pleasing to the imagination; their summit loses itself in the clouds, and seems even to elevate to the Heavens a great thought of man. That monument, which was brought from Egypt to adorn the baths of Caracalla, and which Sixtus V. subsequently transported to the foot of the Temple of St. Peter; that contemporary of so many ages which have sought in vain to decay its solid frame, inspires respect; man feels himself so fleeting, that he always experiences emotion in presence of that which has passed unchanged through many ages. On each side of the obelisk are two fountains, the waters of which perpetually are projected up and fall down in cascades through the air. That murmur of waters, which is usually heard only in the field, produces in such a situation a new sensation, but one in harmony with that which arises from the aspect of so majestic a temple.

Painting or sculpture, imitating in general the human figure, or some object in external nature, awaken in our minds distinct and positive ideas; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not any determinate expression, and the spectator is seized, on contemplating it, with that reverie, without any definite object, which leads the thoughts so far off. The sound of the waters adds to these vague and profound impressions; it is uniform, as the edifice is regular. "Eternal movement and eternal repose" are thus brought to combine with each other. It is here, in an especial manner, that Time is without power; it never dries up those sparkling streams; it never shakes those immovable pillars. The waters, which spring up in fan-like luxuriance from these fountains, are so light and vapory, that, on a fine day, the rays of the sun produce little rainbows of the most beautiful color.

"Stop a moment here," said Corinne to Lord Nevill, as he stood under the portico of the church, "Pause before drawing aside the curtain which covers the entrance of the Temple. Does not your heart beat at the threshold of that sanctuary? Do you not feel, on entering it, the emotion consequent on a solemn event?" At these words Corinne herself drew aside the curtain, and held it so as to let Lord Nevill enter. Her attitude was so beautiful in doing so, that

for a moment it withdrew the eyes of her lover even from the majestic interior of the Temple.

But as he advanced, its greatness burst upon his mind, and the impression which he received under the lofty arches was so profound, that the sentiment of love was for a time effaced. He walked slowly beside Corinne; both were silent. Everything enjoined contemplation; the slightest sound resounded so far, that no word appeared worthy of being repeated in those eternal mansions. Prayer alone, the voice of misfortune, was heard at intervals in their vast vaults. And, when under those stupendous domes, you hear from afar the voice of an old man, whose trembling steps totter along those beautiful marbles, watered with so many tears, you feel that man is rendered more dignified by that very infirmity of his nature which exposes his divine spirit to so many kinds of suffering, and that Christianity, the worship of grief, contains the true secret of man's sojourn upon earth.

Corinne interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him, "You have seen the Gothic churches of England and Germany, and must have observed that they are distinguished by a much more sombre character than this cathedral. There is something mystical in the Catholicism of these Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, on beholding the cupola of the Pantheon, 'I will place it in the air;' and, in truth, St. Peter's is a temple raised on the basement of a church. There is a certain alliance of the ancient worship with Christianity in the effect which the interior of that church produces: I often walk here alone, in order to restore to my mind the tranquillity it may have lost. The sight of such a monument is like a continual and fixed music, awaiting you to pour its balm into your mind, whenever you approach it; and certainly, among the many titles of this nation to glory, we must number the patience, courage, and disinterestedness of the chiefs of the church, who consecrated, during a hundred and fifty years, such vast treasures and boundless labor to the prosecution of a work, of which none of them could hope to enjoy the fruits."

The churches of modern Rome are decorated with the magnificence of antiquity, but there is something sombre and

striking in the intermingling of these beautiful marbles with the ornaments stripped from the Pagan temples. The columns of porphyry and granite were so numerous at Rome that they ceased to have any value. At St. John Lateran, that church, so famous from the councils of which it was the theatre, there were such a quantity of marble columns that many of them were covered with plaster to be converted into pilasters—so completely had the multitude of riches rendered men indifferent to them. Some of these columns came from the tomb of Adrian, and bear yet upon their capitals the mark of the geese which saved the Roman people. These columns support the ornaments of Gothic churches, and some rich sculptures in the arabesque order. The urn of Agrippa has received the ashes of a pope, for the dead themselves have yielded their place to other dead, and the tombs have changed tenants nearly as often as the mansions of the living.

Near to St. John Lateran is the Holy Stair-case, transported from Jerusalem. No one is permitted to go up it but on his knees. In like manner Cæsar and Claudius ascended on their knees the stair which led to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Beside St. John Lateran is the Baptistry, where Constantine was baptized—in the middle of the place before the church is an obelisk, perhaps the most ancient monument which exists in the world—an obelisk contemporary of the War of Troy—an obelisk which the barbarian Cambyzes respected so much as to stop for its beauty the conflagration of a city—an obelisk for which a king put in pledge the life of his only son. The Romans, in a surprising manner, got it conveyed from the extremity of Egypt to Italy, as they turned aside the course of the Nile to bring its waters so as to convey it to the sea. Even then that obelisk was covered with hieroglyphics whose secrets have been kept for so many ages, and which still withstand the researches of our most learned scholars. Possibly the Indians, the Egyptians, the antiquity of antiquity, might be revealed to us in these mysterious signs. The wonderful charm of Rome consists, not merely in the beauty of its monuments, but in the interest which they all awaken, and that species of charm increases daily with every fresh study.—*Translated by* SIR A. ALISON.

ITALY VIEWED FROM CAPE MISENUM.

Poetry, nature, history, here rival each other in grandeur—here you can embrace in a single glance all the revolutions of time and all its prodigies.

I see the Lake of Avernus, the extinguished crater of a volcano, whose waters formerly inspired so much terror—Acheron, Phlegethon, which a subterraneous flame caused to boil, are the rivers of the infernal regions visited by Æneas.

Fire, that devouring element which created the world, and is destined to consume it, was formerly an object of the greater terror that its laws were unknown. Nature, in the olden times, revealed its secrets to poetry alone.

The city of Cumæ, the Cave of the Sibyl, the Temple of Apollo, were on that height. There grew the wood whence was gathered the golden branch. The country of Æneas is around you, and the fictions consecrated by genius have become recollections of which we still seek the traces.

A Triton plunged into these waves the presumptuous Trojan who dared to defy the divinities of the deep by his songs—these water-worn and sonorous rocks have still the character which Virgil gave to them. Imagination was faithful even in the midst of its omnipotence. The genius of man is creative when he feels Nature—imitative when he fancies he is creating.

In the midst of these terrible masses, gray witnesses of the creation, we see a new mountain which the volcano has produced. Here the earth is stormy as the ocean, and does not, like it, re-enter peaceably into its limits. The heavy element, elevated by subterraneous fire, fills up valleys, “rains mountains,” and its petrified waves attest the tempests which once tore its entrails.

If you strike on this hill, the subterraneous vault resounds—you would say that the inhabited earth is nothing but a crust ready to open and swallow us up. The Campagna of Naples is the image of human passion—sulphurous, but fruitful, its dangers and its pleasures appear to grow out of those glowing volcanoes which give to the air so many charms, and cause the thunder to roll beneath our feet.

Pliny boasted that his country was the most beautiful in existence—he studied nature to be able to appreciate its charms. Seeking the inspiration of science as a warrior does conquest, he set forth from this promontory to observe Vesuvius athwart the flames, and those flames consumed him.

Cicero lost his life near the promontory of Gaeta, which is seen in the distance. The Triumvirs, regardless of posterity, bereaved it of the thoughts which that great man had conceived. It was on us that his murder was committed.

Cicero sunk beneath the poniards of tyrants—Scipio, more unfortunate, was banished by his fellow-citizens while still in the enjoyment of freedom. He terminated his days near that shore, and the ruins of his tomb are still called the “Tower of our Country.” What a touching allusion to the last thought of that great spirit !

Marius fled into those marshes not far from the last home of Scipio. Thus in all ages the people have persecuted the really great; but they are avenged by their apotheosis, and the Romans who conceived their power extended even unto Heaven, placed Romulus, Numa, and Cæsar in the firmament—new stars which confound in our eyes the rays of glory and the celestial radiance.

Oh, Memory ! noble power ! thy empire is in these scenes ! From age to age, strange destiny ! man is incessantly bewailing what he has lost ! These remote ages are the depositaries in their turn of a greatness which is no more, and while the pride of thought, glorying in its progress, darts into futurity, our soul seems still to regret an ancient country to which the past in some degree brings it back.

—*Translated by* SIR A. ALISON.





OF all the women noted in history for beauty, Madame Récamier had the most pleasing career. Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaide Bernard Récamier was born on December 4, 1777, at Lyons. Married at fifteen to the banker Récamier, and endowed with remarkable personal beauty, she went easily to the head of the choicest society of the French capital, in an age when talent and accomplishments were held in higher honor

than mere wealth. Her strikingly successful career well illustrates the value of the art of pleasing, carried to its ultimatum by untiring, conscientious devotion.

Madame Récamier's figure was of admirable proportion; her complexion mingled the lily and the rose; she had dark, expressive eyes, beautiful chestnut hair, and a face exquisitely refined—the true mirror of a fine soul. Add to this, manners and address of the most winsome sweetness, and a carriage of the most perfect grace, and it is perhaps not surprising that the writers of the time lavished encomiums upon her as upon no other woman. If she appeared on the street, crowds ran



E. PERARDI 1911

MILANO 1911

to see her; at a charity fair she held the plate, which was heaped with thousands of francs offered at the shrine of her beauty, rather than to the poor; thus finely verifying the words of Shakespeare, "All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth." If she entered a drawing-room, all eyes forsook every other object to gaze upon Madame Récamier.

She danced in her younger years that wonderful shawl dance which Madame de Staël has described in *Corinne*, in which a light shawl became in turn, in the shifting postures of the wearer, a girdle, a veil, and a drapery, than which nothing could be imagined more graceful, refined, or picturesque.

She had exquisite taste in costume, and in the harmony of colors, preferring for her own person white robes, with varied material and ornament. She never wore diamonds, even in her days of fortune, having a predilection for pearls. Her goodness of soul attracted even more than her beauty. She had a benignity of nature which made friends of all who approached her. She disarmed all enmity, she softened all asperity, she mitigated every rudeness. She carried to its highest perfection the noble art of friendship.

Her intellectual gifts have perhaps been too much subordinated, in the public estimate, to her other qualities. "She was a model of beauty and of virtue," says the keenest of French critics, Ste. Beuve, who knew her well.

But what of her intellect? She was a careful student of books from her earliest years. She organized her life so as to devote her morning hours uninterruptedly to the improvement of her mind. A rapid skimming of the daily journals, then a more careful glance through the best of the new books, followed by systematic reading of some great author, always on hand, filled up the hours. Few women had more thorough appreciation of the beauties of literature. Though she wrote no books, and though most of her letters were destroyed with her journal, by her own direction, the remains which we have of her writings exhibit, says Ste. Beuve, a clearness, a refinement, an elegance of expression, and a natural amenity, which please and captivate the reader. She was fond of discussion, and held her own upon the gravest themes, as well as upon

lighter ones. No one ever told a story better. She had the finest sense of humor, but was never known in all her life to say an unkind thing of any one. Good judgment and unfailing tact were the faculties for which she was most remarkable; she was never at a loss in any circumstances, however embarrassing, what to do, any more than what to say. With this perfect self-possession, there was yet in her manner a slight tinge of shyness, and her instinctive modesty was so combined with dignity that no one ever attempted to take a liberty with her.

With her various and manifold attractions, it is not surprising that she had many ardent suitors at her feet: men of rank, men of letters, men of fortune lost their hearts to her; Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Montmorency, Gen. Bernadotte, Prince August, of Prussia, Ampère, Ballanche, Benjamin Constant, Chateaubriand—all thought they could not live without her. She was discreet enough to preserve her equipoise, even on the perilous verge of passion, and to convert them all from lovers into life-long friends. Tenderly beloved as she was all her life, the severest critic must admit that no breath of suspicion ever clouded the pure white of her reputation.

Women are proverbially rigorous judges of the shining or distinguished ornaments of their own sex; but all their recorded judgments which we possess concur in admiration for Madame Récamier. Madame de Staël loved and admired her; Madame Mohl, who knew her from a child, wrote: "She was the most entertaining person I ever knew." Even the critical Madame de Genlis said—"She is charming on the slightest occasion, and still more charming when intimately known. If Madame Récamier had not been so handsome, every one would have praised the accuracy and discrimination of her mind. Every day increases my attachment to her." Mademoiselle O'Meara writes enthusiastically, "Madame Récamier rose like a vision of grace and sweetness to gladden the returning exiles."

The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire said of her: "At first, she is good,—then she is intellectual, and, after this, she is very beautiful." Sainte-Beuve writes of "the angelic co-

quetry" of her manner, and compares her to Eurydice playing the rôle of Orpheus. Guizot answered an American lady, who inquired of him the secret of Madame Récamier's fascination: "It was sympathy—sympathy—sympathy." Madame Swetchine, that ethereal creature, who seems to have been born to show how much of heaven's atmosphere could come down to earth, wrote to her: "I have yielded to the penetrating, indefinable charm with which you enthrall every one. When souls touch, they put off all the poor conditions of earth."

Great personal beauty is too often allied to personal vanity and pride—to self-consciousness and a haughty bearing toward inferiors; to all these defects Madame Récamier was superior. Nor was her sweet and amiable nature of that soft, negative, dependent character with which it is sometimes associated. Her independence and self-reliance were life-long traits, and she met calamity with the same serenity as good fortune. When Napoleon sought to draw her to become an ornament of his court, she repelled all his overtures, because he had persecuted her friend, Madame de Staël. Her fidelity to friendship was greater than her ambition. The most beautiful woman in France, she might have been raised to high rank, had she chosen to placate the emperor; but she rejected all to share the exile of De Staël. She incurred the displeasure of the monarch whose absolutism was so all-engrossing that two women of intellect and independence could not be tolerated in his dominions. He had the ineffable meanness to banish Madame Récamier because he could not subdue her. But she endured exile with calm philosophy, using it to extend her knowledge of art and letters by a prolonged visit to Italy. She had a positive enthusiasm for art, for eloquence, for poetry, for music, for high thought and refined expression. To an innate womanly delicacy she united that persistent belief in the best, which, amid all the trials and disappointments of life, should never be surrendered. It is not given to mortals to achieve perfection: Madame Récamier had her foibles; but they were so redeemed by her many virtues that the memory of them has vanished.

Of her salons, and of the men and women who thronged

them, of the indefinable grace with which she presided, the memoirs, letters and journals of half a century abound in descriptions. More than forty volumes have passed under review in gathering material for these brief and imperfect notes. Her salons were not indiscriminate gatherings, but select, and even, as was often said, exclusive. She grouped around her men and women of talent, both of the ancient aristocracy, and the new men whom their achievements in art, literature or science had placed in the first rank. There, Rachel first recited each new dramatic part, before assuming it upon the stage. There, M. Delécluze read his *Mémoires et Souvenirs*. Whoever had first read a new book, was asked to give the company an account of it. There, Lamartine, the young and ardent poet, first read his *Méditations*; and there Delphine Gay recited her first verses. Once every week Madame Récamier gave a *musicale*, when there were heard in her salon the wonderful voices of Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and other notable artists. There M. de Chateaubriand listened, while another voice read to an admiring circle, his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*.

This venerable man of genius, with grave and serious face, was for many years the most sedulous frequenter of the *salon* in the Abbaye-aux-Bois. When his infirmities grew upon him, he used to be wheeled in a chair to this beloved resort; he wrote Madame Récamier notes every day in the morning, and arrived punctually at her door at three in the afternoon. His old age was clouded with poverty and disease, and these "Memoirs from Beyond the Grave," after many attempts to secure a publisher, who would advance to the stricken poet something like their value, were sold to the daily *Presse*, where they appeared in regular instalments while their unhappy author still lived and suffered. No more pathetic example of what may be termed the discounting of death can be found, if we except General Grant's dying labors upon his Own Memoirs, the sheets of which fell from his pen in regular sequence, while the last adversary was clutching at his heart-strings.

Madame Récamier preserved her sweetness of disposition, and all the softness, though not the brilliancy of her beauty,

to the last. She suffered much from illness, and in the final two years of her life, became entirely blind. As old age crept silently upon her, she made no attempt to conceal its inroads by tampering with her complexion.

To a lady who complimented her upon her fine face, she replied: "Ah! my dear, there is no more room for illusions. From the day when I found that the little chimney-sweeps in the street no longer turned round to gaze after me, I felt that all was over." She expired on the 11th of Mao, 1849, having reached the age of seventy-two years. She had been for half a century friend, counsellor and charmer to more gifted men and women than any person of whom we have record. Her niece and biographer, Madame Lenormant, records, that her countenance assumed in death a surprising beauty. "Her features," says she, "of an angelic seriousness, wore the aspect of the finest marble; never has the majesty of the last sleep been associated with so much grace and sweetness."

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILES.

M. de Montmorency came to pass several days with me at Coppet, and the wickedness of detail in the master of so great an empire is so well calculated, that by the return of the courier who announced his arrival at Coppet, my friend received his letter of exile. The emperor would not have been satisfied if this order had not been signified to him at my house, and if there had not been in the very letter of the minister of police, a word to signify that I was the cause of this exile. M. de Montmorency endeavored, in every possible way, to soften the news to me, but, I tell it to Bonaparte, that he may applaud himself on the success of his scheme, I shrieked with agony on learning the calamity which I had drawn on the head of my generous friend; and never was my heart, tried as it had been for so many years, nearer to despair. I knew not how to hush the rending thoughts which succeeded each other in my bosom, and had recourse to opium to suspend for some hours the anguish which I felt. M. de Montmorency, calm and religious, invited me to follow his example; the consciousness of the devotedness to me which he had condescended to show, supported him: but for me, I reproached

myself for the bitter consequences of this devotedness, which now separated him from his family and friends. I prayed to the Almighty without ceasing; but grief would not quit its hold of me for a moment, and life became a burden to me.

While I was in this state, I received a letter from Madame Récamier, that beautiful person who has received the admiration of the whole of Europe, and who has never abandoned an unfortunate friend. She informed me, that on her road to the waters of Aix in Savoy, to which she was proceeding, she intended stopping at my house, and would be there in two days. I trembled lest the lot of M. de Montmorency should also become hers. However improbable it was, I was ordained to fear everything from a hatred so barbarous and minute, and I therefore sent a courier to meet Madame Récamier, to beseech her not to come to Coppet. To know that she who had never failed to console me with the most amiable attention was only a few leagues distant from me; to know that she was there, so near to my habitation, and that I was not allowed to see her again, perhaps for the last time! all this I was obliged to bear. I conjured her not to stop at Coppet; she would not yield to my entreaties; she could not pass under my windows without remaining some hours with me, and it was with convulsions of tears that I saw her enter this château, in which her arrival had always been a fête. She left me the next day, and repaired instantly to one of her relations at fifty leagues' distance from Switzerland.

It was in vain; the fatal blow of exile smote her also; she had sought to see me, and that was enough; for the generous compassion which had inspired her, she must be punished. The reverses of fortune which she had met with made the destruction of her natural establishment extremely painful to her. Separated from all her friends, she has passed whole months in a little provincial town, a prey to the extremes of every feeling of insipid and melancholy solitude. Such was the lot to which I was the cause of condemning the most brilliant woman of her time; and thus regardless did the chief of the French, that people so renowned for their gallantry, show himself towards the most beautiful woman in Paris. In one day he smote virtue and distinguished birth in M. de

Montmorency; beauty in Madame Récamier, and if I dare say it, the reputation of high talents in myself. Perhaps he also flattered himself with attacking the memory of my father in his daughter, in order that it might be truly said that in this world, under his reign, the dead and the living, piety, beauty, wit and celebrity, all were as nothing. Persons made themselves culpable by being found wanting in the delicate shades of flattery towards him, in refusing to abandon any one who had been visited by his disgrace. He recognizes but two classes of human creatures, those who serve him, and those, who without injuring, wish to have an existence independent of him. He is unwilling that in the whole universe, from the details of housekeeping to the direction of empires, a single will should act without reference to his.

"Madam de Staël," said the prefect of Geneva, "has contrived to make herself a very pleasant life at Coppet; her friends and foreigners come to see her: the emperor will not allow that." And why did he torment me in this manner? that I might print an eulogium upon him: and of what consequence was this eulogium to him, among the millions of phrases which fear and hope were constantly offering at his shrine? Bonaparte once said: "If I had the choice, either of doing a noble action myself, or of inducing my adversary to do a mean one, I would not hesitate to prefer the debasement of my enemy." In this sentence you have the explanation of the particular pains which he took to torment my existence. He knew that I was attached to my friends, to France, to my works, to my tastes, to society; in taking from me everything which composed my happiness, his wish was to trouble me sufficiently to make me write some piece of insipid flattery, in the hope that it would obtain me my recall. In refusing to lend myself to his wishes, I ought to say it, I have not had the merit of making a sacrifice; the emperor wished me to commit a meanness, but a meanness entirely useless; for at a time when success was in a manner deified, the ridicule would not have been complete, if I had succeeded in returning to Paris, by whatever means I had effected it. To satisfy our master, whose skill in degrading whatever remains of lofty mind is unquestionable, it was necessary that

I should dishonor myself in order to obtain my return to France—that he should turn into mockery my zeal in praise of him, who had never ceased to persecute me—and that this zeal should not be of the least service to me. I have denied him this truly refined satisfaction; it is all the merit I have had in the long contest which has subsisted between his omnipotence and my weakness.

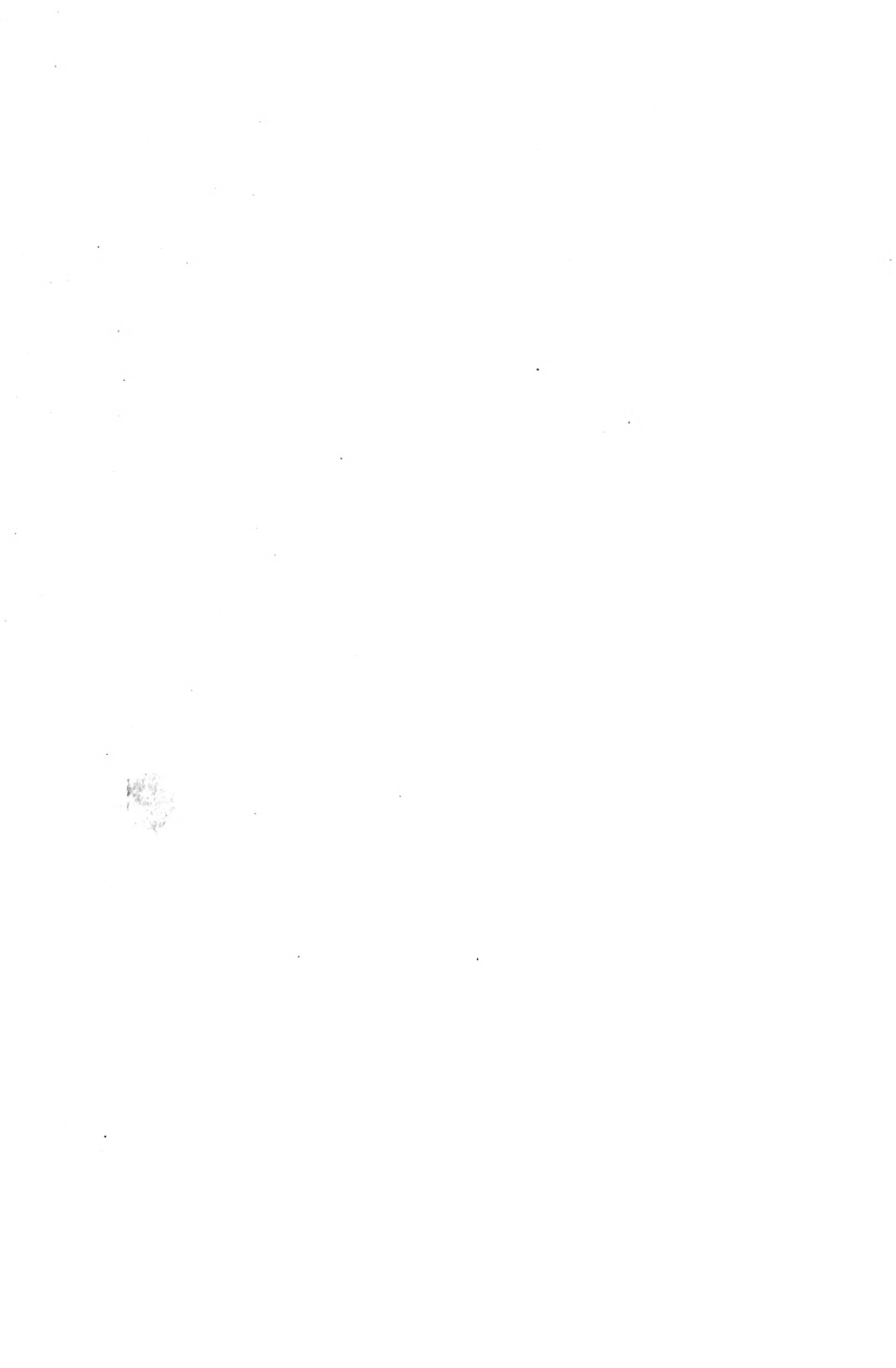
M. de Montmorency's family, in despair at his exile, were anxious, as was natural, that he should separate himself from the sad cause of this calamity, and I saw that friend depart without knowing if he would ever again honor with his presence my residence on this earth. On the 31st of August, 1811, I broke the first and last of the ties which bound me to my native country; I broke them, at least so far as regards human connections, which can no longer exist between us; but I never lift my eyes towards heaven without thinking of my excellent friend, and I venture to believe also, that in his prayers he answers me. Beyond this, fate has denied me all other correspondence with him.

When the exile of my two friends became known, I was assailed by a whole host of chagrins of every kind; but a great misfortune renders us in a manner insensible to fresh troubles. It was reported that the minister of police had declared that he would have a soldier's guard mounted at the bottom of the avenue of Coppet, to arrest whoever came to see me. The prefect of Geneva, who was instructed, by order of the emperor he said, to *annul* me (that was his expression), never missed an opportunity of insinuating, or even declaring publicly, that no one who had anything either to hope or fear from the government ought to venture near me.

—MADAME DE STAËL.

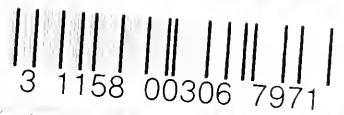






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